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LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

THE CORRESPONDENCE
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

EDITED BY
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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BISHOP OF OSSORY, FERNS AND LEIGHLIN

VOL. V



LONDON
G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

1913

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CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

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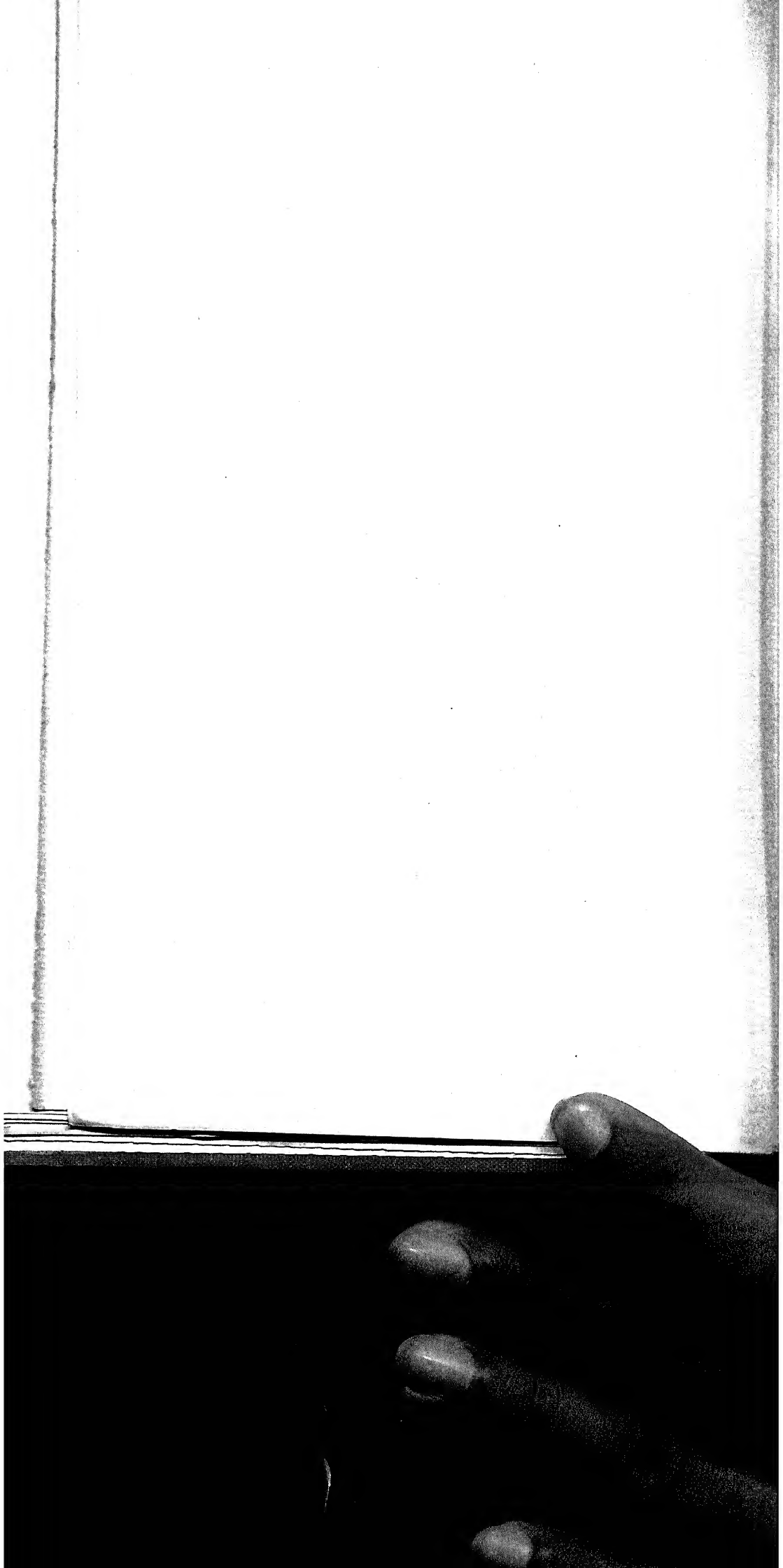
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CORRESPONDENCE OF JONATHAN SWIFT

CMXIII. [*Copy.*¹]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *July* 8, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been often prevented from answering your last kind letter² by my old disorder of giddiness and abundance of very impertinent business; and all my few hours of health and leisure I employ in riding or walking. We are all here so fond of my Lord Orrery's good qualities, that we think if he had leisure and inclination for verse, he would not fail as to the want of a genius, and in all other points, I have not known for his age a more valuable person. I therefore hope there will be a friendship cultivated between you.³ As to the printing of my things going on here, it is an evil I cannot prevent. I shall not be a penny the richer. Some friends correct the errors, and now and then I look on them for a minute or two. But all things except friendship and conversation are become perfectly indifferent to me, and yet I wish this collection could have been made on your

¹ The copy from which this letter has been printed is preserved in the Duke of Portland's manuscript collection, and has been communicated to me by Mr. Goulding, whose interest in this edition of Swift's correspondence has so often contributed towards its completeness (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2). As the copy confirms the surmise that considerable omissions were made from the correspondence between Swift and Pope in the transcript at Longleat (*supra*, vol. i, p. ix) the discovery of its existence is important. At a later stage the reasons of the omissions will form the subject of an appendix note.

² Of May 28 (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 434).

³ Lord Orrery, who was evidently still in Dublin (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 433), returned soon afterwards to England.

side, and if I were younger, it would be some mortification to have it as it is.

Before I go further¹ I must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full.² But I would rather rejoice with you, because if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected, *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune that a very convenient offer happening of a coach with one gentleman and his sister coming to Ireland from their elder brother, your friend and neighbour,³ you waived the invitation pressed on you, alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking; by which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who do or are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of Church or State, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen. Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern, who I

¹ As hitherto printed the letter begins here.

² She died on 7 June.

³ The words from "of a coach" to "neighbour" have hitherto been printed. The gentleman with whom Pope might have travelled was Carteret's chaplain, Dean Cotterell (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 247. n. 1). His elder brother was Pope's friend, Sir Clement Cotterell (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 196, n. 5).

just left us,¹ was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenue, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is so easy in his fortune, and very hospitable.

If you had ventured to come over you should have had a very convenient warm apartment more open than usual in great cities, with a garden as large as your green plot that fronts the Thames, and another about two hundred yards further, larger than your great garden and with more air, but without any beauty.² You should have small dinners of what you liked, and good wine, and you eat and drink so little that I could well afford it, considering how often you would be invited either with me or without me.³ The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London; for the two large strands just at two edges of the town, are as firm and dry in winter, as in summer.⁴ There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither; and there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you.

As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am

¹ It was his friendship for Orrery that appears to have induced the author of "Oroonoko," who was then seventy-three, to pay a visit to his native land. In writing to him in the previous spring, Orrery expresses much gratitude for sympathy which his "good and dear old friend" had expressed with him on the death of his wife, and in response to a proposal to join him in Ireland, he begs Southern not to venture across the channel ("Orrery Papers," i, 120).

² *I.e.*, Naboth's Vineyard. The Deanery is described by a visitor to Ireland at that time as "a late good building in brick" ("Loveday's Tour," p. 52).

³ The first two periods of this paragraph have hitherto been omitted.

⁴ By the construction of the port of Dublin and reclaiming the foreshore, the margin of the Bay of Dublin has been greatly altered since Swift's time. Except so far as it was divided by the mouth of the river Liffey, a wide expanse of sand then extended at low water from the village of Blackrock, near Kingstown, to the promontory of Howth.

one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages, round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally wagoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six.¹ Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of one hundred and twenty houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorraine.² In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to Lord Bolingbroke and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc., that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious, and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

I am very much pleased and honoured with three lines from Mr. Pulteney at the end of yours, for which I desire to present him with my most humble service and acknowledgements.³ He never can be too much valued for saving England from beggary and slavery. Hath my Lord Bolingbroke yet learnt the art of minding the main chance?

¹ The treatment which Swift received from Squire Ram (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 64) and Lord Blayney ("Prose Works," xi, 388), was evidently quite exceptional. If others had imitated them they would certainly have been gibbeted either by Swift or his friends.

² The Liberty of St. Patrick's, which covered about five and a half acres, was originally portion of the manor of the Archbishop of Dublin, and was surrounded by the see lands, but was absolutely independent of the Archbishop, as well as of the sheriff, and acknowledged no governor except the Dean (Bishop Bernard's "St. Patrick's Cathedral," p. 26).

³ These lines have been erased from Pope's letter, as the whole of this paragraph was hitherto from the present one.

He hath often promised me his picture, but I never had the heart to mind him of it because I fear he could never afford the expense. Our friend Patty only affects shame, but laziness is at the bottom. She ought to come into this Catholic country, rather than be plundered by her mother and sister, and visit none but heretics, and hardly keep a whole gown out of four thousand pounds fortune. If you happen to see my Lord and Lady Masham, I desire with my humble service and thanks for their letter, that they may know I am yet ashamed to trouble them with an empty letter, but shall write to them by a private hand. My most humble service to my Lord Peterborough, Bathurst, Oxford, the Doctor, and Mr. Lewis when you see them.

CMXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

MISS KELLY TO SWIFT

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter¹ gave me, to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you, your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the gods must take care of Iago, but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society². For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me, and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for everything beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was, for I am grown fonder of reading, than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home, but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 417.

² An answer no doubt to her letter of 2 June (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 411).

³ The reference is probably to friends who used to meet on Thursdays at Delany's. His town house was near where she resided.

being so good to come down to me. She has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacency for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing. This we make easy by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness! I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to inquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England.¹ Surely if you were, you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a Colonel Charteris, must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape?² Such a Dulcinea del Tobosco is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which spite of a good constitution, much spirits and using a great deal of exercise, have brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother, I mean had I lost her in my infancy and not known her goodness, I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was upon his dirty

¹ The wife of Colonel Cleland. He had become responsible for a letter about the "Epistle to Lord Burlington" as well as for one about the "Dunciad," and had earned the designation of Pope's "man William" (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 196).

² It was for a similar offence that Charteris had been condemned to death (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 139).

wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half-starved abroad.¹ She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for nearly twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds per annum separate maintenance, rather than bear any longer, and as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France. His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel god that flies me. I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them I receive none, and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Hollings's advice,² and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, Esq., commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter, but I will not do this again; so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends. Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with Lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.³

¹ Her mother was a daughter of Walter, second Lord Bellew of Duleek, by his wife Frances Arabella, sister of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, and of Peter Wentworth, who has been so often cited in these notes.

² The physician who attended Gay in consultation with Arbuthnot (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 71). He is introduced by Pope under the name of Celsus in the satire addressed to Fortescue, whom he attended:

"But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes."

³ Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth, who was great-

CMXV. [*Nichols.*]

SWIFT TO LORD MAYOR BARBER

July, 1733.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH I never read news, I often hear of your Lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your and the city address to the House of Commons, for throwing out that execrable Bill of Excise, and your defence of the city, in the answer you gave to the Recorder on the subject of riots.¹ I hope you will always remember that you learnt these honest principles under an honest Ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again.

Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My Lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villainous agent, has been extremely generous to her, in easing her of one part of her load; and I hope, by the success of her poems she will be made tolerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My Lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us, since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives. I gave him credit upon a friend in London² for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites,

nephew of Lady Worsley's father, the first Viscount (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 41), had married on the 3rd of that month a daughter of Lord Carteret. He was then only twenty-three, but had been previously married to a daughter of the Duke of Dorset, their respective ages at the time of the ceremony being sixteen and fourteen. As he was a step-son of her uncle Lord Lansdown, Mrs. Pendarves had known him all his life and she had been active in promoting his union with her kinsman Carteret's daughter. As appears from a subsequent letter she accompanied the young couple on their honeymoon to Longleat.

¹ Since their correspondence in the previous winter (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 386), Barber had gained further fame by calling the Common Council together on the introduction of the Excise Bill and urging from the chair strenuous opposition to a measure "extremely detrimental to the trade and commerce of the great city of London."

² *I.e.*, Motte (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 362).

or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and, indeed, I think him a very valuable young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journeys that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your Lordship in your mayoralty.¹ Doctor Delany lives very happily and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not in the least deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here, and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to inquire more.

Your Lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour. I must desire leave to tell your Lordship, that I have not known a more cheerful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour, or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way, without trouble to yourself, and among other things, I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high, as our friend Sir Gilbert did his avarice.² I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems, and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed. Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health en-

¹ So far as his account book shows, the longest journeys Swift took that year were to Limerick and *supra*, vol. iv, p. 419) and Trim, where he stayed for the Bishop of Meath's visitation from 14 to 19 May. During the summer he did not go farther than the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. On 12 July he was at Hoath, on 14th of that month at Delamp, where he stayed three days, and in August at the Grange with Lady Ashburn's mother *supra*, vol. iv, p. 419.

² Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a predecessor of Barber in the mayoral chair, who was reputed the richest commoner in England, but complained of the charge of a few shillings for the burial of his brother ("D. N. B." vii, 112).

"The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool."

tirely; and I pray God preserve it. I am, with true respect,
my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Hon. John Barber, Lord Mayor
of London.

CMXVI. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

Knole, July 9, 1733.

"Now," says Parson Swift, "what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth." "Why," says I again, "ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but, to my comfort be it spoke, this is his Grace my Lord Lieutenant's ink." My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his Grace and his Secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half-a-crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his Grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *trève de compliment*.

Since I have declared my passion against a Bishop and a parson,² it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again. As to the Bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough;³ and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small dab of addition to make my house stand in the middle of it, three shillings and sixpence worth of the land per annum at the largest computation belongs to the Church, for which my old parson, who flatters me black

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 443.

³ Robert Clavinger, who contrived to hold an Oxford professorship, a prebend, and a rectory with his bishopric, then occupied that see.

and blue, when he comes for a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than anybody in the world, has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for forty shillings a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour; and the Bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides a great dinner to his nasty people. Well, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it.

I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says, and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! That is such a moral reflection, that lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered, and I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that. In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well-beloved friend.

CMXVII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO MRS. SWANTON

Deanery House, *July* 12, 1733.

MADAM,²

I HAVE been considering the account you gave me of your eldest daughter's privately conveying herself out of

¹ In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

² Mrs. Swanton was a daughter of Swift's cousin Willoughby by his first wife (*supra*, vol. i, p. 11, n. 1), and was only half sister to Mrs. Lightburne, who was his daughter by his second wife. Her husband, who derived his Christian name of Ferdinand from his maternal grandfather Ferdinand Davis, was like Lightburne a native of the county of Meath. It is probable that they were not many years married when Stella stayed with them in 1712 at Portrane (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 456), and that it is to them and not to their children that Swift refers when he says: "Is that lad Swanton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose" ("Prose Works," ii, 387).

your house, and taking all her clothes with her, determining to put herself out of your protection. I have been assured there is a man in the case, and that she hath been enticed by some servant of yours to run into the arms of some beggarly rascal, who would pass for a gentleman of fortune. Although such an action in a daughter whom you have used so well can deserve no pardon, yet I would have you leave her without excuse. Send to her to come home; if she refuse, send a second and third time, and if she still refuseth, let her know in plain terms, that you will never have the least correspondence with her, and when she is ruined, as will certainly be the case, that you will never see her, nor give or leave her or her children, if she have any, a morsel of bread. Let her know you have given her fair warning, and if she will run into destruction with her eyes open, against common sense and the opinion of all rational people, she hath none to blame but herself; and that she must not expect to move your compassion some years hence with the cries of half a dozen children at your door for want of bread.

Let this and whatever else you think proper, be writ to her in your own hand, and let your letter be given her before witnesses, and keep a copy of it to produce when there is occasion; and show the copy you keep to any acquaintance who may be willing to see it. And let whoever pleaseth, see this letter of mine as the best advice I can give you. For you are to suppose that you never had such a daughter, and that her children will have no more title to your charity, than the brats and bastards of any other common beggar.¹

This is all I think necessary to say upon so disagreeable a subject, so I conclude, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mrs. Swanton in St. Peter's Street.

¹ In spite of Swift and her mother the girl married in the following year her admirer, one John Dalton, of whom when making her will twenty years later Mrs. Swanton showed much distrust.

CMXVIII [*Dame Swift*.]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Gloucester, July 21, 1733.

SIR,

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter, and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction.* It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address me, but I do not repent of it. I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carefully as I can, if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard. I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of, and since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English. You see what you are like to suffer. If this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter, for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands

* Swift's answer to Mrs. Pendarves's previous letter (*Swift*, vol. iv, p. 436) was destroyed, together with many other letters from him, shortly before her death. The actual destruction was due to Maslane H'Arday, who assisted the old lady in writing her autobiography and arranging her correspondence, and who pooled himself on having destroyed "all that could not be raised every way to Swift's honour," but the immolation had probably the full approval of the recipient, who describes herself as made sick by the publication of her own letters to Swift in *Dramatic Swift's* volumes ("Correspondence," iv, 77).

at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dear St. Patrick's. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one. You must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London. I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Longleat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give.¹ They are pleased with another at present, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities, his honour and good nature, and does not want for sense, he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to the stable and dog-kennel, but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress. I believe you will approve of. I came from Longleat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My Lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him; I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakley Wood,² which I certainly will do. I should with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells for so good a purpose.

The Siren³ has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly. She is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with

¹ *Supra*, p. 7, n. 3.

² His seat near Cirencester, where Swift had visited him with Pope and Gay (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 312, n. 2).

³ *I.e.*, her friend Miss Donnellan. She had a very fine voice and was an accomplished musician. Hence her name Phil or Philomel.

you in thinking him a most deserving young man.' My Lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champagne, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

He pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloucester.

CMXIX. [Sheridan]

SWIFT TO BISHOP STEARNE

July, 1733.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been often told by some of our common acquaintance that you have sometimes expressed your

¹ Miss Donnellan's brother, the Rev. Christopher Donnellan, who is mentioned in Mrs. Delany's "Correspondence" as escorting her and his sister to Ireland. He was then a Fellow of Trinity College, where the name of his family is kept alive by the Donnellan Lectureship, which was endowed by his sister and requires the delivery and publication annually of six sermons. Mrs. Delany speaks of him as a man of great worth and ability as a preacher, and has preserved verses, in which he gives proof of his admiration of Swift by appropriating some of his lines (*op. cit.*, i, 368, 379).

² *I.e.*, at her mother's house where she stayed for some months.

³ Swift represents his object in writing this letter as a friendly one, namely, to obtain a denial from Stearne of allegations of cupidity which were being made against him, but as in the case of Lord Palmerston (*infra*, vol. iii, p. 298), he seems to seek a quarrel. The old grievance of Stearne's failure to appoint him to one of the parishes in his gift is set forth at length (*infra*, vol. i, p. 72, n. 1), and a bitter attack is made upon Stearne for his votes as a member of the House of Lords in favour of the Bills of Rescission and Division.

"Our Bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride;

wonder, that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before, and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disoblged me.¹ As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think anything of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service.

When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood.² You were afterward chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you to make you easy and Dr. Synge chancellor,³ you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without; but you thought fit, by concert with the Archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church, against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion;⁴ because as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage.

However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for

They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir.
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride like a witch on a broom."

("Poetical Works," ii, 246.)

¹ It is evident from Swift's letter to Stearne ten years before (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 191), that cordial relations had existed between them 'subsequent to Stearne's elevation to the episcopal bench.

² Stearne as rector of Trim, Swift as vicar of Laracor (*supra*, vol. i, p. 66, n. 2).

³ The reference is to the dispute between the Crown and the Chapter as to the right of presentation to the deanery (*supra*, vol. i, p. 53, n. 4).

⁴ Stearne's appointment as Bishop of Dromore (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 21, n. 3).

ever with Courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely, because upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, that I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house, and since you were a Bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character, which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect.¹ I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate.

This is the history of my conduct with regard to your Lordship, and it is now a great comfort to me that I acted in this manner; for otherwise, when those two abominable Bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy, which took their birth from hell, were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordship's name among the Bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station; for, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe that every Bishop, who gave his vote for either of these Bills, did it with no other view, bating farther promotion, than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion—an argument not to be conquered—or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves,

¹ It is probable from what is subsequently said that Lady Kerry's son had not been recommended by Swift to Stearne (*supra*, vol. iv, 401), but if he had, the result tended to increase Swift's resentment as the recommendation was unsuccessful and another candidate was nominated for the borough.

when I saw a Bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your Lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the Church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few Bishops, and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account:—That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents, the fanatic's lease being near out, either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see; and the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants,¹ much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring Bills. I profess to your Lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, etc.

¹ The late Speaker (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 401, n. 1).

CMXX. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. CAESAR

Dublin, *July* 30, 1733.

MADAM,

I COULD not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover; she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth.¹

I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health, nor the bad state of my private affairs, will give me power or leave. I cannot make shift, nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I must have two servants, and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine, and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my absence. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations. But the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until afternoon, and when he hath dined, to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living.

Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after her death waived the fairest opportunity of performing his

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 358.

promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of Dean Cotterell and his sister;¹ he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the Deanery House: he would have all the civilities of this town, and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse. I chid him soundly in my last letter, for his want of friendship or resolution.

You see, Madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions, concerning yourself and Mr. Caesar, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity, with telling me that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me, yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms." I pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Caesar. I am, with the greatest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient, and most obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

¹ *Supra*, p. 2, n. 3.

² Mrs. Barber subsequently addressed two poems to Mrs. Caesar ("Poems on Several Occasions," pp. 162, 243). In one of them, occasioned by the marriage of Lord Oxford's daughter to the Duke of Portland, there are lines which show that Swift did not exaggerate her powers as an encomiast whatever may be thought of her talents as a poetess:

"May Prudence still the Fair attend,
Who with distinguish'd taste,
In Caesar early chose a friend,
With every virtue graced."

CMXXI. [Copy.¹]

SWIFT TO SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

SIR,²

THIS letter is sent by the hand of Mrs. Mary Barber, and I was glad of the opportunity to remember our old acquaintance and friendship, and to try the force of the latter by my recommending that gentlewoman to your favour and protection. She is the best poetess of both kingdoms. If there be any others, they are behind her *longo intervallo*. She came hither only to settle some affairs, intending to return very soon, but was caught by a long fit of the gout, and frequent returns, but is now well enough to depart in a few days. She had many friends of great quality who encouraged her to print her poetical works by subscription, and went on with great success, but having been confined here much longer than she expected, hath a little stopped her progress. I believe few persons have met with more considerable friends and patrons than she, and [she] very well deserves their favour, by her virtue, her humility, gratitude and poetical genius. She will have it, that my recommendations have been of some service to her, and therefore I expect and desire that they may have equal power with you, and with all those friends over whom you have any influence. The subscription is one guinea, and if you do not get her a hundred subscribers at least, I shall think myself disappointed, and at least two thirds of your old friendship for me dropped by time and absence.

¹ In the Forster Collection. The original was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge on 15 December, 1906, with the other Narford manuscripts.

² Swift's infatuation for Mrs. Barber accounts for this letter. Although since the appearance of the "Dunciad" Fountaine can hardly have regarded an intimate of Pope as a very sincere friend (*supra*, vol. i, p. 61, n. 4), the letter attained its object, and Fountaine's name is included amongst Mrs. Barber's subscribers. So far as is known, Swift and Fountaine had not had any communication since the death of Queen Anne, and had completely drifted apart. In a measure this was probably due to the fact that Fountaine had become a favourite in the Court of George II, acting as Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline and tutor to the Duke of Cumberland, and sharing with Conduitt the offices formerly held by Sir Isaac Newton in the Mint.

I shall write to my new Lord Pembroke on the same subject, but in a more threatening style.¹ Is he as good an Earl as he was a Lord Herbert? Is he spoilt by being a courtier?² Can he still walk faster twenty miles than a coach and six horses? Pray write to me on receipt of this, and convince me by your words and actions that you will obey my commands; and believe me to be ever, dear Knight,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

CMXXII. [*Original*.³]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *August 2, 1733.*

MY LORD,

THIS letter will be delivered you by Mrs. Mary Barber, who coming over hither last year on her private affairs was snapped by the gout, who made her such frequent visits that it prevented her return to London for several months. She is now well enough to undertake her voyage, and very easily prevailed with me to write in her favour to your Lordship. She is by far the best poet of her sex in England, and is a virtuous, modest gentlewoman, with a great deal of good sense, and a true poetical genius. Your Lordship must have often heard of her; for I believe you, or my Lady Oxford or Lady Margaret, have subscribed for her poetical works, which would have been published before this time, if she had not been so long confined by her illness here. My request is that all your family, friends and relations, who have not done it already, should by your commands immediately become her subscribers, and that my

¹ Swift's friend, the ex-Viceroy, had died in the previous January, and had been succeeded by his son, who became known as "the architect earl." The latter is mentioned in the *Journal to Stella* as having given Swift a velvet cap in the interval between receiving a challenge and fighting a duel (*"Prose Works,"* ii, 91).

² The "architect earl" had long been attached to the Court of George II, and a month later married one of Queen Caroline's maids of honour, a daughter of the fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam of the Irish creation, through which alliance the Earl of Pembroke's great estate in that country came to him. He is said to have designed Marble Hill

³ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2

Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret shall be her particular protectors.¹

I have some correspondents in England who are so good, at my request, sometimes to send me an account of your Lordship's health, and the two ladies, without being obliged to any of you. Neither will I be ignorant in what concerns you, while I am alive, and anybody left to write to me. Mr. Pope promised to make me a summer's visit when his mother should happen to die, but he failed me, although soon after her death he had the fairest opportunity and the fairest weather to make the journey in the most easy convenient manner, and in company with two of his friends.² As to myself, neither my health, nor the very bad posture of my private affairs in this oppressed and starving penniless country, will hitherto allow me the power of seeing my friends in England, and neither of those impediments are likely to be removed, but rather increase.

I have so many obligations to your Lordship's father, and yourself and my Lady Oxford, that they hourly pester my head in spite of my teeth, but God be thanked these incumbrances will all be cleared at my death, and I am glad you will have no claim of thanks on my wife and children, who will never get one farthing from any of your generation.

Pray God long continue your Lordship and the ladies in prosperity and health, and I desire you will be so just to believe me ever with the utmost gratitude and greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Since I writ this letter upon talking with Mrs. Barber, she told me with the greatest marks of gratitude, what honour and favour she received from your Lordship and my Lady Oxford.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford.

¹ In the list of subscribers to Mrs. Barber's volume, Lord Oxford is included as a subscriber for four copies and Lady Oxford for one. As will be seen from a postscript to this letter, Mrs. Barber, on seeing what Swift had written, told him that she had previously been in communication with Lord Oxford. Whether she revealed to him the contents of a letter which will be found in Appendix I may be doubted.

² *Supra*, p. 2.

CMXXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

LORD MAYOR BARBER TO SWIFT

Goldsmiths' Hall, *August 6, 1733.*

SIR,

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter,¹ and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner. I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country; and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill, though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done, I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us, and when he comes over, your loss will be our gain, as the proverb says. I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses. What the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year. I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty, which sum has but one precedent; generally they have but thirty of the Mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed. I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year, a fiddler excepted, yet; nor have made five hundred pounds in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends,

¹ *Supra*, p. 8.

on the important subject of the cap of maintenance, custard,¹ the sword, and many more laudable things in the Lord Mayor's house; and yet I hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! Stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea,² Gower,³ and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and Lord Carteret instantly toasted your health, and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I showed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, that they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a —.

I dined yesterday with Lord Bolingbroke only: he complains you do not write to him; he is well. They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of Parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.⁴ What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the

¹ Celebrated as affording opportunity for the immersion of the jester. "You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard" ("All's Well," ii, v, 35).

² The son of Swift's old enemy Dismal (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 424, n. 1).

³ Gay's friend (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 72).

⁴ Barber, who contested the city of London unsuccessfully in the following year, refers to the efforts which Swift was then making to secure the return as member for the city of Dublin of "the good Lord Mayor," Humphrey French ("Prose Works," vii, 311). In an interesting notice of French the Rev. Henry Biddall Swanzy has remarked ("The Families of French of Belturbet and Nixon of Fermanagh," p. 9) that Swift seems to have regarded him not only with admiration but also with affection, which may have been in part attributable to the fact that French's wife was a sister of Swift's friend Le Hunte (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 63, n. 3).

Irish, is false and scandalous. I never used such an expression in my life; I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish. Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JOHN BARBER.

CMXXIV. [*Birkbeck Hill.*]

SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD

[*August 10, 1733.*]

. . . MOTTE tells me he designs to print a new edition of Gulliver in quarto, with cuts and all as it was in the genuine copy. He is very uneasy about the Irish edition.¹ All I can do is to strike out the hash in the edition to be printed here. It was to avoid offence that Motte got those alterations and insertions to be made, I suppose by Mr. Tooke, the clergyman deceased, so that I fear the second edition will not mend the matter further than as to literal faults. For instance, the title of one chapter is the Queen's Administration without a Prime Minister, and accordingly in the chapter it is said that she had no chief Minister, etc.² Besides the whole sting is absent out of several passages in order to soften them. Thus the style is debased, the humour quite lost, and the matter insipid.

CMXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

MISS KELLY TO SWIFT

London, *August 12, 1733.*

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you.³ For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 444.

² *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 373.

³ Evidently Swift had not answered Miss Kelly's last letter (*supra*, p. 5), and Mrs. Barber had made a rapid journey to London (*supra*, p. 22).

attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that will not do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person, and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

CMXXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

Dublin, *August 20, 1733.*

MY LORD,¹

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your Lordship, and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators, and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your Lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article; yet I confess, my Lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself; although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

¹ This letter is printed in Mrs. Barber's volume before the dedication, which is to Lord Orrery.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your Lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons, I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her; and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men; and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man; I confess the number is not great, but that is not your Lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on: your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this, the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension, your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions and understandings; perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the Church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topics, I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your Lordship, but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my Lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserveth your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems, and believe your Lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in, as the wife of a citizen; yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amuse-

ment; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean that she is ready to take advice and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.¹

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public, for which I ought to desire your Lordship's pardon; but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the truest esteem and respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CMXXVII. [*Copy*]

SWIFT TO MISS REBECCA DINGLEY

Wednesday, August 11, 1733

If you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway; with a bottle of wine, and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do not like this proposal, send word. I would dine a little after two.²

¹ According to Mrs. Pilkington such merit as the poem possesses was due to revision by Swift, Mrs. Lichman, Delany, her husband, and last but not least herself. In spite of their united efforts she tells us that in a few years the poem was seen in "the chesemongers', chandlers', pastry-cooks', and second-hand booksellers' shops" ("Memoirs," iii, 39).

² It is inserted by the Rev. John Lyon, who became connected with Swift in the closing years of his life, in annotations which he made in a copy of Hawkesworth's "Life of Swift" (Forster Collection, No. 579).

³ Rebecca Dingley is said by Lyon to have lodged at that time with Mrs. Brent's daughter (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 43), who was then a widow, in Grafton Street, now the principal business street in Dublin, but in Swift's time a suburban one. According to Lyon, Ridgeway, who was a cabinet-maker, was an idle spendthrift, and by his conduct compelled his wife to think of selling the annuity which is mentioned by Swift in the codicil to his will ("Prose Works," xi, 417). It was saved, Lyon says, by Swift's paying the amount which she would have received for it, and the annuity was enjoyed by Mrs. Ridgeway for nearly thirty years after Swift's death.

CMXXVIII. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

September 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you to say a thousand things;¹ and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing anything, sick of myself, and, what is worse, sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me. Everybody is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you anything relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did, but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness, considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast, would kill me, and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so overpraised and overfed.

Drown Ireland, for having caught you, and for having kept you! I only reserve a little charity for her for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you; yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject; for surely to alter your words is to pre-

¹ In reply to Swift's letter in July (*supra*, p. 1).

judice them, and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness, nature is so much a better thing than artifice.¹

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free, but I am dejected, I am confined. My whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I; and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are, at last, like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see, when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.² Adieu. All you love are yours, but all are busy except, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend.

CMXXIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

MISS ANNE DONNELLAN TO SWIFT

London, *September 22, 1733.*

SIR,³

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for Miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an

¹ In these words Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii, 316) sees ground for the opinion that Pope had been told by Pilkington or the publisher of the "Life and Genuine Character" (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 428) "that Swift had written it as a second and lighter exercise on his former theme." He argues, however, that Swift was not the author of the verses, because in them "the defence of the Dean is feeble, and the strictures are the imputations which his career accredited and which were injurious to his moral reputation," considerations which to my mind make it less likely that Pilkington could have had the disposition or ability to write them.

² The allusion is evidently to the result of his metaphysical studies with Bolingbroke, and is not intended to be interpreted too literally.

³ There has been already allusion to the great friendship between Mrs. Pendarves's friend, Miss Donnellan, and Miss Kelly, with whose condition the present letter is wholly concerned (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 441, n. 1).

opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time, that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance, and to show more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind; but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints, for I believe she does not open herself entirely to anyone. Her health, I think, in a much worse way than when she came to London; she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit, which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind, and the physicians are of the same opinion.

I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping that if it were known, it might by the assistance of friends be remedied. I know when a young person shows any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love. I really think that is not Miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her. But what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and her horses, and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it, and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it. She has not heard from him these two months, and the letters she had from him at Bristol, were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and above all to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition.

Now what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if

there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low, and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high; you know, Sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone; even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her.

I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have anything to tell me that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, to Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit Street. I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to Miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness; but, pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir,

Your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

CMXXX. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Gloucester, *October 24, 1733.*

SIR,

I CANNOT imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my last letter to you;¹ I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you; if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

¹ *Supra*, p. 13.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter, but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you—now do not be angry—that the fear of tiring you stopped my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I cannot guess how you will take this last paragraph, but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself; your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I do not know how to guard against the pleasure they bring; to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. Delany's set:¹ the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation. I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself, and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakley Wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long; the whole contains five thousand acres. We stayed there a day and a half; the wood is extremely improved since you saw it, and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My Lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My Lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood house, which you may remember but a

¹ *I.e.*, because he would have returned to Dublin from Delville (*supra*, p. 5, n. 3).

cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of King Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits, and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next Parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's Vineyard and Delville. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau-monde flock to London, to see her Royal Highness disposed of,¹ while I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the Court. Is this virtue, or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Longleat: I hear that the young people there are very happy. It is a little unreasonable for me to begin a fourth page, but it is a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,
M. PENDARVES.

CMXXXI. [*Original*.²]

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT

Amesbury, *November 3, 1733.*

DEAR SIR,

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful that I will not thank you for it, and may be you do not deserve [it]. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict, without hurting oneself, is that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you will own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

¹ The eldest daughter of George II, and Princess Royal of England, whose marriage to William Prince of Orange was, however, postponed until the following year owing to the Prince having been taken seriously ill on the eve of the day first appointed for the ceremony.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you,¹ which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered in both for some time by an express which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to Spa, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it, in order to which two days ago I washed out the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post, pleasing myself with the fancy that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you.

I could not fail to gain credit, if you could conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversable. I do not only pity, but grieve at, those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected to be; though not quite free of the complaints in my head, they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letter. This is only a volunteer, after which I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with constancy, regard, and respect,

Yours, etc.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.

¹ An answer no doubt to her letter of 31 May (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 439).

CMXXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

CHARLES FORD TO SWIFT

London, November 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter¹ in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians everywhere, and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they do not know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach, and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, etc., in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the Queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. Corbett² that paper³ to correct his *Gulliver* by, and it was from it that I mended my own.⁴ There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition. In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more

¹ *Supra*, p. 26.

² The Rev. Francis Corbett, who was Stella's executor and became one of Swift's successors (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 462).

³ The corrections in "*Gulliver's Travels*" sent by Ford to Motte (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 373).

⁴ Ford's copy, a large paper one, is now in the Forster Collection ("*Prose Works*," viii, xxvii).

clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterward, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Crosthwaite will pay for me.

The Dissenters were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in Ireland;¹ I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made toward it, and how it is like to succeed. We have lost Miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.² Our late Lord Mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shown himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of Parliament for the city at the next election.³ He is something the poorer for his office, but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends. For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I have met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. Worrall, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: anything to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to your

¹ In opening the Irish Parliament in the previous month the Duke of Dorset had called upon the members to secure "a firm union amongst all Protestants," and at the same time he had communicated privately to such persons as were likely to approve of the policy, his instructions to procure a repeal of the Test. To Swift, who had foreseen from the movement in England (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 362, n. 1) that a similar one was to be apprehended in Ireland, the announcement came as no surprise. As Primate Boulter informed the Duke of Newcastle (Froude's "English in Ireland," i, 394), Swift had begun as early as January to sound the alarm and had prepared the way for the defeat of the measure by the publication of various tracts on the subject ("Prose Works," iv, 25, *et seq.*).

² "London, November 1. Yesterday at six in the morning died in the flower of her youth and beauty of a consumptive illness the celebrated Miss Frances Arabella Kelly, daughter to Denis Kelly, Esq., of the kingdom of Ireland, granddaughter to Walter, late Lord Bellew, in the said kingdom and niece to the Right Hon. the Earl of Strafford" ("Pue's Occurrences," 6 to 10 November).

³ Ford was mistaken (*supra*, p. 25, n. 4).

recovery, which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the
 thing in the world most wished for by,

Your ever obliged, etc.

A catalogue of pamphlets and papers which I have bound,
 and those marked * single; I believe I can have any of
 the others from Alderman Barber:—*Conduct of the Allies;
 Remarks on the Barrier Treaty; *Advice to the October
 Club; A New Journey to Paris; Remarks on the Letter to
 the Seven Lords appointed to examine Gregg; *Some
 reasons to prove that no Whig is obliged to oppose his
 Majesty; Importance of the Guardian; *Preface to the
 Bishop of Sarum's Introduction; Mr. Collins's Discourse
 of Free-thinking abstracted, for the Use of the Poor;
 Public Spirit of the Whigs; *Horace Strenuus et Fortis;
 Examiners from Number 13 to Number 45; *Toland's
 Invitation to Dismal; *Ballad upon Not-in-Game; *Peace
 and Dunkirk, a Song; *Windsor Prophecy; *Hugh [*i.e.*,
 Hue] and Cry after Dismal; *Pretender's Letter to a Whig
 Lord; Some Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs,
 never printed.¹

MXXXIII. [*Original*.²]

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT

Amesbury, *November 10, 1733.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE only stayed to give time for my letter's
 getting to you.³ There is some satisfaction in sitting down
 to write now that I am something less in your debt; I
 mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love
 contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey
 your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in
 conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure
 broad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my
 ears, as the saying is; for I did not cut and curl my hair
 like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks,
 and by so not doing, I did give some offence.

¹ The "catalogue," which is said to have been subjoined to the
 letter, is given in Scott's "Life," p. 415.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ *Supra*, p. 35.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries; particularly Flanders I liked, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than anyone has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that was quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. "Will you eat," "will you play at cards," are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met with are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness, if that be sufficient, that I have wished for you many many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey, for you were sure of a welcome share in everything we had.

It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, "if you mean to go," an hour and half after we had told him fifty times, that we positively would go on. The other, at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though, beside the town which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Mr. Dryden's *Cymon* are strictly applicable to me:

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my Irish friend: it is Mr. Coote. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man.¹ I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour.

I have writ and much too often, yet must obey whilst I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind, at some time proof against anything, and other times too easily shocked, but time and care can certainly make strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his Grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we stayed but three days. We are now at Amesbury; but pray direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance and little interest. I will believe everything you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess. I am come almost to the end of my paper before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I am vexed at what I hear of his sisters about your affair.² I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to

¹ He was Judge Coote's eldest son, the father of the second Earl of Bellamont (*supra*, vol. i, p. 281). In verses on his death addressed to his widow by a friend and neighbour (Brookhill Newburgh's "Essays," Dublin, 1769, p. 23), his social qualities are commemorated as well as his patriotic efforts for the welfare of his country, in which he appears to have rivalled his father:

"Methinks I see thee Charles, like new born light,
Thy friendly aspect cheering, strikes my sight;
Amid encircling friends, thy sprightly sense
Now spreads its gay, enlivening influence."

His father was still alive, and had so improved his demeane and surrounding estate at Cotehill in the county of Cavan, which his son represented in Parliament, that one is said to have screamed on entering his property, to be "leaving a desert and coming into Paradise" (Mrs. Delany's "Correspondence," i, 376).

² *I.e.*, the money which he had left in Gay's charge (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 421).

trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever.

I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible. His Grace is very much yours.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Dublin, Ireland.

CMXXXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PRATT TO SWIFT

London, *November 10, 1733.*

SIR,¹

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure, which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond,² you would

¹ Swift's old friend, Mrs. Pratt, had evidently gone to reside permanently in England after her husband's downfall (*supra*, vol. iii, pp. 231, 241). Her husband was still alive.

² The diamond from which the Earl of Chatham's grandfather (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 143) derived the sobriquet of Diamond Pitt was sold by him to the French Regent for £135,000, and is amongst the Crown jewels retained by the Republic.

and alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy
 entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me.
 You surprise me greatly in telling me that my Lord
 Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been
 some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your
 great admirers.¹ Why do not you send to my Lord
 Dunkerron, who undoubtedly wants only that encourage-
 ment to wait upon you?² You see I want none to embrace
 opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great
 esteem, respect, and affection,
 Your very obliged and most humble servant,
 H. PRATT.

LXXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

JOHN BARBER TO SWIFT

London, November 17, 1733.

I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all
 dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my
 respects to you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing
 sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths' Hall to Queen's
 Square is hardly credible; for in one view to imagine the
 instant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from
 morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and
 great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me

Lord Shelburne refers in his will to Mrs. Pratt, who lived with
 him in the later years of his life, as his kinswoman (*supra*, vol. i, p. 188,
 note). Although he had been created by George I an Earl of Great
 Britain, Lord Shelburne still appears to have attended the Irish House
 of Lords. In a "Survey of the Court" at Dublin in the time of the Duke
 of Grafton there is the following allusion to him ("Haliday Pamphlets"):

"Shelburne, a judge of learning and of men,
 Nor books nor manners have escaped his ken;
 To him all Europe's courts their arts have shown,
 He knows their worth and thence confirms his own."

Lord Dunkerron, who was Lord Shelburne's only son, died before
 his father. If Lady Lucy Wentworth is to be believed he was not a
 very agreeable companion. Writing the day after his marriage she
 says: "The most unhappy body I know is Miss Clavering, who was
 married yesterday to my Lord Dunkerron, for I never heard any man
 be so bad a character; he has lately almost killed his servant;
 they don't think he can live" ("Wentworth Papers," p. 259).

pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned,¹ and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.:

Of the city:			£	s.	d.			
Salary	20	0	0			
Gratuity	25	0	0			
Gratuity extraordinary	21	0	0			
						£	s.	d.
From my Lord Mayor				66	0	0
Five sermons preached before the Mayor				50	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed				10	0	0
						4	0	0
						£130 0 0		

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the Mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the Mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas. I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice.

How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, for I had more for show than business, nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependencies.² I recommended him to Mr. Alder-

¹ *Supra*, p. 24.

² Sir Robert Walpole's second son, who became a knight of the Bath, and was father of George III's sister-in-law, the wife of the Duke of Gloucester. He was in Ireland when Pilkington went to England and crossed in the government yacht with him (Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs," i, 82). During her first stay in England Mrs. Barber had become acquainted with him, apparently through his maternal aunt, Lady Conway, the mother of the first Marquess of

man Champion, who got the Primate's¹ wife's brother to write in his favour to the Primate; and he talks of the living of Coleraine being vacant;² if it be, I will do him what service I can. Thus, Sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success.³ I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir,

Your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,
JOHN BARBER.

Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the Hertford, and inflicted a poetical welcome to Ireland upon him ("Poems," p. 203):

"When I heard you were landed I flew to the Nine,
Intreating their aid to invite you to dine;
They told me I came on that errand too late,
For you were engaged by the Rich and the Great."

¹ *I.e.*, Boulter.

² The rectory of Coleraine in the county of Londonderry was in the presentation of the Irish Society.

³ French had been opposed in his candidature for the representation of the city of Dublin by his successor in the mayoral chair, but on 29 October the latter, "finding his interest too weak to oppose the great number of freeholders and freemen ready to poll for Alderman French," retired. Thereupon French was carried "amidst the acclamations of many thousands of people to the Parliament House," all the bells in Dublin were rung, and "the night concluded with bonfires, illuminations, and such rejoicings, as never were known on the like occasion" (Swanzy, *op. cit.*, p. 12). In "Astraea's Congratulations," a fine specimen of Irish typography (Royal Irish Academy Tracts), Barber is linked with French, and London is said at that time to have shared equal honour with Dublin:

"Your love of glory is the same,
You've both maintained the Patriot cause,

midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his counsel.¹

CMXXXVI. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD

November 20, 1733.

CMXXXVII. [*Original*.³]

THE COUNTESS GRANVILLE TO SWIFT

Haynes, November 27, 1733.

DEAR SIR,⁴

I HAVE received the honour of your commands,⁵ and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I

Both in one year, one year of fame,
Gave life to liberty and laws,
While you oppos'd the Grand Excise,
Here did a French and Stannard rise."

¹ Mrs. Pilkington had gone to England in Mrs. Barber's company (*supra*, p. 26). The idea of joining her husband was, she says, put into her head by his expressing a wish in one of his letters that she was in London, but she stole away from Dublin without communicating with him or telling any of her friends. According to her account she found him much devoted to an actress and anxious that she should seek solace during his absence in the society of his friend James Worsdale, the portrait painter, and on the expiration of his year of office as chaplain she was forced to return to Dublin alone, as he announced his intention of remaining in London, in the hope that Edward Walpole would provide for him, and of lodging with Worsdale ("Memoirs," i, 100, 109).

² It was sold on 8 July, 1905, by Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, and was again disposed of by them on 15 December, 1906.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ Lord Carteret's mother, the writer of this letter, had been married to his father, the first Lord Carteret, while they were both in the nursery, and had been for nearly forty years a widow. She had been granted the title, which she uses in signing this letter and in which she was succeeded by her son, by George I the year after his accession. Before that time, through the death of her nephew, she had become the coheiress of her father, John Granville, first Earl of Bath. Like the first Earl of Oxford she enjoyed the distinction of being known as "the Dragon."

⁵ *I.e.*, to become a subscriber to Mrs. Barber's Poems.

do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as your are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Haynes your road?¹ You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney-corner; have no ambition, but that you will believe, I am the charming Dean's

Most obedient humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

Addressed—For the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Dublin, Ireland. By London.

CMXXXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. CONDUITT TO SWIFT

George Street, *November 29, 1733.*

SIR,²

MRS. BARBER did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding³ brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve

¹ Now a seat of the Thynne family near Ampthill in Bedfordshire.

² The marriage of Catherine Barton, the friend of Swift's Whig days, to the Master of the Mint has been already noticed (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 146, n. 1).

³ *I.e.*, of the Princess Royal (*supra*, p. 35).

him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Hervey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing, as it is said, his Lordship's epistle, which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a working.¹ Thomson is far advanced in a poem of two thousand lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present times,² which if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

CMXXXIX. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO EATON STANNARD

Deanery House, December [12], 1733.

SIR,

MR. SANDYS told me some days ago, that when he waited upon you for advice, upon some papers that concern the greatest part of my little fortune, you were pleased to tell him, that you would not take a fee if I were to pay it.³ I own myself extremely obliged by such an act of generosity and friendship, to which I never had the least pre-

¹ The "Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity in Answer to a Latin Letter in Verse," which Mr. Courthope (*op. cit.*, v, 261) characterizes as a very poor performance.

² James Thomson's poem, "Liberty," was, however, not published until the end of the following year.

³ In return for Swift's support of his candidature for the recordership (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 406).

tension, further than the merit of always professing a true esteem for you, and if you intend to proceed by that rule, you will never be a farthing the better for any honest man, who may, as well as I, put in his claim with you to be *amicus curiae*. However, as I may be probably pestered with law and have few friends at the bar, I must of necessity depend upon your assistance, which I will sooner lose my cause than do upon the hard terms you offered by Mr. Sandys.

Last night the deeds were read and signed by me, my creditor and his tenant; in the copy of which deeds Mr. Sandys showed me your corrections in his own hand, and I conclude all the rest was right; by which I shall be richer a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and thereby abler to give you a fee, and a friend a bottle of wine more than usual.¹ It seems the expenses and fees in these cases are paid by the mortgager. But my obligations to you are not the less, who was so rash as to declare against taking my money before you knew whether I were to pay it or no.

If I had not still continued, as I have been for three months, confined by deafness and giddiness, I would have waited on you with my acknowledgements for your favour and goodness. But I shall ever remain, what I have always been, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

CMXL. [*Deane Swift.*]

CHARLES COOTE TO SWIFT

London, *December 13, 1733.*

SIR,

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before.² It is a common stratagem of mine, and

¹ As appears from Swift's account-book (Forster Collection, No. 512) the deeds concerned a mortgage for £2,000 on his cousin Deane Swift's property (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 419) of which a Mr. George Nugent had then a lease. The hundred and twenty pounds represented the interest, which was to be paid by Nugent.

² *Supra*, p. 40.

has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her Grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can, so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James's Coffee-house. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

CMXLI. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

December 20, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

YOURS I received,¹ and if it was not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon beef griskins, I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr. Worrall's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. Worrall's coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money by playing sixpence halfpenny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for: I wish my spouse were but half as good, but of this I shall say nothing more till meeting. I hope my gossip Delany's spouse is upon the mending hand, for they tell me she has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever

¹ As appears from the endorsement the missive was Swift's essay on "Irish Eloquence" ("Prose Works," vii, 361).

reathed, and it is a thousand pities that anything should
 I her. God Almighty wish her well; for I am sure if she
 ent off, the Doctor would not meet with her fellow. I
 ope nothing ails her but a brush.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr. and Mrs. McGwyre: if
 ou will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if
 ou were their own father; for nobody speaks better of you
 an they. My humble service to all friends and to your-
 lf, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULLIVAN.

I lodge hard by the Shovel in Francis Street.

undorsed—Dr. Sheridan's insolence, in presuming to
 answer my eloquent Hybernisms.

MXLII. [*Elwin*.]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

January 6, 1733-4.

NEVER think of you and can never write to you now,
 thout drawing many of those short sighs of which we
 ve formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we
 ve been deprived of by death, and of those from whom
 e are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me
 that degree, that it takes away in a manner the pleasure,
 ich yet I feel very sensibly too, of thinking I am now
 nversing with you.¹ You have been silent to me as to
 our works; whether those printed here are, or are not
 uine. But one, I am sure, is yours, and your method of
 neecaling yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I
 ve read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his
 athers and tail stick out.² You will have immediately by

¹ This letter is evidently a reply to one from Swift that has been
 ppressed. Pope's letter four months before is the last one preserved
 the correspondence between them (*infra*, p. 30).

² About that time six poems from Swift's pen made their appearance
 London, namely, the "Rhapsody on Poetry," the "Epistle to a
 idy who desired verses in the heroic style," the "Poem occasioned
 eading Dr. Young's Satires," the "Beautiful Young Nymph going
 Bed," "Strephon and Chloe," and "Cassius and Peter" ("Poems
 orks," xii, 161, 163; "Poetical Works," i, 197, 200, 202, 219, 264; ii,
 4). The political allusions in the first three, and the subjects of the
 hers, might well cause the author to desire that his identity should

several franks, even before it is here published, my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and the last Essay on Man;¹ both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord.² His weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after showing it to some people, suppressed it—otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborough,³ who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see.

I wonder not that B[ubb] paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland.⁴ He is too much of a half wit to love a true wit, and too much half honest to esteem any entire merit. I hope, and I think, he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him. He is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict

not be established, and with that object the publication of the poems was entrusted to Pilkington. They were conveyed to him by Mrs. Barber, who with circumstances of great mystery, handed them to him the day after her arrival in London. "Just then a lady who came over with me called on us," says his wife, "and Mr. P——n and she had some private chat; when she was gone he told me she had brought him a letter and some poetry from the Dean, which he had ordered him to dispose of and put the money in his own pocket; as he could not stay to read them, he took them with him to the Lord Mayor's" ("Memoirs," i, 102). Of the fate that attended the publishers we shall see later on.

¹ "The Epistle on the Characters of Men" was not registered at Stationers' Hall until 5 February. The first epistle of the "Essay on Man" had appeared just twelve months previously.

² *I.e.*, Lord Hervey (*supra*, p. 48).

³ At Bevis Mount, near Southampton, which Pope said was a place beautiful beyond imagination, and as easy as it was beautiful.

⁴ Bubb Dodington, to whose acquaintance with Swift there has been already reference (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 116), had been in Ireland for some months in connection with a sinecure office, called the clerkship of the pells, held then by him. While in that country he had posed as a patriot and arrayed himself in a suit made of Irish material which gave Swift opportunity to remark that the Irish Parliament made him a present of £700 or £800 a year for laying out forty or fifty shillings on Irish stuff (MSS. of Miss M. Eyre Matcham, p. 65).

neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men as slander and belie my character in private to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests to private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as well as to me. Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours.¹ Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

CMXLIII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

January, 1733-4.

MY LORD,²

It hath been my great misfortune that since your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the

¹ It has been suggested that the lady was Patty Mount, and the poems the three last mentioned in the previous note.

² Notwithstanding much wirepulling on the part of the Duke of Dorset, the House of Commons had taken an early opportunity of showing its hostility to any tampering with the Test (*supra*, p. 38), and in "a manner unparliamentary" had a fortnight before Christmas declared that the House was full, and resolved that as the members would soon be going to the country, the proposed legislation must be introduced within the next three days. "The roar that was in the House and the confidence of strength to carry any question," says one who had often witnessed the proceedings in the British House of Commons, "made it the most desperate attempt that ever I observed in Parliament" (Miss Eyre Matcham's MSS., p. 57), and the government did not even ask the members to divide, and discreetly retired from the contest. Such a spirit might have been expected to render the Irish legislature less abhorrent to Swift, and would possibly have

honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your Grace's presence.

On Monday last week, toward evening, there came to the Deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with asking me, whether I were the author of certain verses, wherein he was reflected on. The singularity of the man in his countenance, manner, action, style

had that effect, only that a Bill which involved serious financial loss to a large number of the clergy was receiving at that time favourable consideration. Swift was himself not affected by the measure, which concerned the tithes from flax and hemp, which were not grown in the neighbourhood of Dublin, but he came forward as the protagonist of his brethren, and on Christmas eve in conjunction with John Grattan, Dan Jackson, and another friend he presented a petition against the objectionable clauses, and prayed to be heard by counsel, who appeared before the House five days later. It was in connection with this application that the famous Richard Bettesworth, serjeant-at-law and member of Parliament, who was one of the chief supporters of the Bill, incurred Swift's displeasure, probably by opposing the admission of his counsel or controverting their arguments before the House. In Bettesworth's character Swift found ample scope for his satire. Although he had sometimes posed as a member of the patriotic party before his appointment as a serjeant, Bettesworth was at heart a zealous Whig, as his ancestors, who had been settled in the south of Ireland for several generations, had proved themselves in more stirring times, and was besides a blatant, pompous, and self-sufficient individual. In order to lampoon him the verses "On the Words Brother Protestants and Fellow Christians" ("Poetical Works," ii, 252) were no doubt composed, and made their appearance towards the end of December. As Sheridan tells us ("Life," p. 438), when Bettesworth read the lines on himself:

"Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth;
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant;"

his rage for a while deprived him of utterance; but as soon as he had recovered his speech he took out his penknife and swore that he would cut off Swift's ears with it. In pursuance of this threat he called a few days later at the Deanery, and finding Swift was not at home he followed him to Worrall's house, where the altercation described in this letter took place.

and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country house. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was; said, I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more. He then signified to me, that he was a serjeant-at-law, and a member of Parliament. After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, that by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, that since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was.

When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining, and the Serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported; and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit;¹ and indeed I am heartily

¹ According to Sheridan, who relates several passages that are not given in this letter, Swift acknowledged, however, that Bettesworth showed some wit in comparing him to his own Yahoos, and saying that under the protection of his gown he climbed up on a height and squirted filth on all mankind.

glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no farther, for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours, first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life, and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he has amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before Bishops, and Lords, and members of Parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter; for, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character; for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which, however, are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good to continue steadfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom. What I have said to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the highest respect, etc.

CMXLIV. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

March 2, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being trouble-

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

some.¹ If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor Lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger, and sure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle; but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours show they could exert themselves for your sake.² Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers, and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the "composition" will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my Duke and Duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how change of air would mend your constitution, but I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

CMXLV. [*Original.*³]

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO SWIFT

London, *March 4, 1733-4.*

DEAR SIR,

If ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present, for no truth can furnish me with a sufficient excuse for not having wrote a long while ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts,⁴ but upon more mature consideration, I have con-

¹ Nearly eight months had elapsed without a letter from her reaching Swift.

² The allusion is to the address from the residents in the Liberty of the Cathedral offering to defend Swift against any attack that Bettesworth might make on him. It was presented on Tuesday, 8 January, probably a week after the interview, and about the time the letter to Dorset was written ("Prose Works," iv, 261, 265, n. 3).

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 39.

vinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my faults, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish everybody was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come.

I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; they neither have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy, who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July, to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. So doing, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him; and so would you be, if you knew him, for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what I shall do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine just then is the very difficultiest part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper of me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay;¹ we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble;

¹ "The Distrest Wife."

I have not seen her, I fancy, for that reason, but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope, or my brother.¹ I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant. Adieu, dear Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am

Your most faithful friend, etc.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Ireland.

CMXLVI. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO EATON STANNARD

Deanery House, *March* 12, 1733-4.

SIR,³

I AM commanded by my Lady Howth to use the utmost of that little credit I may possibly have with you, in favour

¹ Mrs. Barber was then in "the hands of the law" in connection with the publication of the poems which she had brought to London (*supra*, p. 51, n. 2). On "Friday, 11 January," notes the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1734, "Mr. John Wilford was taken into custody for publishing a poem called 'An Epistle to a Lady,' as were some days after the printer and the bookseller, Lawton Gilliver, but all admitted to bail." These proceedings were followed by the arrest of Pilkington, Motte, and Mrs. Barber. From a letter written a year later by Motte to Swift it appears that his arrest and that of Pilkington were due to information given by Gilliver, to whom Pilkington had sold the copyright of the poem, but the circumstances that led to the arrest of Mrs. Barber are not known. During the examination of the prisoners, full proof is said by Sheridan ("Life," p. 277) to have been obtained of Swift's being the author, and a messenger was on the point of being despatched to bring him to England, when a friend warned Sir Robert Walpole that the attachment of the Drapier could not be effected in Ireland with safety by less than ten thousand men. It was generally assumed that only Pilkington or Mrs. Barber could have been Swift's betrayer, and "the whole kingdom of Ireland" adjudged him to be the culprit, but in a mysterious sentence his wife exonerates him from the charge ("Memoirs," i, 111): "Who was the informer I know not, both parties having violently accused each other, but in my soul I believe Mr. P——n was innocent, and I am sure I have no reason to be partial to him."

² In the Forster Collection, No. 556.

³ Swift had for some years been a frequent visitor to Howth Castle,

of her brother, Mr. Gorges, to whom I am a perfect stranger; neither do I know any other lady whose commands I would not have disobeyed on the like occasion, being perfectly indifferent how Parliament elections go, unless I could have any hope of a majority half so honest, or a tenth part so able as yourself. It seems the election comes on upon Thursday next. Her Ladyship called here yesterday, but I was abroad, and she left her desire that I would write to you as soon as possible. I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Eaton Stannard, Esq.

CMXLVII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

FRANCIS GRANT TO SWIFT

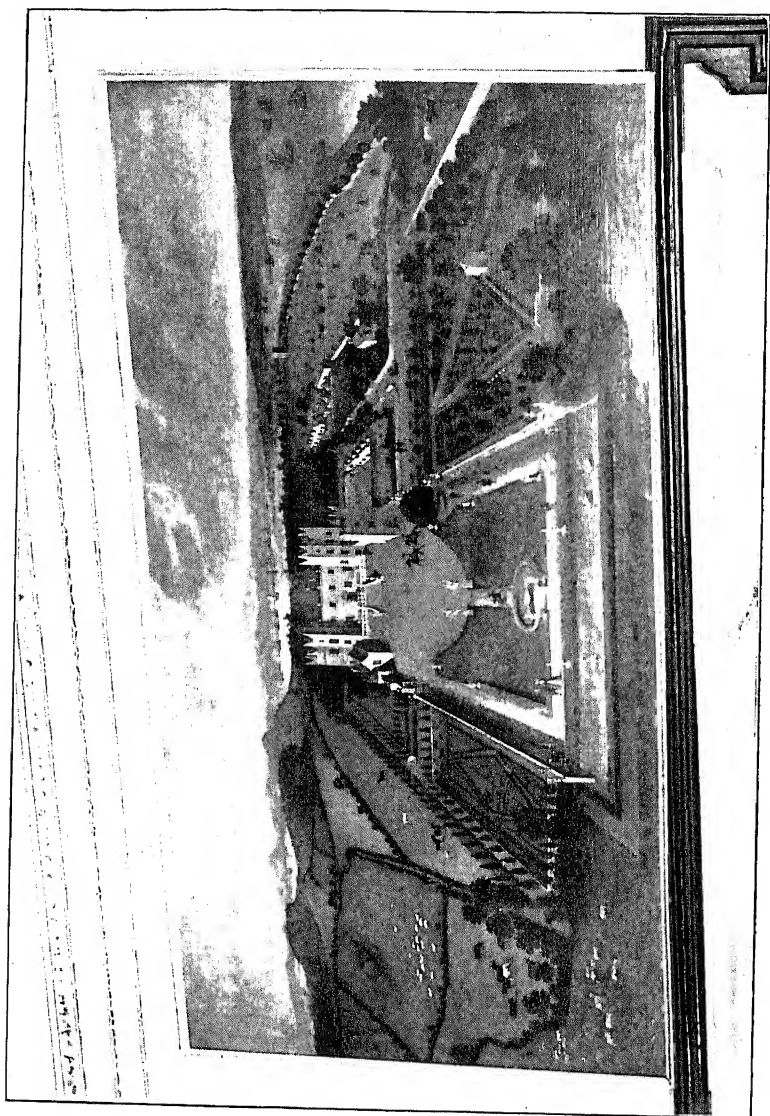
London, *March* 14, 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,¹

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit, and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but

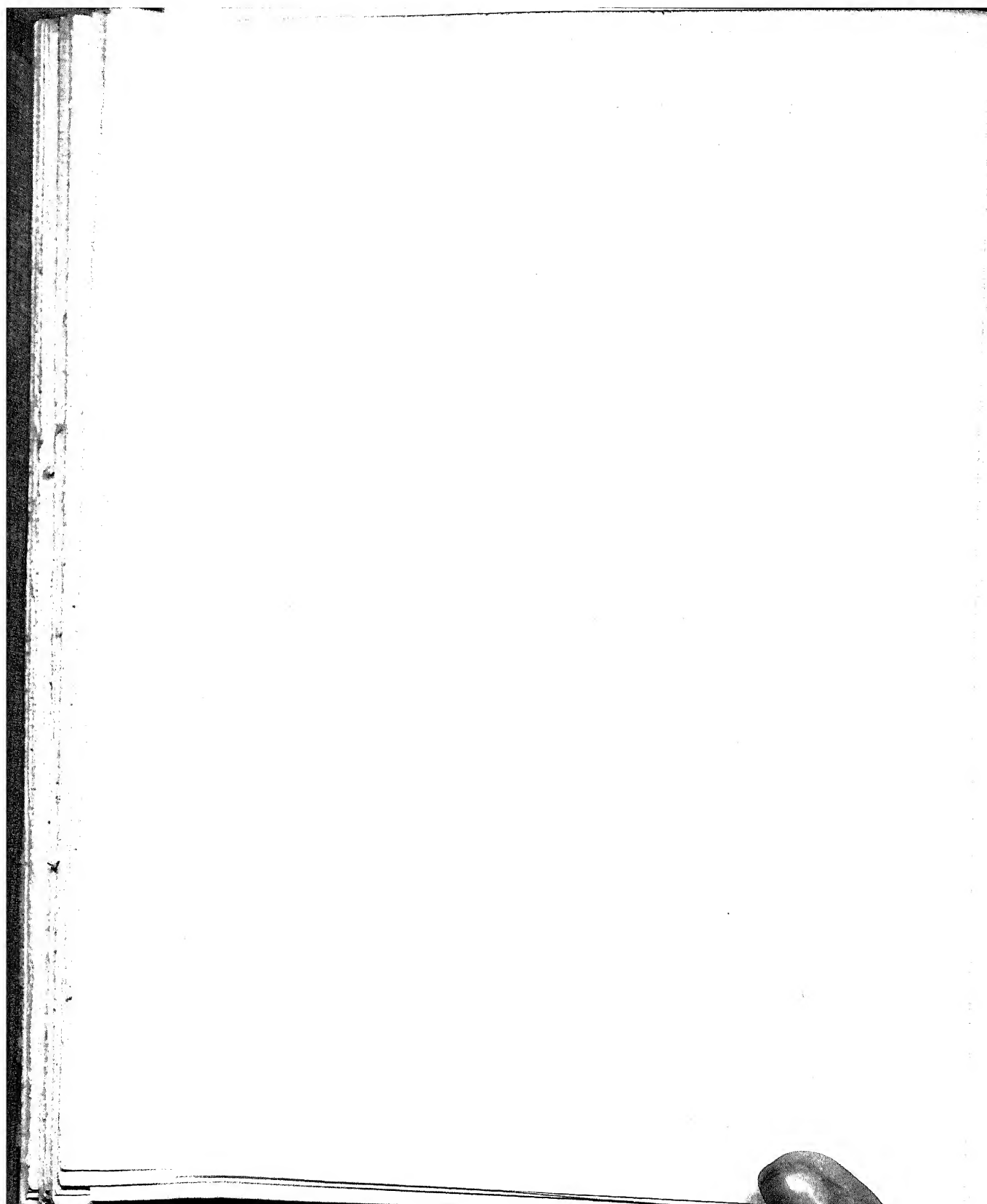
the ancient seat of the St. Lawrences, near Dublin ("Poetical Works," ii, 375), and as has been mentioned was staying there in the previous July (*supra*, p. 9, n. 1). The owner then was the Baron of Howth, ordinarily designated the twenty-sixth of his line, who had succeeded to the title in 1727. He had married in the following year a daughter of General Richard Gorges by a wife who had preceded the famous Doll (*supra*, vol. i, p. 320), and this letter concerns her eldest brother, who had shortly before contested unsuccessfully a small borough near Kilbrew, and was anxious to obtain Stannard's vote as a member of Parliament in favour of a petition which he had lodged against his opponent's return.

¹ This letter is said by Faulkner ("Works," x, 309) to have been written by Admiral Vernon, but is printed by Hawkesworth with Grant's signature.



HOWTH CASTLE

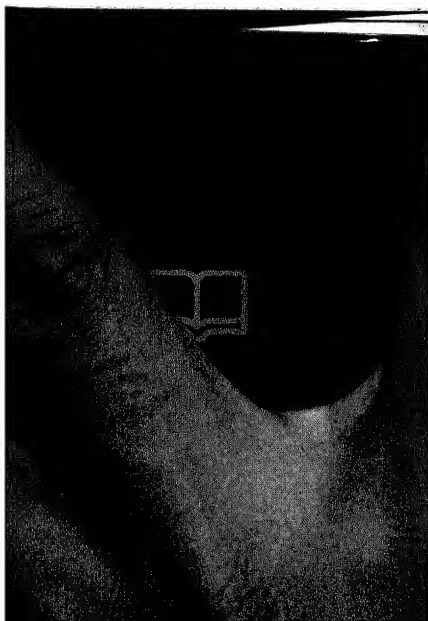
From an early Eighteenth Century Painting in the possession of Mr. J. C. Gaisford-St. Lawrence
The figure on the seat, in the left-hand corner, is said by tradition to represent Swift



the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other, and it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white-herring and cod-fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring-fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your Parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them.¹ I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have

¹ A committee had been appointed in November by the House of Commons to inquire into the state of the Irish fisheries, and had presented a report entering with much detail into the various questions involved. Amongst its recommendations, which were afterwards embodied in a Bill, were regulations for trawling, for dredging for oysters, for the exportation of fish, and for the encouragement of partnerships and joint stocks in fisheries.



acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here, but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time.

Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland than the fishing does, or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both, to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with, which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, "merchant in London."

CMXLVIII. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO LORD CASTLE-DURROW

Deanery House, *March 22, 1733-4.*

MY LORD,

I CONGRATULATE with your Lordship upon your peerage in this kingdom, and hope you will have credit and

¹ In the Forster Collection.

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merit enough in proper time, to have the same honour in another.¹ I shall be very proud of the honour to see your Lordship at the Deanery at any time to-morrow, in the forenoon. I am, with true respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

CMXLIX. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.²]

SWIFT TO FRANCIS GRANT

Dublin, *March 23, 1733-4.*

SIR,

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery. You discover, in both, a true love of your country, and, except your civilities to me, a very good judgement, good wishes to this vicious³ kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser; for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid. Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses. The last Lord Wemyss told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish: he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, for their boats were in reach of the shot, and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.⁴ The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a

¹ William Flower had been granted his peerage a few months before (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 66).

² The letter, which appears in the volume for 1762, p. 111, is headed "A genuine copy of a letter from the late Dean Swift to —, Esq., a Scots gentleman."

³ In other versions of this letter, which was evidently first printed from a draft, "ruined" is given instead of "vicious."

⁴ The third Earl of Wemyss, to whom Swift refers, was sometime a representative peer of Scotland and a member of the council of Queen Anne's consort. The only other allusion made by Swift to his acquaintance with him is in his annotation of "Macky's Characters," where he remarks that the Earl was "a black man and handsome for a Scot" ("Prose Works," x, 288). The Earl's sons were educated by Swift's correspondent, Andrew Ramsay.

parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often press the Lord Treasurer Oxford, and others of the Ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch," who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that Ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, I think, while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England; and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.¹ What I did for this country was from perfect hatred at tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me for three hundred pounds which my old friend was obliged to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither.² The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin one hundred and eight thousand pounds in half-pence, not worth one sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it, and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin. I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at Court, where I was well received, during two summers, six or seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me; for as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are slaves, and knaves, and fools, and all, but the bishops and people in employment, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to two hundred thousand

¹ Swift's statement is too explicit to leave any room for doubt that either Pope or Spence was mistaken in believing that he said he was born in Leicester (Spence's "Anecdotes," Lond., 1858, p. 121).

² The opinion has been already expressed that Carteret had no wish for the success of the proclamation (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 224, n. 1).

pounds. The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons, now sitting here, mentioned your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland; they agreed with me, but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.¹ I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an Act, it will become a job, your sanguine temper will cool, rogues will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial Parliaments, directly against the old Whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts: they advanced two hundred pounds by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would anybody join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves, and, I believe, there are hardly any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost thirty thousand pounds a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back, and sold for a fourth part the value.² This is our

¹ It is difficult to reconcile the indifference imputed to the members with the enactment of that session regarding fisheries.

² This circumstance is also mentioned in the "Considerations about maintaining the Poor," where it is said that in addition to the bad quality of the linen an excessive price was asked for it, and that a small quantity was sold before its return, but "below the prime cost" ("Prose Works," vii, 340). The visitation of the plague occurred in 1720 and 1721.

condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most obedient humble servant.

I would have subscribed my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

CML. [*Original*.¹]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

April 12, 1734.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat.² Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help in a project of subscription will, I fear, avail him little.

I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice, that I have long carried about me, gives me a shove. I guard

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The allusion is to George Faulkner. As appears from the original in the possession of the Duke of Portland, the letter recommending him to Oxford (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 389) was dated 16 February, 1733-4.

against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*, and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much to do, before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter oneself, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles,¹ and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them. The first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out.

What are you doing? Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean.² Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner*—I know no English word to say the same thing—with you. Adieu, dear Sir, no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you, than I do.

¹ *I.e.*, the "Essay on Man" (*supra*, p. 52, n. 1).

² Mrs. Pilkington, to whose husband Bolingbroke no doubt refers, describes herself at that time as broken-hearted. For many weeks she heard nothing of her husband, and with the exception of Archbishop Hoadly no one in Dublin would speak to her, so incensed were the inhabitants against Swift's betrayer (*supra*, p. 59, n. 1). Hoadly would appear to have seen some good in Pilkington, and to have always taken his part. He had strongly advised him not to attach himself to a person "so remarkably disaffected" as Barber, and conferred upon him after his separation from Mrs. Pilkington the vicarage of Portrane ("Memoirs," i, 76, 112).

CMLI. [*Original*.¹]

LORD CARTERET TO SWIFT

Jermyn Street, *April* 13, 1734.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family.² I need not say, that these alliances are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy.³ As to other things, I go on as well as I can, and now and then observe, that I seem to have more friends now, than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one, and I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about.

I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said anything in her behalf. I

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The occasion of Swift's letter was the marriage of Carteret's third daughter to the Hon. John Spencer, a younger son of the third Earl of Sunderland, which had taken place on 14 February. Their son became the first Earl Spencer. She was the daughter of Carteret commemorated in Ambrose Philips's namby-pamby rhymes (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 278), and had also the misfortune to be sung by Mrs. Barber ("Poems," p. 229):

"Hibernia early saw those seeds of worth,
In your fair breast, which now stood nobly forth,
Foresaw the hopes you gave, matur'd by time,
And griev'd to yield you to a happier clime."

³ Writing at that time the future Mrs. Delany says ("Correspondence," i, 428): "Our cousins are now growing the most considerable people in the kingdom. If their heads do not turn with it, I may say of them as once was said of a man that bragged he could look down a steep precipice without being giddy, that he had the strongest or the weakest head in the world."

hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters.¹ Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shown your letter, not forgetting my mother,² present their humble service to you, and I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

Reverend Dr. Swift, etc., etc.

CMLII. [*Original.*]

THE REV. PATRICK DELANY [TO THE REV. JOHN
WORRALL]

April 20 [1734].

DEAR SIR,

MONDAY next is Lord Carteret's birthday.⁴ The persons I intend to invite are Lord and Lady Mountrath,⁵ Lady Betty Brownlow,⁶ and Lady Acheson, and the person I now intreat to do me the honour to dine with me on that day is Mr. Dean, and I send this memorandum to be hung over his table to prevent his forgetting. Pray present my humble service to him, and do not let him forget his most obedient,

P. D.

¹ In his "Revelation Examined with Candour" (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 407).

² *I.e.*, the Countess Granville (*supra*, p. 46).

³ In the Forster Collection, No. 531.

⁴ It is amusing to find Delany considering it necessary to celebrate his patron's birthday, which was 22 April, and fell that year on a Monday. According to Mrs. Pilkington ("Memoirs," iii, 40), he excelled "in giving an elegant entertainment with ease, cheerfulness, and an hospitality which made the company happy."

⁵ Lord and Lady Mountrath have been already mentioned as friends of Chetwode (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 96).

⁶ In some verses preserved by Mrs. Barber ("Poems," p. 247) Lady Elizabeth Brownlow is said to have excelled in prudence and politeness, and is commemorated by Mrs. Barber herself (p. 41) as a beauty who brought the world captive to her feet.

CMLIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO MISS HOADLY

*June 4, 1734.*MADAM,¹

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When, much against my will, I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking, and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy.

¹ A previous allusion to Archbishop Hoadly's only child (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 313) has shown more amity between Swift and the occupants of the palace of St. Sepulchre at that time than might have been expected. Not only had the Archbishop to bear the odium of being a brother of the episcopal champion of the Whigs in England, but also of being himself an obedient servant in Ireland of Walpole's administration. Shortly before his death, which occurred soon after Swift's, he expresses his satisfaction that without one failure he had been able to attend "what by principle he thought right, the King's service," and mentions that the conduct of the government business in the House of Lords and the Privy Council had fallen chiefly upon him. But he was what was then known as an improver, of which he had given good proof by the erection of a palace for the see at Tallaght (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 355, n. 5), and therein, as this letter shows, lay the secret of Swift's toleration of his politics.

However, I have two ways to be revenged: first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his Grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in, and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallaght. My other revenge shall be this; when my Lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me, and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit, and therefore, I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice-gruel, and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management;¹ and I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies, that by your example they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged, etc.

I desire to present my most [humble respects] to his Grace and the ladies.²

¹ The Archbishop is said, at the time of his death, to have been much beloved by the tenantry on the see lands, amongst whom he had excited, by his example and judicious rewards, a spirit of emulation and a strong desire to become better farmers.

² The commencement of Swift's official connection with Hoadly hardly promised the sending of such a message: "Our new Archbishop was this day enthroned in St. Patrick's," writes Marmaduke Coghill

CMLIV. [*Deane Swift*.]

BISHOP STEARNE TO SWIFT

Clogher, *June 28, 1734.*

MR. DEAN,

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date,¹ and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me.

And therefore, not to take any further notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to,² as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion, and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds,³ as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name. If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it.

on 22 January, 1729-30, "when he and our Dean and the Vicar General had some disputes about taking the oaths before the Dean, which the Archbishop would not do, nor had the Dean power to administer them, but this occasioned some sharp words among them, and though the Dean refused to dine with his Grace he was prevailed on to do it, and I suppose all differences are made up" (Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS., 21122, f. 107).

¹ *Supra*, p. 15.

² Joe Beaumont, who is said to have died several years before the date of this letter, had no doubt been known to Stearne when he was rector of Trim.

³ Apparently Beaumont's assets were not sufficient to discharge his debts in full.

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I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOCHER.

CMLV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

June 28, 1734.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN,¹

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de.
Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state.

¹ The following interpretation of this letter, which contains a reference to the war of the Polish succession then in progress, is given by Sir Walter Scott:

"DEAR MISTER DEAN,

"I expect your answer, and a full one, about my money to day. Times are very dead, not a doit or a shilling at all my estate. My receiver can as well raise a devil as a penny. Curse him, I say, for a prime minister. Can't you raise a sum at a banker's, you Dean. Ah try do. You know, my dear Dean, you owe me a groat. It is high time to think upon it. I am an honest man, I say; a knave's my aversion. I declare.

"A dun is at my door, for a sum I owe one damned attorney, a bum-baillie come in at his * * *, as ready as a cat is at a mouse, or a rat, I say, or a bat.

"I am become as mute as a statue; as lean as a rake; as dead as an adder is; as heavy as an ass is; as queer as a duck; as tame as a lamb; as dead as a door-nail is; as insipid as dead vinegar is; or a potatoe in me. I remember I was, on a time, as quick as a flea at a lady's belly; as merry as a filly; as full o' play as a kyd; as full o' merry tricks as a kitten is, or a baboon in a cap is. I write stumblers you see; can't you write 'em? You dine a' Thursday at my house. I've a belly full o' meat to entertain us, fit for any lord in his equipage. You've a stomach I may hope. Here is a bill o' fare: a goose, a pair o' ducks, some fishes, as a pair o' soles, a pair o' places, a pudding, a fricassee, a rabbit stewing, new peas, new beans, a lamb-pie, fit for a minister o' state. A custard is as tit a bit as a tart is. A fritter is my delight. My liquor is tokay, it cost us a pistole a quart, I aver it; a quart o' sack; Margoux claret, as fine as a ruby; Graves; Lacryma Christi; Hock; Cote-roti; some Cyprus; as fine cyder as ever I drank at a tavern.

"Pray bespeak us a supper at your house: some asparagus to eat; some cauliflowers, a cabbage, lettuce for a salad. Invite a lady to a-

Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot, hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on damnat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as laenas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an assis; as quæras a due; ast emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a lacdis belli; as meri as a Phili; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bonni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum sis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter

company your reverence, not a prater, not a coquette. A grave matron is proper for a grave dean, and a doctor, and a school-master.

" 'I writ you a verse on a Molly o' mine,
As tall as a May-pole, a lady so fine,
I never knew any so neat in mine eyes,
A man at a glance, or a sight of her, dies;
Dear Molly's a beauty, whose face and whose nose is
As fair as a lily, as red as a rose is,
A kiss o' my Molly is all my delight;
I love her by day, and I love her by night.'

"If I go I must take a totum, and you must ransack your penne, except I've ill-luck. If I play in jest, it is for an egg at Easter. Not a bit for a card am I, nor a bit for a dice say I, as my grannum has said forty times.

"I know no news of any moment to write you; but a battle is over at Dantzic. In Italy and in Germany mercenaries desert 'em every day. One general is dead, a cannon bullet took off his head. A fleet is preparing for a sea-fight. Many sieges are a-carrying on at this time.

"My mag is as merry as an ape is. He does say, a Quaker, a Quaker, a cur. He is capering in a cage made o' sorrow. A bit o' bread is generally his supper, or a liver of a lamb is.

"My service to all at home; excuse my haste. For ever and ever yours,

"THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"A' Friday at ten a'clock at my study."



o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de
lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit.
A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves.
Lac rima Christi, Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine
Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Praebe specus a Superatures. Summas par a gusto eat.
Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age laetis fora Sal ad. Invita
laedito ac cum pani ure verens, nota praeter nota coquet. A
grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an
das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a laedis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis,
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense
exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter.
Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num
has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata illis o ver at
Dan sic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es desertum e
veride. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hae
ad. A fle et is prae par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges ara
carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hae do es se a quae cur
a quae cur a cur. Hae is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit
ob re ad is gener ali his super, ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te; Fore ver an de
ver ures.

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studiij.

CMLVI. [*Original*.¹]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

From my Farm, *June 27 and July 6, 1734.*

I THANK you, Mr. Dean; or, to use a name to me more
sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

of May, which came to me by the post.¹ I answer it by the same conveyance, and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find anything which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure, in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank, and who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the King of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the talapoins—do they not call them so?—held this maxim. Neither he or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men. But then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man; and even when we see right, and guess right, we

¹ An answer to Bolingbroke's letter of 12 April.

build our maxims on a small number of observations: for which they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves—which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular,* who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe, and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbons, etc., who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, or how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it: in the strongest marks it bore. Now let us suppose, that some Rochefoucauld or other, some anthropometrical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it; nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle; nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily, but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that

* *Lea*, the first Earl of Oxford

one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business, have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or, retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vatia, *Hic situs est Vatia*.¹ But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The Stoics were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius and his master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a State. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some, I believe, are philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborough's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopoe*, etc., and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing.² I am glad you approve his moral essays. They

¹ "Nunquam aliter hanc villam Vatia vivo praeteribam, quam ut dicerem, *Vatia hic situs est*" ("Senecae Opera a Lipsio," 4th ed., p. 475).

² The translation, which was subsequently published, was entitled

will do more good than the sermons and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them, and if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some very few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if anything else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

CMLVII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *August 8, 1734.*

GOOD MR. DEAN,

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now;¹ but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any farther to defer my making my due acknowledgements to you in

"Sober Advice from Horace, imitated from his Second Sermon." In writing to Caryll, Pope disclaimed the authorship, and said that he would think it a very indecent sermon after the "Essay on Man" (Pope's "Works," vi, 353).

¹ Four years had elapsed since Oxford last wrote to Swift (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 159).

the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, etc. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands.¹ I did my best, I did all that lay in my power, to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person, I speak without excepting one, whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often. I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of —.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs, and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken part in whatever fortune befell me or my family. Indulge, therefore, the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.² The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of. When we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him. As I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the Duke you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, etc., etc., so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to, such as justice, honour, excellent

¹ *I.e.*, in regard to the Irish appeals to the British House of Lords (*supra*, vol. iv, pp. 372, 396).

² The ceremony had taken place a few weeks before, and the Lady Marget of Swift's letters had become the wife of William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, the grandson of William III's friend.

temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.¹

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here. Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my Lord Peterborough, near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, Bishop of Winchester;² and is to be succeeded by Hoadly, and farther I cannot say. Pray, has Mr. Jebb got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion:³ I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your Works? He promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest.⁴ I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,
OXFORD.

CMLVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

LADY HOWTH TO SWIFT

Kilfane, near Kilkenny, *August 15, 1734.*

SIR,⁵

To show you how much I covet your correspondence I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude

¹ The Correspondence of Mrs. Delany, who was an intimate friend of the Duchess and addressed her autobiography to her, shows that Lord Oxford's confidence in the Duke was not misplaced. Its pages resound the praises of "Sweet William" and the "Duchess of all the Duchesses," who were to their friends "the quintessence of good-nature," and bear proof to the happiness of their married life.

² Richard Willis, who had been chaplain to William III, and enjoyed much fame as a preacher.

³ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 437.

Supra, p. 66, n. 2.

⁵ Kilfane, the ancestral home of one of the silver-tongued orators of the Union debates, Charles Kendal Bushe, afterwards Chief Justice

oblige me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night;¹ and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge,² where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling-book. My Lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and I hope you will believe me to be, what I really am,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,
LUCY HOWTH.

CMLIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

August 16, 1734.

DR DAY ANN,³

EYE mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt
may knee bees knees sees hind red sow Inn trick Kate Eye

of Ireland, had been taken temporarily for the purposes of sport by Lord Howth (*supra*, p. 59, n. 3). The Chief Justice's great-grandfather had died a few years before, and had been succeeded by his grandson.

¹ The 12th.

² Bennet's Bridge is situated on the river Nore between Kilkenny and Kilfane. The latter lies about ten miles to the south of the city. In Ireland the 15th of August, Lady Day, is a great holiday, and one on which many fairs are held.

³ "Dear Dean, I'm ashamed of not writing to you before, but many businesses hindered, so intricate I could not. Your inclination I know towards your friends to be otherwise. Have you spoke any proposal to Doctor Coxcomb, I mean Whitcombe, about the deanery of Kilmore as yet? If you have, write to the Reverend Doctor Sheridan, in Castle Hamilton near Killesandra, in the county Cavan. I am a-going to Bel-turbet to meet the tenants of Drumlane to receive money, but I fear I shall meet a parcel of empty pockets. Captain Hamilton, Madam Hamilton and I were a boating, and dined in a gazebo upon a party

cud knot. Ewer Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry
ends Toby o ther wise. Ha! view Spoak a knee Prop hose
awl too Dock tore Cocks cymb Eye may Ann White comb
a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower a shit. I few heave,
right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn cast
ell Ham ill tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count
eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell turbet two meet
they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave mow knee butt
Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par cell off M T Pock heats.
Cap tinn Ham ill tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye
ware a beau tinn, Anne dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun
a past Eye maid off [Venn] ay Sun. Oui mun See your Ann
very tea—Cant you right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress¹ to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well; and when she does read, she cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of

made of venison. *Oui, Monsieur, en verité.* Can't you write *à la mode à Français*?"

As his last letter has shown (*supra*, p. 73) Sheridan was feeling severely scholastic rivalry in Dublin. About the time Carteret left Ireland he had effected an exchange of his Cork living for one nearer Dublin, Dunboyne in the diocese of Meath, and now sought to obtain by the influence of Lord George Sackville's tutor (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 297) some benefit from the removes occasioned by filling a vacant deanery. Castle Hamilton, where Sheridan was staying, was then owned by a member of the Cecil family. It had been the seat of Sir Francis Hamilton (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 21, n. 4), and Sheridan's friend had succeeded to it as son of Sir Francis's sister, on the death of his aunt, which occurred soon after her second marriage, and had taken the name of Hamilton in compliance with his uncle's will. Sheridan's stay at Castle Hamilton may have had connection with a scheme to obtain his appointment as master of a school of royal foundation in the town of Cavan. Before leaving Ireland in the previous May the Duke of Dorset had been asked to allow Sheridan to exchange his living for it and subsequently did so.

¹ *I.e.*, Mrs. Brent.

rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies. You live upon chaffed mutton; I live upon venison. You drink Benicarlo wine; I drink right French margoux. You hear nothing but noise; with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here, you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall, and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers¹ to the day of judgement,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

CMLX. [*Original.*]²

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, August 30, 1734.

MY LORD,

YOU have but a little time to be troubled with me or my letters, for my health is much diminished and my years increased, but in the meanwhile I expect your favour and remembrance, because I have an hereditary right and a long possession. I have some very kind letters by me from my Lord your father to prove my title, and I do not want one or two from your lady to confirm it further;³ all which I am ready to produce, if ever you should offer to dispute the point in a court of law or equity, not to mention others under your own hand.

I am rejoiced to hear that your Lordship hath got over one principal business, to dispose of my Lady Margaret so much to your satisfaction.⁴ I knew the Duke's father,

¹ I am yours.

² In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

³ The Correspondence now comprises only three letters from the first Earl of Oxford, and none from the wife of the second Earl of Oxford.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 80.

appeared to be a very good-natured man, but some-
too expensive; and it must please all your friends
character you give of the son for his sobriety, good

and the affection he is likely to bear to his lady
very glad of the justice you do me in allowing me a
share in the chief affairs that relate to your family.

always a diligent observer of my Lady Margaret,
consequently could not but be an admirer of her
s which she discovered so early and so abundantly
seem now, my Lord, to be eased of the greatest
that lay upon you. The rest must be left to Pro-
ce, which I hope, and shall pray may continue its
ings on your posterity.

. Jebb hath got by the favour of the Archbishop of
in a good preferment in the northern parts of this
lom, where the clergy are best paid. It is above three
red pounds a year. He is a very civil, fair conditioned
eman, very modest, and I never heard any objection
st him. He is prudent enough to comply with the
s, which I know not how he could well avoid without
tue too transcendent for this age. Yet I do not hear
marks of his violence in party affairs.

s to the printer, all he has done or will do in the
er is against my will. Neither have I concerned my-
further with him than to let him know that if he should
ish anything offensive or unworthy, as mine, he should
cause to repent it. Further I could not go, for neither
ters nor booksellers have any property here as in Lon-

The man is very submissive, and I have no remedy
patience. He hath gotten several copies from my
ids, which I suffered them several years ago to take.
I am forced to be passive in what is done with them.
London the things ascribed to me are in the hands of
erent proprietors, else I could have prevented this evil
s. I have put the man under some difficulties by order-
certain things to be struck out after they were printed,
ch some friends had given him. This hath delayed his
k, and as I hear, given him much trouble and difficulty
adjust. Farther I know not, for the whole affair is a
at vexation to me.

am glad to hear Mr. Pope is grown a rambler, because
ope it will be for his health. I fear he hath quite for-
en me, for I have not heard from him many months.

His time hath indeed been better employed in his Moral Poems, which excel in their kind and may be very useful. In his last translation of Horace,¹ I could willingly have excused his placing me not in that light which I would appear, and others are of my opinion, but it gives me not the least offence, because I am sure he had not the least ill intention, and how much I have always loved him, the world as well as your Lordship is convinced.

Nothing in so wretched and enslaved a nation as this can be worth entertaining your Lordship with. It is a mass of beggars, thieves, oppressors, fools, and knaves. All employments are in the hands of the kingdom's greatest enemies. In this great city nine tenths of the inhabitants are beggars; the chief streets half ruinous or desolate. It is dangerous to walk the streets for fear of houses falling on our heads, and it is the same in every city and town through the island. You have twenty merchants in London, who could each of them purchase our whole cash. Two of our chief bankers have broke for near two hundred thousand pounds, and others are leaving off their business. Yet this town is a paradise compared to every part of the country, except some northern parts, supported by the linen trade, which however is decaying fast by the knavery of the dealers. Yet I must be content to die among such a people, with whom it may however be said it is better to die than live. But what is all this to your Lordship or to England? It is a great deal to the latter, for your wealth is completed by your tyranny and oppression here. You see my old murmurings are not yet ceased, but it is the same thing as if they were, because I am now grown desperate, and have nothing to do but rail with a very few friends in a safe corner of the house."

¹ The Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book addressed to Bethel (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 426).

² In his "Essay on Society in Georgian Dublin" ("The Georgian Society Records," iii, 2) Dr. Mahaffy has collected evidence to show that Swift drew an exaggerated picture of the poverty and stagnation in Ireland at that period, and controverts the conclusion of modern writers that "the Irish peasantry were in such a state of penury and destitution as could not be paralleled throughout Europe." It may be remarked here that contemporary opinion was not unanimous upon two of the points touched upon by Swift in this letter, the cause of the failure of the banks, and the condition of the linen manufacture. It is said by Boulter ("Letters," ii, 92) that the closing of the banks was solely due to the rapacity and extravagance of their owners, and it is assumed



1734]

JONATHAN SWIFT

87

Pardon all this impertinence, my good Lord, and so I conclude with my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the young happy Duke and Duchess, for I may be so free with his Grace, since his being incorporated into your family. I am, with the truest respect and gratitude, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, in Dover Street, London.

CMLXI. [*Sheridan*.]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS

August 31, 1734.

MY LORD,¹

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an humble servant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her Majesty's death. For this reason, your Grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request; for which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many learned and worthy persons of this city and kingdom, who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your Grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during

in a sermon preached before the Lord Lieutenant on the previous anniversary of Gunpowder Plot (Royal Irish Academy Tracts), that the daily increase and extension of the linen manufacture was a fact not open to controversy.

¹ This letter, to which the Duke of Chandos (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 23, n. 1) sent no reply, gave origin to the lines beginning:

"James Brydges and the Dean had long been friends;

James is beduked; of course their friendship ends."

"Poetical Works," i, 283.

his government here, and are now in your Grace's possession.¹ They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom.

I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for a thousand pounds, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence; and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and University, in return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your Grace will be certainly pleased with, and at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental. I entreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Grace's, etc.

CMLXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Little Brook Street, *September 9, 1734.*

SIR,

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale. No bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring. I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion, and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it

¹ The collection was made by Sir James Ware, a well-known Irish antiquary, and purchased by the second Earl of Clarendon while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is now preserved in the British Museum, excepting a few documents which are included amongst the Rawlinson manuscripts in the Bodleian.

has taken effect. Could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution, but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it.

The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago;¹ after that I went to Longleat to my Lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's, at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world.² I hope Naboth's Vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord Carteret is at Haynes: my Lady Carteret is in town, nursing my Lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance.³ I have not seen my Lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire; that is a mischief I believe you have produced, for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me, but lately we have been great strangers.

Mrs. Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

¹ *Supra*, p. 33.

² There has been already reference to the future Mrs. Delany's uncle in the capacity of secretary to the Duke of Shrewsbury (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 67). His "delightful villa" near Fulham is frequently mentioned in Mrs. Delany's Correspondence.

³ The son to whom Lady Carteret's eldest daughter had given birth succeeded her husband in his title. Her sister followed her example, and on 13 September presented her husband also with a son and heir.

CMLXIII. [*Elwin*.]ALEXANDER POPE AND VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE
TO SWIFT

POPE

September 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear, from what Lord Bolingbroke tells me you said in your last letter, that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence.¹ I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it, and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason.

Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office, could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of an honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses.² It is

¹ The letter to which Pope refers was the one answered by Bolingbroke on 6 July (*supra*, p. 75).

² In addition to Pilkington and his wife, Mrs. Barber is in Elwin's opinion (*op. cit.*, vii, 324) indicated.



generally on such little scraps that wittlings feed, and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling out to the dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door.

This I am satisfied was the case in the *Epistle to a Lady*.¹ It was just the same hand, if I have any judgement in style, which printed your *Life and Character* before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself,² and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared and been owned to be his own.³ I think, I say once more, that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the *Essay on Man*.⁴ I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England; but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those *Essays*, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not, and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like *Lucretius*, or must descend to the gaieties of *Horace*, I know not, or whether I can do either. But be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself.

I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland. I wished it had been in more pomp,

¹ *Supra*, p. 59, n. 1.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 428.

³ The allusion is to a pamphlet concerning the will of Richard Norton of Southwick in Hampshire, which in a subsequent letter from Motte is said to have been offered to him by Pilkington. In a letter to Caryll dated 23 October, 1733, Pope mentions the pamphlet as just published (*Pope's "Works,"* vi, 345). The will, which was set aside, directed Norton's estate to be administered by Parliament for the benefit of "the hungry and thirsty, naked and strangers, sick and wounded," and is mentioned in the "Scheme for a Hospital for Incurables" (*"Prose Works,"* vii, 301).

⁴ *Supra*, p. 52, n. 1.

but that will be done by others. Yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed; for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord Bolingbroke is doing with metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf, with Locke and Malebranche.

You see how I talk to you, for this is not writing. If you like I should do so, why not tell me so? If it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly; but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a satisfaction? That will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

BOLINGBROKE

OUR friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till toward the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*; I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves while they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long

some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come
 ur hands, or did the inspectors of private correspond-
 stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them
Vale et me ama.

XIV. [Original.¹] 1733

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

Hampstead, 0.5.50 4. 1734

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

U have no reason to put me among the rest of your
 ful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to
 I never received one word of answer. The first was
 your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by Me-
 nar.² I can assure you, with great truth, that none
 ur friends or acquaintances has a more warm heart
 ds you than myself. I am going out of this trouble-
 world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall
 my last prayers, and good wishes.

e young man whom you recommended, came out to
 place, and I promised to do him what service my ill-
 of health would permit. I came out to this place, vex-
 ed by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither
 breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and
 d of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my
 station, upon venturing to ride, which I had not done
 me years, because of bloody water, I recovered my
 gth to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my
 ch return; but I expect the return of my symptoms
 my return to London, and the return of the winter
 not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and
 in, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, further
 oy an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can
 e you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present,
 case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then
 back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to
 d place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very

the British Museum. See Preface.

buthnot refers to his letters of November 1730 and January

He had also sent a postscript to Pope's letter announcing
 leath (*supra*, vol. iv, pp. 170, 366, 377).

bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world, for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me, and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness.

I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a great opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience. My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend,

Your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

Addressed—To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

CMLXV. [*Mrs. Delany's Correspondence.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. PENDARVES

October 7, 1734.

MADAM,

WHEN I received the honour and happiness of your last letter, dated September 9, I was afflicted with a pair of disorders that usually seize me once a year, and with which I have been acquainted from my youth, but it is only of



late years that they have begun to come together, although I should have been better contented with one at a time; these are giddiness and deafness, which usually last a month, the first tormenting my body, and the other making me incapable of conversing. In this juncture your letter found me, but I was able to read, though not to hear; neither did I value my deafness for three days, because your letter was my constant entertainment during that time; after which I grew sensibly better, and, although I was not abroad till yesterday, I find myself well enough to acknowledge the great favour you have done me, but cannot guess your motive for so much goodness. I guess that your good genius, accidentally meeting mine, was prevailed on to solicit your pity. Or, did you happen to be at leisure by the summer absence of your friends? Or, would you appear a constant nymph, when all my gallantries of much longer acquaintance have forsaken me, as it is reasonable they should? But the men are almost as bad as the ladies, and I cannot but think them in the right; for I cannot make shifts and lie rough, and be undone by starving in scanty lodgings, without horses, servants, or conveniences, as I used to do in London, with port-wine, or perhaps porters' ale,¹ to save charges.

You dare not pretend to say that your town equals ours in hospitable evenings, with your deep play and no entertainment but a cup of chocolate, unless you have mended your manners. I will not declare your reasons for not taking a second trip over hither, because you have offered none but your royal will and pleasure; but if I were in the case of your friends here, with more life before me and better health, I would solicit an Act of Parliament to prevent your coming among us, or, at least to make it high treason in you ever to leave us. In the mean time, I wish you were forced over by debts or want, because we would gladly agree to a contribution for life, dinners and suppers excluded, that are to go for nothing. I speak for the public good of this country; because a pernicious heresy prevails here among the men, that it is the duty of your sex to be fools in every article except what is merely domestic, and to do the ladies justice, there are very few of them without

¹ This reference is given in the Oxford Dictionary as one of the earliest examples of the designation of that particular class of labour being used to distinguish a distinctive kind of malt liquor.

a good share of that heresy, except upon one article, that they have as little regard for family business as for the improvement of their minds.

I have had for some time a design to write against this heresy, but have now laid those thoughts aside, for fear of making both sexes my enemies; however, if you will come over to my assistance, I will carry you about among our adversaries, and dare them to produce one instance where your want of ignorance makes you affected, pretending, conceited, disdainful, endeavouring to speak like a scholar, with twenty more faults objected by themselves, their lovers, or their husbands. But, I fear your case is desperate, for I know you never laugh at a jest before you understand it, and I much question whether you understand a fan, or have so good a fancy at silks as others, and your way of spelling would not be intelligible. Therefore upon your arrival hither, which I expect in three packets at furthest, I will give you a licence to be as silly as you can possibly afford, one half-hour every week, to the heretics of each sex, to atone for which you are to keep one fasting-day at Doctor Delany's or Dr. Helsham's, and one at the Deanery.

I think my Lord Carteret is the most happy, in all circumstances of life, that I ever have known, and as he well deserves it, so I hope he is sensible of it; all my fear is that he will be too rich. I am no cause of my Lord Bathurst's forsaking you; he hath long done the same with me, and to say the truth, Madam, it is a very cold scent to continue a correspondence with one whom we never expect to see. I never knew it long practised, except among the learned of different nations; Mr. Pope and my Lord Bolingbroke themselves begin to fail me, in seven years. Nothing vexes me so much with relation to you, as that with all my disposition to find faults, I was never once able to fix upon anything that I could find amiss, although I watched you narrowly; for when I found we were to lose you soon, I kept my eyes and ears always upon you, in hopes that you would make some boutade. It is, you know, a French word, and signifies a sudden jerk from a horse's hinder feet which you did not expect, because you thought him for some months a sober animal, and this hath been my case with several ladies whom I chose for friends; in a week, a month, or a year, hardly one



of them failed to give me a boutade; therefore I command you will obey my orders, in coming over hither for one whole year, after which, upon the first boutade you make, I will give you my pass to be gone.¹

Are you acquainted with the Duke of Chandos? I know your cousin² Lansdown and he were intimate friends. I have known the Duke long and well, and thought I had a share in his common favour, but he hath lately given me great cause of complaint. I was pressed by many persons of learning here to write to his Grace, that having some old records relating to this kingdom, which were taken from hence by the Earl of Clarendon, who was Lieutenant here, and purchased them from private owners, and are now in the Duke's possession, that his Grace would please to bestow them to the University here, because Irish antiquities are of little value or curiosity to any other nation. I writ with all the civility in my power, and with compliments on the fame of his generosity, and in a style very different from what I use to my friends with titles,³ but he hath pleased to be silent for above six weeks, which is the first treatment I ever met with of that kind from any English person of quality, and what would better become a little Irish Baron than a great English Duke. But whether grandeur or party be the cause I shall not enquire, but leave it to you, and expect you will employ my brother Lansdown, —his Lordship will tell you why I give him that title— if he still converses with the Duke, to know the reason of this treatment, and you shall be my instrument to find it out, although it should cost you two shillings for a chair.

If I have tired you, it is the effect of the great esteem I have for you; do but lessen your own merits, and I will shorten my letters in proportion. If you will come among us, I engage your dreadful old beggarly western parson to residence,⁴ otherwise we all resolve to send him over, which is in our opinion the surest way to drive you hither, for you will be in more haste to fly from, than to follow even

¹ The word boutade occurs in the "Tale of a Tub" in connection with the expulsion of Lord Peter's wife and sisters-in-law ("Prose Works," i, 85). It is accepted by the Oxford Dictionary as English by usage, and said to mean a sudden outburst or outbreak.

² Recte uncle (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 435, n. 1).

³ *Supra*, p. 87.

⁴ *I.e.*, will compel her Connaught sutor to attend the duties of his Achonry precentorship (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 436).

Mrs. Donnellan, when you keep out of sight; if she be among you, I desire she may know I am her true admirer and most humble servant. I am, with true respect and high esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

You may please to know that after dining alone as a King, not yet daring to face the cold, you see the mark in the red spot of wine and water that accidentally fell. Your friends here are all well, and remember you with pleasure and regret. You must call this a postscript. You must excuse my many interlinings, on account of my ill head, which disposes me to blunders.¹

CMLXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES TO SWIFT

From my Observatory in the Parliament House, *October 18, 1734.*

SIR,²

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer

¹ Swift's great depression at that time is evident from verses then written by him ("Poetical Works," i, 284).

² The place from which this letter assumes to be written might naturally lead to the supposition that the Irish Parliament was then sitting and that Fownes was a member. Such was, however, not the case. The last session had concluded in April, and since his unsuccessful candidature for Dublin at the general election in 1713, Fownes's political views, which had secured him a seat for Wicklow in Queen Anne's first Parliament, had probably proved a bar to his entering the House of Commons. From a curious broadside issued during the by-election for Dublin in 1729 (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 103, n. 3) Swift would appear to have urged his fellow citizens to offer the representation to Fownes, but without success (see Appendix II). Although in the present letter projectors are made a subject for humour, Fownes had established a claim to be included in their number not only by his proposal for an asylum for the insane (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 343), but also by one "for the universal encouragement of the trade and manufactory of the poor weavers and other tradesmen of the kingdom of Ireland" (Trinity College Library), and by suggestions for civic reforms contained in a letter addressed to Humphrey French during his occupancy of the mayoral chair (Royal Irish Academy Tracts).

ad of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed the five or six. I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect. As for instance when anyone bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make these turn about—I am very confident they will at the end of two pair—by which good management rather part of the expense in those articles may be

saved. It may be objected, that this is a spoiling of the wares to which I answer, that when the makers of those wares shall reduce their rates a quarter part instead of halving them, as has been done in some late years reasonably—and now [their rates] ought to be reduced to the rates of wool and leather—then it may be possible to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a

half. Another objection may be started as to gloves, a query, which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, that generally the left hand is but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many blows; one of which in particular is the handling of ladies. These reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as I have discoursed Thomas Turner, the Quaker, is now upon finding out the longitude and farther saving the latitude! I shall be able to demonstrate a sort of meat and the joints, will best answer this

scheme, as likewise in clothing, and other parts of economy; and they shall be communicated to you

Your most humble servant,

PHILOMEL.

sed—A humorous project.

Turner appears to have been a local disciple of the unfortunate Lumont, and to have been saved from his master's fate by half a year's later hymeneal bliss.

CMLXVII. [*Elwin.*']

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

November 1, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE yours with my Lord Bolingbroke's postscript of September 15; it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I have lost by these diseases much of my memory, which makes me commit many blunders, in my common actions at home, by mistaking one thing for another particularly in writing, when I make a hundred literal errors, as you cannot but know, and as it is odds you will find in this paper.

I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehended your want of health; and it has been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord Bolingbroke says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your own speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man, although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but corrections.² My Lord Bolingbroke said in his postscript

¹ By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 148, n. 1.

² The treatises, as Elwin observes (*op. cit.*, vii, 327), were the "Four Last Years of the Queen," the "Essay on Polite Conversation," and the "Directions to Servants."

that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom on his return from Bath—his name is Towers¹—assured me he left you well, and so did some others, whom I have forgot.

I am not scared from writing by any regard to the post folks, and would be content to let them transcribe copies, provided they will be so honest as to read the original and send it as directed. I cannot but tell you I am not so well able to write at night, both from my disorder and the weakness of my eyes, and when I begin in a morning, I am so pestered by impertinent people, and impertinent business, which my station exposes me to, that the former part of the day is wholly lost. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. I only except Doctor Sheridan, who always begs me to present his respects, and talks often of going to England, but, I believe, considering many difficulties on his fortune, will never be able with any prudence to make such a voyage.² I have just recalled the money that was in the Duke of Queensberry's hands,³ which I had set apart to maintain me a summer among you, but I found it inconsistent with my present state of health to venture so far from a convenient home, and by the great fall of my little revenues I was under a necessity to supply myself with that money till I could recover some rents to support me. And I must now count upon worse and worse every year, or rather every month I live.

Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and

¹ A relation of Swift's friend, the Prebendary of Stagonil (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 258), who was the son of a county Meath landed proprietor.

² A ridiculous composition by Sheridan, probably written for Swift's amusement, indicates that two years before Sheridan had made up his mind to visit England (see Appendix III).

³ *Supra*, p. 41.

excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told the Duke, that on the first reading of those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark; on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased; on the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole.¹ My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in anything he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live. It saves your money, and my time; and, he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left to me. Pray command my Lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am,

Ever entirely yours.

¹ The author of this criticism was no doubt a Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer called John Wainwright, who had been lately promoted from the English bar to the Irish bench. His letters, of which a great number has been preserved, show him to have been an accomplished and agreeable man, enjoying the friendship of many notable people of his time. In Ireland he gained a high reputation, and is remarkable as being one of the members of the judicial bench who lost their lives in discharge of their duty, his death being occasioned by fever contracted on circuit during a famine that decimated Ireland in 1741. He was a native of Chester, where he was buried, and in Chester Cathedral there is a monument erected by him to the memory of his progenitors who had been chancellors of that diocese, after a design by Kent, and with an inscription by Berkeley, whom he had thought of accompanying to the West Indies.

CMLXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILLIPS TO SWIFT

Marston in Somersetshire, November 2, 1734.

SIR,¹

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting of corresponding with you while I stayed in England, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kindly and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to Lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his Lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer, and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair. For it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our goodwill in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his Lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, some what or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say; which surely was as much as any conscientious and reasonable man—and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise—could expect.

In short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like Lord Orrery himself; and now to whom must I attribute all this?

¹ The writer of this letter, which is dated from Lord Orrery's English seat, was known to Swift as rector of a parish in the northern part of the county of Dublin, adjacent to the residence of Lady Acheson's mother (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 433). He held also a benefice in the south of Ireland, and as appears from this letter, was connected by property with that part of the country.

Not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy Dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his Lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less. No! *agnosco fontem*; for without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about; for which I shall say no more, being but bitter bad at making speeches, but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good Sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit alta mente repostum*. His Lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness—but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are. But I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off. If it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you. But surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal, but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man, which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial:

What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach, and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in Raheny pulpit instead of writing a letter to the Dean, and therefore I forbear.¹

I know writing in your present circumstances must be

¹ Raheny was the name of Phillips's Dublin living. It had been held by John Grattan when Swift first knew him.

so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord Orrery, at Marston, near Frome, in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, Sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady,¹ and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the Deanery.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence, for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to London, which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me, you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of showing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,
MARMADUKE PHILLIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. Cope at Bath,² and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

¹ Helsham had not only acted like Delany in retiring from his fellowship (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 59), but also in taking unto himself a wife. The lady was a daughter of Bishop Stearne's brother-in-law, John Rotton (*supra*, vol. i, p. 55), and had been previously married to Thomas Putland, whose descendants became identified with Bray in the county of Wicklow.

² The daughter of Sir William Fownes, Swift's old hostess at Loughgall.

CMLXIX. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO JOHN ARBUTHNOT

[*November*, 1734.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER once suspected your forgetfulness or want of friendship, but very often dreaded your want of health, to which alone I imputed every delay longer than ordinary in hearing from you.² I should be very ungrateful, indeed, if I acted otherwise to you, who are pleased to take such generous constant care of my health, my interests, and my reputation, who represented me so favourably to that blessed Queen your mistress, as well as to her Ministers, and to all your friends. The letters you mention which I did not answer, I cannot find, and yet I have all that ever came from you, for I constantly endorse yours and those of a few other friends, and date them; only if there be anything particular, though of no consequence, when I go to the country I send them to some friends among other papers for fear of accidents in my absence. I thank you kindly for your favour to the young man who was bred in my choir. The people of skill in music represent him to me as a lad of virtue, and hopeful and endeavouring in his way. It is your own fault if I give you trouble, because you never refused me anything in your life.

You tear my heart with the ill account of your health; yet if it should please God to call you away before me, I should not pity you in the least, except on the account of what pains you might feel before you passed into a better life. I should pity none but your friends, and among them chiefly myself, although I never can hope to have health enough to leave this country till I leave the world. I do not know among mankind any person more prepared to depart from us than yourself, not even the Bishop of Mar-

¹ The copy, which is preserved in the Forster Collection, is said to have been made by Macvey Napier, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," from the original which was found amongst the papers of Matthew Baillie, the morbid anatomist. The letter was printed by Peter Cunningham in his edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," iii, 205.

² *Supra*, p. 93.



if he be still alive; for among all your qualities we procured you the love and esteem of the world, most valued your moral and Christian virtues, which is the product of years or sickness, but of reason and as I can witness after above five and twenty years' tance. I except only the too little care of your

upon which I have been so free as sometimes to and to chide you, and the consequence of which is to confine you to London, when you are under for which I am told, and know, that the clear air country is necessary.

great reason that hinders my journey to England, is the time that drives you from Highgate. I am not in tances to keep horses and servants in London. My s by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom are rec hundred pounds a year, for tithes are become a id I have but little rents from the deanery lands, are my only sure payments. I have here a large ent house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I ere; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every ough I love it not, but it is the only thing that keeps of pain; I ride every fair day a dozen miles, on a rand or turnpike roads. You in London have no vantages. I can buy a chicken for a goat, and n three or four friends, with as many dridges, and two bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I ne, my pint and chicken with the appetitive cost at fifteen pence. I am thrifty in everything; but which though I be not a constant housekeeper, I etween five and six hoghead a year. When I ride nd a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry le, my bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. : thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, o my ill-health, make it impossible for me to see d my other friends; and perhaps this domestic ay excuse me and amuse you. I could not live y Lord Bolingbroke or Mr. Pope: they are both too ate and too wise for me, and too profound and too And how could I afford horses? And how could I er their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into

portalized by Pope in his "Essay on Man"

"Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gair was death?"

a ditch by every carter or hackney-coach? Every parish minister of this city is governor of all carriages, and so are the two Deans,¹ and every carrier should make way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Caesar, I will be one of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendaries, five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club; he is a bachelor, with three hundred pounds a year.² May God preserve you, my dear friend.

Entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Dr. John Arbuthnot, at his house, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

CMLXX. [*Original*.³]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

London, November 7, 1734

Do not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts, but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome.⁴ I was about two months at my own house, and had my Duke and Duchess with me. The rest of the time was divided between Lord President's⁵ and Knole. I have now left their

¹ *I.e.*, the Dean of Christ Church Cathedral and himself.

² From the fact that he was a bachelor his host might naturally be thought to have been one of the Grattans. It is hardly likely, however, that Swift would have brought wine to Belcamp, where a vast cellar testifies to the enormous store kept by its owners. In my opinion the Prebendary with whom Swift was then staying was a certain Samuel Webber, who held the prebend of Howth and resided close to Lady Acheson's mother at the Grange. Swift refers to him in a subsequent letter, and is mentioned by Webber, who was either a bachelor or a widower, in his will.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ Swift had not heard from Lady Betty for nearly eight months (*supra*, p. 56). He had evidently been induced to write to her again by the hope that she might be able to further his request to the Duke of Chandos.

⁵ Walpole's rival, Spencer Compton, who had been created Earl of Wilmington and appointed President of the Council on resigning the formation of a Ministry (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 402, n. 4).

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in the country, where I hope they will not stay for she has been very ill, though now recovered. I was more frightened when my friends are sick there, for there is neither physic nor physician that is good for anything. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your Lordship will be the same or not. All that I can say is, if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the Duke of Chandos, nor with the Duke of Dorset much, and to be sure it would be no purpose to ask him for those records again, for, to be sure, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking, and whether useful or not to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of his library, but if he succeeds the Duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. My friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigious good for your country to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to our most sincere old friend and humble servant,

E. G.

XXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

St. Mary's Square, Gloucester, November 29, 1744.

SIR,
I am truly concerned at your having been so much out of order:¹ I most heartily wish you constant health and business, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by showing I know how to value what is valuable. I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the receipt of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgements to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writ-

¹ *Supra*, p. 95.

ing to you. We all love honour and pleasure. Were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the Dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a boutade, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days you talk of, they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets according to your commands, could I either fly or swim; but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: as soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the Duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the Duke these fifteen years. I have put it, however, into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent, for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday society,¹ than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you, since I cannot have her, because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

¹ *I.e.*, at Delany's (*supra*, p. 5, n. 3).

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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CMLXXII. [*Original*.¹]

CHARLES JERVAS TO SWIFT

Hampton, November 24, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,²

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at the finding my old friend the Bishop of Worcester so hale at eighty-three-four! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for non-admittance when you were in a conversible condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it.³ Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, everywhere and nowhere, *à son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. Penny⁴ made Mistress Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean,

Yours most affectionately,

CHARLES JERVAS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, etc., and am very well.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² It appears from this letter that Jervas had been in Ireland, and that before leaving Dublin he had called at the Deanery and been refused admission. The Bishop of Worcester, from whose house he appears to write, was John Hough, the hero of the contest between Magdalen College and James II.

³ The picture was no doubt an engraving by Fourdunier of a portrait of Speaker Conolly painted by Jervas. Swift's wish to possess it tends to confirm my view that his remarks about Conolly are not to be taken too seriously (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 259).

⁴ Jervas's wife.

CMLXXIII. [*Wilde's Closing Years of Swift.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. HENRY CLARKE

Deanery House, *December 12, 1734.*SIR,¹

I HAVE read over the discourse you sent me concerning the present condition of your College. The writer seems to be a modest man, of good understanding. I think there is a good deal in what he cautiously wishes, that what he calls the powers of bachelors and sophisters were restored; but I believe the disposition of the kingdom at present will not tend to give them any coercive civil power over the person of the scholars.² Your University is now, I think, over one hundred and fifty years old; but the complaint of riots is chiefly since the reign of the present governor; how he will acquit himself I neither know nor much regard. He is charged with some personal irregularities, but even these are light in comparison to the spirit of party, under the influence of which he is said to dispose of all employments, particularly fellowships, very often to the least deserving.³

¹ The recipient of this letter was a Fellow of Trinity College and became Vice Provost and Regius Professor of Divinity. He retired on a College living in the county of Armagh, where he was remarkable for his strict exaction of tithe, and suffered much persecution from a secret society known as the Oakboys (Leslie's "Armagh Clergy," p. 183; Lecky, *op. cit.*, iv, 346).

² An extraordinary state of lawlessness had for many years existed amongst the undergraduates in Dublin University, and had culminated some months before in a Fellow being shot dead while endeavouring to maintain order. In the pamphlet to which Swift refers, entitled "A Letter to G—— W——, Esq., concerning the Present Condition of the College of Dublin and the late Disturbances that have been therein," a time is recalled when such disorders were unknown, and their existence is attributed mainly to the withdrawal of disciplinary powers from the classes mentioned. In the past it was not, as the author tells us, the vigilance of the Deans or the skill of the Fellows that kept the College in submission, but "much more cogent arguments to sobriety and modesty" in the shape of "the Senior Sophister's hand and the Bachelor's boot."

³ The allegations against Provost Baldwin, to whose autocratic government of the College there has been already reference (*supra*,

There is no headship in either of the English Universities, attended with so many advantages of dignity, profit, and power as that of your governor. But it is universally agreed by all parties that your discipline is infamously relaxed in every particular. I had the honour to be for some years a student at Oxford where I took my master's degree,¹ and I know what your author says to be true; for the Vice Chancellor hath more power than the Mayor, and indeed the University governs the city, although the latter in my time, was often disposed to be turbulent.² I mentioned to three Lord Lieutenants my wish that your governor were otherwise provided for, and they all pretended to wish the same, but never went further, although I had pretensions to have some credit with them all. I have more than once heard, at a meeting of persons in the greatest stations here, very open complaints against the conduct of your [Provost], although they were of those principles to which he hath entirely devoted himself.³

I quarrel with your author, as I do with all writers, and many of your preachers, for their careless, incorrect, and improper style, which they contract by reading the scribbling from England, where an abominable taste is every day prevailing.⁴ It is your business, who are coming into the world, to put a stop to these corruptions, and recall that simplicity which in everything of value ought to be followed. These are some of my sudden thoughts,

vol. iii, p. 399, n. 1), led Swift a few months later to style him in irony "the chaste" ("Poetical Works," ii, 263), and were, there is reason to believe, not without justification. His parentage has also been the subject of talebearing, but there seems insufficient evidence to set aside the statement in his matriculation entry that he was the son of an Irish gentleman, living at Athy in the county of Kildare.

¹ As has been already noted (*supra*, vol. i, p. 9, n. 2), the records of Oxford University indicate that Swift's residence there only lasted three weeks.

² "Their Vice-Chancellors, and not they only, but several of the Heads of Houses, are Justices of the Peace, and thereby armed with civil power, that, if their reasons, lighting on improper subjects, should be ineffectual, the arm of power may prevail."

³ Even in that age Baldwin's manner of life may have been the reason of his not securing promotion to the episcopal bench. His failure to do so has occasioned surprise to some of his panegyrists.

⁴ From the examples given Swift's criticism will not be considered unduly harsh.

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after having this minute perused the discourse you sent me. I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

Your writer should have sometime styled your College a University.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Clarke, at his chambers in Trinity College, Dublin.

CMLXXIV. [*Scott*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN BLACHFORD

Dublin, *December 12, 1734*

REVEREND SIR,²

THERE is an inhabitant of this city, of whom I suppose you have often heard. I remember him from my very infancy, but confess I am not so well acquainted with him as in prudence I ought to be, yet I constantly pretend to converse with him, being seldom out of his company, but I do not find that our conversation is very pleasing to either of us. His health is not very good, which he endeavours to mend by frequent riding, and fancies himself to find some benefit by that exercise, although not very effectual. He intended, in the pursuit of health, to have gone a long northern journey and to have stayed there a month;³ but his friends, who are very few, hearing that the place where he proposed to reside was not proper for riding, diverted him from it. Their reasons prevailed so far, that yesterday

¹ Swift's letters to Blachford were communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Matthew Weld Hartstonge, author of "Marion of Drynagh," and other poems.

² As subsequently appears, Swift wrote to Blachford on the suggestion of Sheridan, and did not know more of his Prebendary than he had done three years before (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 212). Writing of Wicklow ten years previously, Archbishop King says: "The incumbent is one Mr. Blachford, who will succeed to a good estate when it will please God to call for his father Major Blachford. The gentleman himself is a pious, learned, sober man, diligent in his cure, and gives great satisfaction to the people" ("King's Correspondence," March 1722-3).

³ Sheridan spent Christmas with his friends at Castle Hamilton, and had evidently arranged that Swift should accompany him.

morning he wished to make his excuses to a gentleman who was to accompany him, but, this person still insisting that he ought to put himself under a necessity of riding, [he] was desired to petition you, who live within a day's journey of Dublin, and have a fine riding near your town, called the Murrow, or some such name.¹

By these incitements, he seems determined to quarter himself upon you for three weeks at least, if he can have your consent, or rather that of your lady's, although I find he never had the honour to see her.² He travels with two servants, and consequently three horses; but these latter are at hack, and the former at board-wages, so that neither of them will trouble you. As to the person himself, he every day drinks a pint of wine at noon, and another at night, and for the trouble he gives the house, he will allow one bottle more every day for the table, but not one drop for foreigners, who are to drink on your account; he will further allow one shilling and sixpence English, for his commons, ale and small beer included. But you are to direct how the wine can be found, and whether he must send it by a Wicklow carrier; but the bottles, when empty, he must be paid for. These are the conditions, only adding, that the family, during his residence, must be regulated by his own model, and you are to send an answer the very next post. He travels with his own sheets, so that he makes no allowance upon that article. Whether you do or do not approve of these proposals, you are to give me an account, directed to the D— of St. P—'s house; and the D—, after conferring with your future guest, will either return you an answer, or send the gentleman. I am,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

THE D— N.

The gentleman will return with you at the Dean's visitation, where he pretends to have some business.

Addressed—To the Rev. Mr. John Blachford, Prebendary of Wicklow, at his house, Wicklow.

¹ The Murrow of Wicklow derives its name from the Irish *murrbach*, a sea-plain, and is a flat piece of ground extending along the sea.

² Blachford's marriage had caused him to fail in keeping an appointment made for him by Archbishop King, on which that prelate remarked that it was true he had a Gospel excuse, but reminded him that it succeeded very ill with him that made it ("King's Correspondence," 27 July, 1728).

CMLXXV. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN BLACHFORD

Dublin, *December 17, 1734.*

SIR,

THE weather yesterday being very fine, I rode to Howth House,¹ and as I was getting on horseback to return, I was seized with so cruel a fit of that giddiness which at times hath pursued me from my youth, that I was forced to lie down on a bed in the empty house for two hours, before I was in a condition to ride. However I got here safe, but am this morning very weak, as I always have been for many days after such fits, and in pain, for fear of another this day, which makes me write to you while I am able, although it be morning. I found your kind friendly letter last night upon my table at my coming home, and heartily thank you for your generous invitation, which, however, I dare not accept for fear of another attack; against which I must fence, by taking vomits and other medicines prescribed for me by some physicians, who happen to be my friends. If this accident had not fallen out, I intended to have begun my journey towards you this day, because I prophesied a fine parcel of weather from yesterday, but I was deceived, and must have waited a better season. Pray God protect you and your family. I know not whether you have children, nor did I ever see your lady, or your house; so that I never did beg an invitation so much against the rules of common good manners, to one so much a stranger as you have been against my will to me; I am therefore bound in gratitude and by inclination, to assure, that I am with much esteem and truth, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Rev. Mr. Blachford, at the Rev. Mr. Corbett's at Delgany near Kilcoole.

¹ *I.e.*, Howth Castle, the residence of Lord Howth, who was still in the county of Kilkenny (*supra*, p. 81).

CMLXXVI. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

Twickenham, *December 19, 1734.*

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write, as well as print, in folio.¹ You will think—I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding—that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that, therefore, whatever affects those who are stepped a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering everything that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends, and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborough, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that has been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.²

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter.³ I wish to God we could once meet again before that

¹ *Supra*, p. 101.² The Prologue to the Satires.³ *Supra*, p. 106.

separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall reunite us; but he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other, and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me.

I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth, or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth, we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us; but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed. He is so taken up still, in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay,¹ with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe—this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle,² and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write, either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one, rebuke him for it, as a divine if

¹ On Man:

"Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings."

² *I.e.*, the seat of government in Dublin.

you like it, or as a *badineur*,¹ if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and everybody that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake anything I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

CMLXXVII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

December 25, 1734.

DEER SOAR,

EYE ray mice elf too May jor Par rots yes stair day morn
in Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me sum
Mow knee dew of Michael Mass and March Gale. Eye sup
hose Eye shall race heave a bout to hun dread pounds, or
they raw bouts. Eye am sore Eye two here ewer health is
knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take sum ray maid
Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two week low, where
Eye no yew will bee as well come as a knee I in ire land.
Yew no eye promiss said too right yew a Nun inn tell liege
eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main ass crop off it.²

Duglidge gravelson meltronimon bagaron resonsa fore
monra pe nos fatas epronsa car silomen sezindo crapenter

¹ This word, derived from the French *badiner*, was apparently coined and only used by Pope, but has been admitted to a place in the Oxford Dictionary.

² "Dear Sir, I rid myself to Major Perrott's yesterday morning to meet the tenants of Drumlane to pay me some money due of Michaelmas and March gale. I suppose I shall receive about two hundred pounds, or thereabouts. I am sorry to hear your health is not better. I would have you take some remedies, and then go in a chaise to Wicklow, where I know you will be as welcome as anyone in Ireland. You know I promised to write you an unintelligible letter. Here it is. I mean a scrap of it." Sheridan was once more writing from Castle Hamilton (*supra*, p. 82, n. 3). The Perrotts, who were kinsmen of "Henry VIIIth's bastard," the well-known Irish Lord Deputy, occupied a neighbouring seat. The lands of Drumlane, in which Sheridan had evidently an interest, were possibly those given him by the Archdeacon of Cork (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 274, n. 1).

forami dansa prezina mentre foga ni son im contra ferez
imilo ssik mitigan nastico dna cisa melifnot dlora calica
doen ap fagen gesonda resilo namis sendo.

I suppose by this time those last six lines have given you amusement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honestly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them pass for a Christmas trick. But I desire that Doctor Helsham, and some other friends may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you should be at all the trouble.

Mr. Hamilton is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a County Cavan man in the seventy-fifth year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all a hundred and four miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition. There is a County Cavan man for you!

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method, than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you—if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does, for I do not find it in the least impaired—to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give. But you must take me along with you.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bail escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth and all his add hay rents.¹ If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one

¹ Since his stormy interview with Swift (*supra*, p. 54) Bettisworth had become the target for the missiles of the Dublin wits, and had begun to suffer much loss in his profession through the ridicule cast upon him. In order to dissociate himself from these lampoons he is said to have adopted a pronunciation of his name which Sheridan tries here to imitate. By Swift's subjects of the Kevin Bail or Bailey, Sheridan denotes the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of St. Patrick's, which lay in the parish of St. Kevin, and formed a first line of defence for the Deanery. He had probably in his mind the verses entitled "The Yahoo's Downfall, or the Kevin Bail's new Ballad upon Serjeant Kite insulting the Dean" ("Poetical Works," ii, 256). A curious example of the facetious compositions to which the Bettisworth episode gave rise will be found in Appendix IV.

for me and my boys likewise. Sunday we had a very hard frost; yesterday morning fair; the afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain; now fair again, but lowring. We are just now going to dinner at Captain Perrott's, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier. I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. *Vide* Grierson's new map.¹ There is another Cavan Bail for you. I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong-box with Jane, that I may put my money among yours.

CMLXXVIII. [*Copy.*]²

SWIFT TO MISS REBECCA DINGLEY

December 28, 1734.

PRAY God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas-box. I will see you as soon as I can.³ I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am,

Ever entirely yours.

I send you two bottles of wine.

CMLXXIX. [*Original.*]⁴

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, January 6, 1734-5.

MY LORD,

THE bearer of this letter, Mr. Hugh McLorinan, has an appeal to be tried before the House of Lords this ensuing

¹ Grierson was the husband of the famous authoress (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 120).

² In the Forster Collection, No. 579. ³ *Supra*, p. 29, n. 3.

⁴ In the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2).

session.¹ An eminent person in the law here, and an intimate friend of mine upon the score of virtue, learning, and superior knowledge in his own profession, did earnestly recommend his case to me, as the most equitable he ever knew, assuring me that Mr. McLorinan hath long suffered by the injustice, fraud and oppression of his adversaries.² I therefore humbly desire your Lordship will please to attend his appeal, if your other affairs will permit you. The person who recommended him to me is now a very eminent judge, but was then only one of the chief lawyers.

I hope my Lady Oxford as well as your Lordship are in perfect health, and that my Lord Duke and the Duchess are and may ever continue in as much happiness as this world can give, and be a constant addition to that of yours, which is the hearty wish and prayer of him who is with all respect and truth, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant,
J. SWIFT.

¹ The cause concerned lands in the county of Londonderry of which McLorinan had a lease from Joshua Dawson's family.

² The eminent person was Robert Lindsay, then a justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, whose name has been preserved from oblivion by its association with that of Swift. He had inherited an estate in the north of Ireland, and is said to have been visited by Swift at his country seat, Loughry, in the county of Tyrone. Before his elevation to the Bench two years prior to the date of this letter he had represented that county in the Irish Parliament and gained some credit as a successful debater. From a reference by his contemporary, Lord Chancellor Jocelyn, who speaks of him as his worthy and learned friend, it is evident that he possessed literary abilities, and manuscripts bequeathed by him to another of Swift's friends, Henry Singleton, whose sister he had married, were amongst his most prized possessions. The first mention of him in connection with Swift is his appointment, on 15 February, 1721-2, as legal adviser to the Chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral. At that time he was also acting in the same capacity to Vanessa, and figures in her will as one of the recipients of a ring. But as in the case of Berkeley that fact did not affect his friendship with Swift. Six months after her death, on 13 January, 1723-4, he was appointed seneschal to the Chapter, and is said to have assisted Swift in the composition of the Drapier's Letters. In regard to the latter statement it is to be noted, however, that he did not write pamphlets in defence of the Letters which have been attributed to him (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 229, n. 1).

CMLXXX. [*Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's Manuscripts.*¹]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Dublin, *January 14, 1734-5.*

I AM well assured that your Grace will soon receive several representations of an affair relating to the University here from some very considerable persons. However, I could not refuse the application made to me by a very worthy gentleman, who is a Fellow of the College and commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my poor good offices to your Grace, because they believed you thought me an honest man and because they heard I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under of Doctor Whitcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship together with that Church preferment bestowed on him by your Grace.² The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper containing reasons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you as short an extract as I can of those reasons, because I may boldly assure your Grace that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair, and, as to myself, I am an entire stranger to the Doctor.

It is asserted that this preferment given to the Doctor consists of a very large parish in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with Papists and is consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, and perhaps that of some assistant, which it can well afford, being worth near six hundred pounds a

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i, p. 159. The letter has been printed in previous editions of the Correspondence from the draft kept by Swift.

² The preferment which had been conferred upon Whitcombe (*supra*, p. 82, n. 3) was the benefice of Louth near Dundalk in the diocese of Armagh. Writing to the Duke on the same day Primate Boulter says: "I think I am obliged to tell your Grace that the affair of Dr. Whitcombe's having a royal dispensation to hold his fellowship with the living of Louth begins to make a great noise here; and so far as I can see, is likely to make a much greater, as hindering the succession in the College, and opening a door to further dispensations, when they say, as the living is probably better than £500 per annum, he has no occasion for such a favour" ("Boulter's Letters," ii, 101).

year.¹ That, as to such dispensations, they find in their College books but three or four instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present; for those few livings which obtained dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a Fellow to leave his college, and in the body of those dispensations it is inserted as a reason for granting them, that they were such livings as could be no hindrance in the discharge of their duty as a Fellow. That dispensations are very hurtful to such a society, because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and desire of improvement in learning which the hopes of obtaining a fellowship will probably incite men to. That if the dispensation now attempted should take place, it may be used as a precedent for the like practice hereafter, which will be very injurious to the society by encouraging Fellows to apply for such dispensations when they have interest to get preferment, by which the Senior Fellows will be settled in the College for life, and thus for want of succession by any other way than death or marriage, all encouragements to the young and most deserving students will be wholly lost. That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to obtain it requires long and close study, to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding in a reasonable time to be one of the seven seniors, which hopes will be quite cut off when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.² That the Fellows at their admittance into their fellowships take a solemn oath never to accept of any Church preferment above a certain value and distance from Dublin as long as they continue Fellows, to which oath the accepting a dispensation by Doctor Whitcombe is directly contrary in both particulars of value and distance. That at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men who have been in long and close study to stand

¹ According to a return made in 1765 there were 14 Protestant and 725 Roman Catholic families in the parish of Louth and two other parishes united to it. "There is not in the families returned as Popish one single Protestant," adds the compiler, "nor is there one family returned as Protestant, not even the parish minister's, in which there are not Papists" (Leslie's "Clergy of Armagh," p. 363).

² Since the removal of the obligation of celibacy and the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the apprehensions to which Swift gives expression have been seen not to be groundless.

for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged and drop their endeavours in pursuit of learning by being disappointed in their hopes of Doctor Whitcombe's leaving the College, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship.

I shall only trouble your Grace with a few remarks of my own upon this subject. You will please, my Lord, to know that a fellowship in this University differs much in some very important circumstances from most of those in Oxford and Cambridge. My Lord George will tell your Grace that a fellowship here is got with much difficulty, by the strict examination they undergo in almost every branch of learning, to which must be added the reputation of regularity in their conduct. It is also disposed of with much solemnity; for the examiners and all the Senior Fellows take an oath at the altar to dispose of the vacant fellowship to the person whom they think deserves it best. I must here by the way take notice that not only the University but even the whole kingdom are full of acknowledgements for the honour your Grace hath done them in trusting the care of educating one of your sons to Dublin College, which hopes to continue always under your Grace's favour and protection. This University is patron of some Church preferments which are offered to the several Fellows according to their seniority, and so downwards to the lowest of them in holy orders.

I desire your Grace further to consider that, by the want of trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise; that not many great employments in Church or law or the revenue fall to the share of persons born in Ireland, and consequently that the last resource of younger brothers is to the Church, where, if well befriended, they may possibly rise to some reasonable maintenance.

Your Grace will not want opportunities during your continuance in this government, or afterwards by the favour you have with his Majesty, to make Doctor Whitcombe easier in his preferment by some addition, and in such a manner that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of, and therefore I humbly beg your Grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Doctor Whitcombe content himself a while with that rich preferment, one of

the best of the kingdom, till it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If upon admittance of his fellowship he took the usual oath never to accept Church living but with the two usual limitations of distance and value to hold with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcilable to accept a dispensation when the case is so vastly different. I humbly intreat your Grace to pardon this long trouble I have given you, wherein have no sort of interest except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that you may continue as you began from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person.¹

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Duchess. Being loath to give your Grace further trouble desire you will command my Lady E. Germain to let us know that you do not disapprove of this letter.

CMLXXXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

MISS ANNE DONNELLAN TO SWIFT

London, January 19, 1734-5.

SIR,

MY brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude.² I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable: I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends. I consider I am not a woman of beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon and those are so much out of fashion, that I make

¹ A comparison of this letter as given here with the version hitherto printed from the draft, shows the extraordinary pains which Swift continued to take when writing letters of importance (*supra*, vol. i, p. 1, n. 4). There is no alteration in the arguments, but by the elimination of every unnecessary word and rearrangement of his sentences, the length of the letter is considerably reduced and its force increased in a corresponding degree.

² Although as will be seen he had intended to do so, Swift had not answered her previous letter (*supra*, p. 31).

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parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it.

My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it, and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, Sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year. Indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin, to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupée at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command.¹

¹ Her mother had married six years after Chief Baron Donnellan's death a brother of the first Earl of Egmont, and although her second husband was a member of Parliament and revenue official in Ireland they resided principally in London. It is said by the future Mrs. Delany ("Correspondence," i, 477) that their doing so was due to Mr. Perceval's preference of England as a place of residence, but it may be surmised that his wife did not find the arrangement distasteful, as there had been a suggestion that her first husband should be transferred to the English bench (Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS., 28,886, f. 41). She was a member of the Ussher family, and nearly related to the great Archbishop of that name. She is the subject of one of Mrs. Barber's effusions beginning:

"And will your goodness never have an end?
And will you still persist to be my friend?"

I suppose, Sir, you know Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester. She has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country-town, to London in its gayest dress. She tells me she designs next month to return to us. The only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country I must leave her. But whilst I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit. If so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me. All I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged obedient humble servant,

A. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

CMLXXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

— TO SWIFT

January 21, 1734-5.

REV. SIR,

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus.¹ Everybody knows that Lewis the Fourteenth built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Kilmainham,² and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they

To meet me still with that engaging air,
Still open, ardent, gen'rous and sincere."

From some verses by Mrs. Grierson it appears that Mrs. Perceval had conceived an idea of accompanying Berkeley to the Bermudas (Mrs. Barber's "Poems," pp. 124, 141).

¹ *I.e.*, in the "Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables" ("Prose Works," vii, 285).

² The hospital for decayed soldiers in Ireland is situated at Kilmainham, formerly a suburb but now portion of the city of Dublin (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 345, n. 3).

have no other way of subsistence. The occasion of this is as follows. This evening two learned gentlemen, for aught I know, laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide, viz., whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account:—Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall, but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, viz., on this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, etc.; *sed praeſulgebant Brutus et Cassius, eo ipso, quod imagines¹ eorum non viscebantur*. These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory.

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct to the Reverend Mr. Birch at Roscrea.²

Endorsed—Whimsical and little in it.

CMLXXXIII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO SAMUEL GERRARD

Dublin, February 6, 1734-5.

SIR,³

I AM very much obliged by your kind endeavours to help me to a purchase of lands, for indeed I am the most helpless man alive in such affairs. My manner of life hath quite estranged me, not knowing how to deal with the cunning of mankind; and my health is so very uncertain,

¹ Correctly *effigies* ("Ann.," iii, 76).

² The Rev. William Birch was connected by property with Roscrea, and was residing there at the time of his death forty years later.

³ Gerrard had again written to Swift (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 418) suggesting the purchase of lands not far from Laracor, then owned by Mr. James Garstin, who was an ancestor of the Garstins of Brangans-town in the county of Louth, and had been high sheriff of Meath.

that I dare not venture ten miles from town. I find that Mr. Garstin values his land at ten shillings an acre, and yet expects to sell it at twenty-four years purchase; and what friend have I who is able and willing to make the bargain, and inquire into the title, and forty other circumstances? All I am worth, except about fifteen hundred pounds, is out in mortgages; and I cannot command a penny of it, nor get any interest; and the fifteen hundred pounds I have at the bankers, I am about lending to another person on a mortgage. Yet if I could be tolerably used for the land you mention, I would borrow as much as would make it two thousand pounds. But I look on you as too honest to understand the arts of purchasers or sellers. The neighbouring squires, if they have money, are only proper for such jobs, and if they have none, will all join to cheat a stranger. I have long wished that some skilful man would take me into guardianship.

If I had Mr. Garstin's land at twenty years purchase, I would sink the rent to two shillings an acre, and rather have eighty pounds per annum, well paid, than a hundred pounds upon the rack, and so I should pay twenty-four years purchase. Your justice and good-will I entirely rely on; and if you had a skilful notable friend, upon whom you could equally rely, something might be done. Mr. Swift's land you thought not worth six shillings per acre; this of Mr. Garstin's, farther from Dublin, is valued at ten, and twenty-four years purchase, and the title unknown to me. If the price could be fixed, it would be no difficulty to consult lawyers upon the title. My head is ill, and you may perceive it by my way of writing; and please to excuse it. I am, with true esteem,

Your most obedient servant,
J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Samuel Gerrard, at Gibbstown, to be left at the Post-office in Navan.

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CMLXXXIV. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO NATHANIEL KANE

Deanery House, *February 7, 1734-5.*

SIR,

I HAVE so ill a state of health that I cannot safely attend at the Blue Coat Board this evening. I must, therefore, entreat you to recommend Isaac Bullock, a hopeful, honest boy, to be admitted into the Hospital at my request to my Lord Mayor and the Board,² wherein you will much oblige,

Your most obedient servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

The boy was recommended to me by the Lady Elizabeth Brownlow from her own knowledge.³

CMLXXXV. [*Scott*.]

SWIFT TO SAMUEL GERRARD

*February 11, 1734-5.*SIR,⁴

AS I always conceived a very good opinion of your honour and justice, as well as your good sense, I am more

¹ In the possession of the Governors of the King's Hospital, commonly called the Blue Coat School, in Dublin.

² The recipient of this letter was himself the Lord Mayor, and as such acted as the chairman of the Board. Swift had been for more than ten years a member, and as Sir Frederick Falkiner tells us ("Hospital of Charles II," pp. 163, 185) was "an assiduous attendant till his infirmities became acute." He did not confine himself to the recommendation of pupils, but was zealous in promoting their welfare and furthering the interests of the school. As instances of his activities Sir Frederick mentions his service on committees for the establishment of an infirmary and the restoration of the chapel, the arrangement of the altar, seats, and pulpit being specially assigned to him, for the reform of the house and government, for the apprenticeship of boys to the linen trade, for inspecting and directing the diet, and for rebuilding the school.

³ Lady Brownlow's father, the Earl of Abercorn (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 45), had been nominated as a governor at the same time as Swift, but had died a few months before this letter was written.

⁴ In reply to Swift's letter of the 6th, Gerrard had evidently advised further negotiations with Mr. Garstin.

inclined to rely upon them all, than our time of acquaintance usually produceth. What I want is not to be dealt favourably with, but to be safe. I suppose Mr. Garstin will enter into all measures to make his title appear good to my lawyers, and then I will readily agree to buy his land at the price you advise me; but if I set to cant with Alderman Quail,¹ he is too cunning a man for me to contend with, and if Mr. Garstin were my brother, should not advise him to deal with such a brangling man, to say no worse of him. However, Mr. Garstin's business is to sell as dear as he can; and the money, wheresoever it comes, is the same thing to him. I must borrow five or six hundred pounds to make up the sum, which I believe I can do. I am afraid, if the business goes on, I shall desire you to come to town with Mr. Garstin, for I neither can, nor will do anything without you, who are as necessary as my lawyer. Please to answer this letter, and believe me to be,

Your most obedient, etc.,

J. SWIFT.

I must tell you in confidence, that Mr. Garstin's conduct has been much censured. He is said to have been a very ill tenant; he never paid his rents, but till he ran to an ejectment, and hath by extravagance put himself under a necessity of selling this estate. This I have been assured of from some of his neighbours, who have no design to purchase his lands. The characters of men are of great importance to be known on these occasions.

Addressed—To Mr. Samuel Gerrard, to be left at the Post-office, Navan, County of Meath.

CMLXXXVI. [*Original*.²]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

February 13, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to learn his Grace of Dorset such saucy words;³ and we have quarrelled so much

¹ Quail had been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin soon after the Hanoverian accession, and was probably an uncompromising Whig. By canting Swift means here bidding against, a sense in which he has elsewhere used the word (see Oxford Dictionary).

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ *Supra*, p. 126.

about it, that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague House.¹ He says it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you, to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and goodwill to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, but yet, at the times I could speak to him, constantly my addle head forgot to ask him what he had to say. So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The Countess² has quitted the Court, because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception as she liked, though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin, Ireland.

CMLXXXVII. [*Original*.³]

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD TO SWIFT

London, *February* 18, 1734-5.

SIR,⁴

To honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that knows or has heard of you; but to be pleased with

¹ A place where duels were then often fought.

² *I.e.*, of Suffolk. ³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ Swift's acquaintance with the Utrecht plenipotentiary during Oxford's administration had been only slight, and the principal information about him, given by Swift, is that he was "as proud as hell and could not spell" ("Prose Works," *passim*). But he was a friend of Pope, in which connection Swift may have seen him during his last visits to England, and as appears from this letter he had been now approached by Swift in his capacity of solicitor for Irish appellants to the British House of Lords.

your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the House of Lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being, as this day, heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before.¹ I likewise got several Lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new Lord Chancellor,² who at present has a great sway in the House, found out that the petition I had presented from Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the House, because, comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions, and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks, the usual time for causes in Ireland, yet the Parliament did not sit above a fortnight after, so that it was impossible for the respondents' answer to be put in by that time; that the Parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this sessions, which it did not appear was done; and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*, yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause re-heard, but in the House of Lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence.

The whole House seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for the Thursday five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the House would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the Chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone

¹ Members of the petitioner's family were connected with the county of Leitrim, and are remarkable on account of their connection with the iron industry which flourished there until the supply of timber for fuel was exhausted.

² Charles Talbot, who had been eighteen months before appointed Lord Chancellor and created Baron Talbot of Hensol (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 320, n. 2).

desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expense of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time, since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence of another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were allowed the usual time, so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for farther chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it, but was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in everything you desire of, Sir,

Your most sincere faithful humble servant,
STRAFFORD.

As the House of Commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

CMLXXXVIII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO SAMUEL GERRARD

February 20, 1734-5.

SIR,

I BEG ten thousand pardons for the trouble I have given you. Mr. Garstin lies under so ill a character, that I was advised not to deal with him, and, in short, I find such a difficulty in purchasing land, that I resolve not to meddle with it, but leave that trouble to my executors.¹ I find the neighbouring gentlemen, whose land is to be sold, are continually watching like crows over a dead horse, and we at a distance know not how to deal among them. I have been near twenty years endeavouring to be a purchaser, and have always been baulked, or tried to be cheated. I am much obliged to you for your endeavours, and have not a

¹ As in other cases, Swift's reason for abandoning the negotiations (*supra*, p. 132) ought not to be accepted without some reserve. The descendants of the gentleman whose character is so severely aspersed, have at least proved by their services to Church and State that the bad qualities attributed to him were not transmitted to them.

better opinion of any other man's or gentleman's honesty. I have lately disposed of all my money, no less than fifteen hundred pounds, at interest, at five pounds, six shillings and eight pence interest per hundred, which will yield me eighty pounds per annum. It is to the son-in-law of a friend, who hath a good fortune, and I think it safe.¹ I hope I shall soon see you in town. You slipped out of my hands last time, but I expect you to be my sojourner whenever you come, when I will tell you the whole scheme of an hospital for lunatics and idiots, a charity I find it the hardest point to settle well.² I will never leave anything to any other use; I will leave the whole to God's providence how it will be disposed of, who will forgive me if my good intentions miscarry. I am, Sir, with great esteem and truth, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Samuel Gerrard, at Gibbstown, in the County of Meath, near Navan.

CMLXXXIX. [*Mrs. Delany's Correspondence.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. PENDARVES

Dublin, *February 22, 1734-5.*

MADAM,

I HAVE observed among my own sex, and particularly in myself, that those of us who grow most insignificant

¹ The allusion is to a loan of £1,500 to Mr. John Putland, which was secured by deed dated 13 August, 1735 (Forster Collection, No. 512). He was Helsham's step-son (*supra*, p. 105, n. 1).

² Two years before that time Swift had indicated his intention of dedicating his property to a public use and of altering his testamentary disposition, which was probably originally in favour of his relations or friends (*supra*, vol. iv, pp. 128, 414). His charitable design had now taken shape, and on the 18th of the previous month the following paragraph had appeared in "Poc's Occurrences": "Yesterday the City of Dublin made a grant of a piece of ground, viz., part of Oxmantown Green to the Rev. Dean Swift, whereon the Dean intends to build a convenient house at his own expence for the reception of lunatics." Oxmantown or Ostmantown Green, which was situated in the part of Dublin inhabited by the Scandinavian invaders, was an open space devoted to the recreation of the citizens and lay near the Blue Coat School on the northern side of the river Liffey. It has disappeared in the extension of the modern city.

expect most civility, and give less than they did when they possibly were good for something. I am grown sickly, weak, lean, forgetful, peevish, spiritless, and for those very reasons expect that you, who have nothing to do but to be happy, should be entertaining me with your letters and civilities, although I never return either. Your last is dated above two months ago,¹ since which time, as well as a good while before, I never had one single hour of health or spirit to acknowledge it. It is your fault; why did you not come sooner into the world or let me come later? It is your fault for coming into Ireland at all; it is your fault for leaving it. I confess your case is hard, for if you return you are a great fool to come among beggars and slaves, and if you do not, you are a great knave in forsaking those you have seduced to admire you.

The complaint you make of a disorder in one of your eyes will admit no raillery, it is what I was heartily afflicted to hear, but since you were able to write, I hope it hath entirely left you. I am often told that I am an ill judge of ladies' eyes, so that I shall make you an ill compliment by confessing that I read in yours all the accomplishments I found in your mind and conversation, and happened to agree in my thoughts with better judges. I only wish they could never shine out of Dublin, for then you would recover the only temporal blessings this town affords, I mean sociable dinners and cheerful evenings, which, without your assistance, we shall infallibly lose; for Dr. Delany lives entirely at Delville, the town air will not agree with his lady, and in winter there is no seeing him or dining with him but by those who keep coaches, and they must return the moment after dinner. But I have chid him into taking a house just next to his, which will have three bed-chambers, where his winter visitants may lie, and a bed hall be fitted up for you.² Your false reasons for not coming hither are the same in one article for my not going among you, I mean the business of expense; but I can remove yours easily, it is but to stay with us always, and then you can live at least three times better than at home, where everything is thrice as dear, and your money twelve times the hundred better, whereas my sickness and years make it impossible for me to live at London. I must have three

¹ *Supra*, p. 109.

² See Peg Radcliffe's Invitation ("Poetical Works," li, 386).

horses, as many servants, and a large house, neither can I live without constant wine, while my poor revenues are sinking every day.

I am very sorry for the death of your cousin Lansdown.¹ His son Graham² is ruining himself as fast as possible, but I hope the young lady has an untouchable settlement. I am very much obliged to your care about that business with the Duke of Chandos: I hear he told a person he would grant my request, but that he had no acquaintance with me. I had a letter lately from Mrs. Donnellan, and I command you to let her know that I will answer it with the first hour of tolerable health. Pray, Madam, preserve your eyes, how dangerous soever they may be to us; and yet you ought in mercy to put them out, because they direct your hand in writing, which is equally dangerous. Well, Madam, pray God bless you wherever you go or reside! May you be ever as you are, agreeable to every Killala curate³ and Dublin Dean, for I disdain to mention temporal folks without gowns and cassocks. I will wish for your happiness, although I shall never see you, as Horace did for Galatea when she was going a long voyage from home; pray read the verses in the original.

Sis licet felix, ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas, etc.⁴

A year or two ago I would have put the whole into English verse and applied it to you, but my rhyming is fled with my health, and what is more to be pitied is even my vein of satire upon ladies is lost. Dear Madam, believe me to be, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

¹ Lord Lansdown, whom Swift again calls Mrs. Pendarven's cousin instead of uncle (*supra*, p. 97), had died on 30 January; his wife had died only a fortnight before.

² *I.e.*, son-in-law; Stopford's old pupil (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 238).

³ *Supra*, p. 97.

Ode III, 27, 13.

CMXC. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

*By brew Harry 25, 1734-5.*RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,¹

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill
 nan, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef
 yer this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pea miss
 ear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt
 Eys twack on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant
 wo Bee at they Dean a wry tun cy't, butt am pray vent
 head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy
 some eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant
 Ann dumb bell serve aunt,

TOM ASS SHERID ANN.

CMXCI. [*Laure-Poole.*]

SWIFT TO JOHN BARBER

Deanery House, Dublin, *March 1, 1734-5.*

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,

I RECEIVED lately a very acceptable present which you
 vere pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of
 you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it.² I take
 your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my
 hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude

¹ The following interpretation is given by Sir Walter Scott:² February 25, 1734-5.

"REVEREND DEAN,

"I fancy the Recorder [*i.e.*, Stannard] is a dilatory gentleman, because
 he might have sent his opinion before this. You know I have some
 money to pay Mister Henry, and am in haste to bring matters to a
 conclusion. I made an appointment to be at the Deanery to-night, but
 am prevented by a tenant injured by an attorney, by whom I must
 stand. I am

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"THOMAS SHERIDAN."

² "Swift's Letters and Journals," p. 232.³ The only print of Barber that appears to be known is a mezzotint
 by Faber after a portrait painted in 1737 by Dandridge.

at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which however will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the King's Prime Serjeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good-sense, good-nature, and knowledge in his faculty:¹ this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry Society, whereof you are a member.² From such a recommendation as the Prime Serjeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which, I hope, is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink, but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined, and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know. The people who read news have struck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend Dr. Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter I received from him a month or two ago.³ Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems oftener and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains

¹ Henry Singleton, whom Swift named as one of his executors, became successively Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Master of the Rolls. He represented in the Irish Parliament the town of Drogheda, where he was born, from 1713 until his elevation to the bench in 1740, and on the death of Sir Ralph Gore the contest for the Speaker's chair lay between him and Henry Boyle, afterwards Earl of Shannon, who was selected. By some of his opponents he was accused of being proud and haughty and a Tory in politics, but these allegations were denied by his friends. In his letters Primate Boulter professed great regard for him, but is said by Marmaduke Coghill to have opposed him as an ally of Archbishop Bolton to whom the Primate was "as great an enemy as Christianity would permit" (Brit. Mus. Addit. MSS., 21123, ff. 26, 32; "Boulter's Letters," ii, 76).

² William Richardson of Summerscat, near Coleraine in the county of Londonderry, to whom Swift refers, was a brother of the Rev. John Richardson, whose efforts to promote the circulation of Bibles in the Irish language has been noticed (*supra*, vol. i, p. 248, n. 1).

³ *Supra*, p. 93. Arbuthnot is said to have died on 27 February. Possibly a premature announcement of his death had reached Swift.

with too much reason of his disorders. What a havoc hath death made among our friends since that of the Queen!

As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago. But now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessities or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week like a King by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which I fear will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in.

CMXCII. [*Original*.¹]

LORD CARTERET TO SWIFT

Jermyn Street, *March 6*, 1734-5.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before.² It went for your friend upon the justest principles, and that unanimously, and he did not only carry his cause before the House; but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The Chancellor³ said, the respondent had more reason to

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Swift had evidently written to Carteret as well as to Oxford about McLorinan's appeal (*supra*, p. 121).

³ *Supra*, p. 134, n. 2.

appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the Chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for Captain Rowley¹ in every thing but judicature, and in that capacity, if Judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of posterity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty, and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus and Pistorides.² I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your Works, for which my wife and I have subscribed, and we expected a dozen copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.³ I intend these Works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time they will be studied by my son and sons-in-law. I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish. As for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of Kings, Lords Lieutenants, Archbishops, and Parliament politicians, will be forgotten: at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my etc., etc., etc., all join with me in good wishes to you; and I hope you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

¹ Captain William Rowley was married to a niece of Joshua Dawson.

² Lord Allen and Richard Tighe.

³ The first three volumes of Faulkner's edition of Swift's "Works" had been promised to subscribers on 27 November, and the fourth on 6 January. See Appendix V.

CMXCIII. [*Hawkesworth*.¹]

SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY

Dublin, *March* 8, 1734-5.SIR,²

MR. STOPFORD going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the Court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels.

But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree

¹ The letter is said to have been communicated by a member of Pulteney's family.

² It was evidently kindness to his friend James Stopford, who was then going to England, that induced Swift to write this letter, which indicates that he had sent no communication to Pulteney, except the congratulatory letter on the birth of his son and a recommendation of an appellant, since he was last in England.

together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Haec est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the Court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my Cathedral, over the burying place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged;¹ perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.²

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the House of Lords;³ wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family, wherein you have my constant prayers, and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical.

The bearer, Mr. Stopford, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender; and, therefore, he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God,

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 247.

² The verses "On Mr. Pulteney being put out of the Council" ("Poetical Works," ii, 250). In Faulkner's version of the poem the names of Pulteney and Walpole are printed under the slender disguise of Will P——y and Sir R——.

³ *I.e.*, McLorinan (*supra*, p. 122).

while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner hath printed four volumes, which are called my Works; he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it.¹ I did imagine, that after my death, the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor, I believe, ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to yours. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

CMXCIV. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

Deanery House, *March 8, 1734-5.*

SIR,³

I HEARTILY wish you a good voyage and good success, but I hope you will never advance your fortunes by the favour of those who are bent to ruin and enslave England, as they have already done Ireland. I desire my humble service to my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pope, and my old friends with whom I brought you acquainted. If you get

¹ *Supra*, p. 142, n. 3.

² In the Forster Collection.

³ Swift is said to have adopted this formal mode of address as a consequence of Stopford's marriage (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 93).

preferment upon the foot that others do, you will lose the esteem of all honest men. My humble respects to my Lord Carteret, and my Lady, and to the Countess of Granville, and Mr. Ford, if you see him. I am,

Ever yours,
J. S.

I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Hart that my head was so ill I could not write to him or any letters by him, but I wish him all success, and entreat he would let all my friends of his acquaintance know that I present my humble service to them. I have left the letter to Mr. Pulteney open, which I desire you will seal after you have read it.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Stopford.

CMXCV. [*Original*.¹]

WILLIAM PULTENEY TO SWIFT

London, *March* 11, 1734-5.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. McLorinan to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. McLorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over he asked me, but in a very modest way, whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new Bishop of Derry's rents.² I told him, I would try; I

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The famous Thomas Rundle, whose opinions led to his being deprived of the see of Gloucester, to which he had been nominated, but were considered no bar to his holding an Irish bishopric.

did so, found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man from being an English bishop, and afterward allowing him to be good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself, he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much further yet from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down Aaron's beard, to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say, but I am sure, it is a good and joyful thing for the Ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers;¹ and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that House. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see, always will prevail there.

Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen, is dead.² He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company. What I have said of the Doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you; among them, there is no one that does so more sincerely than, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

W. P.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

¹ This question had led to a long debate that session in the House of Lords.

² *Supra*, p. 140.

CMXCVI. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT

March 19, 1734-5.

SIR,¹

I HAD some days ago a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second.² He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old, but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the Doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the College, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class, by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand, where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste, who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant.

When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me. I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. Fitzherbert. She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness and conceit of himself, which he often showed in your house, and even among

¹ There has been already allusion to the recipient of this letter, who resided in the county of Cavan and was probably known to Swift through Sheridan (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 243).

² The reference is to Fitzherbert's second son, Andrew, who had graduated four years before as a bachelor of arts in Dublin University.

company, which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured; yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment, and in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment.

He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool, and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years, and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple, but, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it; but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you, so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William Street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no farther care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you, and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes.¹ She has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person, and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join

¹ Fitzherbert's wife was a sister of Swift's old friend Andrew Charleton, the Duchess of Ormond's chaplain (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 366). Their father was for more than a quarter of a century Chancellor of Armagh Cathedral (Leslie's "Armagh Clergy," p. 39).

in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden, I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army; yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King,¹ but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side; but I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady, and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known, which were not a small number, have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions. But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant.

CMXCVII. [*Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's Manuscripts.*]²

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Dublin, *March 22, 1734-5.*

YOUR Grace must please to remember that I carried you to see a Comedy of Terence acted by the scholars of Doctor Sheridan, with which performance you were very well pleased. The Doctor is the most learned person I know in this kingdom, and the best schoolmaster here in the memory of man, having an excellent taste in all parts of literature.

¹ Dr. James King, to whom Swift refers, was then one of the Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, but retired a few months later on a College living.

² Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i, p. 161.

I prevailed on my Lord Carteret to make him one of his chaplains and to bestow him a good living, which the Doctor afterwards exchanged for another about seven miles from Dublin.¹ But his health impairing by the air of this town, and being invited by the gentlemen of the county of Cavan to accept the Free School of Cavan, which is endowed equal to his living, and he being born in the county, the present schoolmaster, one Mr. Knowles, is desirous to change his school for the Doctor's living of much the same value, called Dunboyne, in your Grace's gift. This affair hath been so long managing that it was in agitation before you left us, and I begged your consent for the change, which, as a very reasonable request, not crossing any measures of your Grace, you were pleased to grant. All things have been long agreed; the Bishop of Kilmore² hath writ to you upon it; so your Lords Justices have done for some months past, but being a thing of no great consequence to the public state of the kingdom your secretaries have forgot it. In the mean time the poor Doctor hath given up his school in town, to his great loss, and hath parted with his house, continuing in uneasiness and suspense till your letter comes. Therefore I humbly beg you will please to order one of your secretaries immediately to send the letter that will empower the Doctor and Knowles, the schoolmaster, to exchange stations. My letter is the worst part of the matter, because it will cost you three minutes to read, but the request is short and reasonable. I writ some days ago to my Lady E. Germain on the same purpose, but it is possible her Ladyship might forget, which your Grace to my knowledge is not capable of.

¹ *Supra*, p. 82, n. 3.

² The diocese of Kilmore, in which Cavan lies, was at that time presided over by Josiah Hort, who had been translated thither from Ferns soon after Swift alluded to him in writing to Tickell (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 385). He has been terribly lampooned by Swift in the "Storm" ("Poetical Works," i, 243), but would appear to have been not without fitness for his office, as theological writings left by him were valued by several generations, and are said to have been undertaken by him from a sense of his deficiency as a preacher, through the weakness of his voice, and a desire to fulfil by such means as lay in his power his consecration vows.

CMXCVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PRATT TO SWIFT

London, *April* 4, 1735.SIR,¹

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguished talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands. I have no obligations to the Court, nor am likely to have any. I have to my Lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired, and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of.

Added to my Lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the Duchess of Buckingham,² whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; besides fetching me every day, and bringing me home, she makes me share in public amusements without expense, and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station empowers her to take, and more her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and grati-

¹ This letter appears to be a reply to a belated response from Swift to the letter which she had sent him eighteen months before (*supra*, p. 42).

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 387.

tude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, Sir,

Your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,
H. PRATT.

CMXCIX. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship;² and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that was a little upon the dear joy;³ but to be sure, you was in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The Countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at Court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being four hundred pounds a year, which the Duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bedchamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a Countess to continue bedchamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago; for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as the question, whether you should congratulate or condole, I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong; for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally so bad with it that she often frights me for the con-

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Evidently in a reply to her letter of 13 February.

³ This expression seems to have been a well-known Irishism at that time. See "Prose Works," xii, 95.

sequences. My saucy niece¹ presents her service to *Par* Swift. The Duchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with *La* Lambert,² for her health; she has not been long enou there yet to find the good effects of the waters, but as *th* always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will *n* quite cure her colic. In all likelihood, you are weary this time of reading, and I am of writing such a *le* letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

Addressed—To the Revd. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin.

M. [*Deane Swift*.]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

April 5, 1723

DEAR SIR,³

AMONG all the rest of Mrs. Sheridan's diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intriguing marriage between her daughter [Anne] and a *eye* thorough fop [John Sheen]. For Heaven's sake, as *as* have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon occasion, for it is the town talk; she will not know how came to know it, and among other questions desire *he* produce her daughter's work for these two years past, you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's labour. This I have been from time to time pressing *fo* no purpose, because prevented out of spite to me; yet *e* b——h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot *cl* mountain, snivel, complain, and out-lie the father of *lie* beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical *e* tenance when you charge her with this, and if you *do*

¹ *I.e.*, Miss Chambers (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 427).

² Probably the widow or daughter-in-law of Sir John Lambert was created a baronet by Queen Anne.

³ Although the opening paragraph displays a spirit little *be* the great Christian festival, this letter was written on the eve of *It*. As appears from it Sheridan was once more spending his *vacat* the county of Cavan, and the negotiations for his appointment master of Cavan school were on the point of being concluded (*ibid.* p. 151).

see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship, for I shall be ashamed to ask any more, that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs. — was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs. Perrott¹ has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady, the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them.²

Dear Sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen³ whether the Duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the Lords Justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people

¹ *Supra*, p. 119, n. 2.

² Notwithstanding Sheridan's opposition, the marriage of his daughter Anne to John Sheen, for which a licence was issued by the Archbishop of Dublin on the 26th of that month, took place. Her father never forgave her. To his other daughters he bequeathed £50 each; to her and to his "unkind wife" 5s. each. It may be doubted whether Sheen, who was an Englishman with an office in the Irish customs, deserved such contumely as Sheridan heaps upon him. His closest friend was John Lodge, an archivist and genealogist of whom Ireland has reason to be proud, and his wife's relations as well as his children are mentioned in his will with much affection. His wife died before him, as did also his only son, who was an officer in the army, and two daughters, the elder of whom married one of her Sheridan cousins, survived him.

³ William Lingen, who was one of Vanessa's legatees, was for many years an official in Dublin Castle.

are here impatient at having their children so long idle.¹ I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the Lord Chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me.² The Bishop of Kilmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their Excellencies the Lords Justices in granting us patents. I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear Sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MI. [*Original.*³]

ARCHBISHOP BOLTON TO SWIFT

Cashel, April 7, 1735.

DEAR SIR,⁴

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin was ordained here last Thursday, and that your recommendation got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius, which, I hope, will in some degree

¹ On 20 February Dorset had written to the Lords Justices saying that he had been asked when last in Ireland to allow Sheridan to exchange the living of Dunboyne for the mastership of Cavan school, and requesting them to execute the necessary documents as the Bishop of the diocese had since informed him "that the master of the school was a very worthy, well-affected clergyman, and that Dr. Sheridan would make a good schoolmaster." This letter had crossed one from the Lords Justices enclosing a formal application from Sheridan, to which Dorset replied on 3 April again, asking the Lords Justices to sign the proper instruments (Departmental Correspondence in P.R.O. of Ireland).

² There has been already reference to the friendship between Swift and Lord Chancellor Wyndham (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 63, n. 2), whose sympathy with Irish aspirations was then causing Primate Bolton much anxiety.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ Theophilus Bolton had been translated five years before from the bishopric of Elphin (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 235) to the archbishopric of Cashel. He had made atonement for his former insubordination as a prebendary by joining two of his episcopal brethren in opposition to the Bills of Residence and Division (*supra*, p. 15, n. 3):

"They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door."

convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.¹

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too, and let me tell you that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great Parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends.² When I conversed with politicians, I learned that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires, for which reason I would not tell you that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world, but this I will say that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church; which, if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant, as we are pleased to call them, ancestors.³ I wish this age had a little of their

¹ William Dunkin, who had probably been first brought under Swift's notice by Pilkington (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 169, n. 1), left a great collection of English poems and Latin and Greek verse, which were published after his death in two large quarto volumes. He attracted by his abilities the attention of the Earl of Chesterfield, who during his viceroyalty, appointed him master of Portora School in the room of Charles Grattan. As subsequently appears, Swift knew him at the time this letter was written only by his writings, which, judging by "Bettesworth's Exultation" ("Poetical Works," ii, 254), were then more calculated to raise him in the estimation of Swift than of Whig prelates.

² Bolton is evidently ironically referring to his old disputes with Swift. He is said to have been not only the best civilian and canonist in Ireland, but also so good a common lawyer as to have been consulted by the judges, and no doubt made himself hateful to Swift in the Chapter by raising legal difficulties in season and out of season.

³ The cathedral, which forms the central object in the famous ecclesiastical remains that surmount the Rock of Cashel, is now a ruin, but in Bolton's time the choir was roofed and service was occasionally performed in it ("Loveday's Tour," p. 44).

piety, though we gave up instead of it some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs' elections, feasts, etc., and I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you to see King Cormac's chapel, his bedchamber, etc., all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop.¹ I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing of it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure to, I assure you,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,
THEO. CASHEL.

Addressed—To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's,
Dublin.

MII. [*Original*.²]

MRS. FITZHERBERT TO SWIFT

April 9, 1735.

SIR,³

I HAD the honour of your letter last night, and was much concerned I could not then observe your commands, but as my answer could not be conclusive in the affair about which you were pleased to interest yourself for the good of my

¹ The erection of the fine example of Irish Romanesque architecture known as Cormac's Chapel, which has a curious chamber between the pitch and vault of the high stone roof, is now attributed to a successor of the king mentioned by Bolton, Cormac McCarthy, and is dated as between 1127 and 1134. A model of the doorway, which is most highly decorated, is to be seen in the National Museum of Ireland.

² In the Forster Collection, No. 564.

³ As appears from this letter Swift had again intervened on behalf of young Fitzherbert (*supra*, p. 148), who had determined evidently to leave Dublin. On this occasion he had addressed the letter to his *pro-leg's* mother. Sheridan prints ("Life," p. 423) a letter of thanks in verse from the young man to Swift and says that Swift gave him "a bill for twenty pounds" and induced his father to send him "to Leyden to study physic, with a suitable allowance for his support." In his will his father bequeaths him, however, only a small annuity, and leaves him out of the entail of his property.

son [and] the ease and service of my family, so I hope it goes time enough now to serve any other end except that of preventing Andrew leaving town, which was not in my power to hinder since Mr. Fitzherbert could not acquiesce to your friendly interposition, which reason I believe it was done¹ from an indispensable necessity, and therefore I hope you will not think it came from rude and churlish neglect of what you seemed to desire.

Mr. Fitzherbert desired me to present you with his most humble service, and let you know when he returns to town, which I hope will be in a few days, he will wait on you, and doubts not he will then satisfy you of his reasons for a conduct you do not seem to approve. I wish I knew how to express my sentiments for your goodness in trying to cure the evils which at present [afflict us] . . .² But, Mr. Dean, since you were not acquainted with me, why did you take me upon trust, and from such as profess themselves very like enemies, or did you never hear any one body [at] all give me a good word? All this is sufficient to mortify a splenetic person, [so] upon a prospect that a little more time may set me right in your notions of me, I will try to support myself till then, and I wish I may assure you, Mr. Dean, of being, Sir,

Your very respectful and most humble servant,
ANNE FITZHERBERT.

MIII. [Wilde.]

SWIFT TO EATON STANNARD

Deanery House, *April 11, 1735.*

SIR,

I BELIEVE you may possibly have heard from me, or public report, of my resolution to leave my whole fortune, except a few legacies, to build an hospital for idiots and

¹ *I.e.*, which resolution I believe was made.

² Some words have disappeared; all that can be deciphered is: "better known to you give . . . so indeed I perceive, and that is little enough to say for oneself."

³ "Closing Years of Swift's Life," p. 83. The original from which it was printed was then in the possession of Mr. A. J. Maley.

lunatics in this city, or the suburbs;¹ and, after long consideration, I have been so bold to pitch upon you as my director in the methods I ought to take for rendering my design effectual.² I have known and seen the difficulty of any such attempt, by the negligence, or ignorance, or some worse dealing by executors and trustees. I have been so unfortunate, for want of some able friend of a public spirit, that I could never purchase one foot of land, the neighbouring country squires always watching, like crows for a carcase, over every estate that was likely to be sold, and that kind of knowledge was quite out of the life I have led, which, in the strength of my days, chiefly passed at Courts, and among Ministers of State, to my great vexation and disappointment, for which I now repent too late. I therefore humbly desire that you will please to take me into your guardianship, as far as the weight of your business will permit. As the city hath agreed to give me a piece of land, my wish would be to make the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and aldermen, my trustees, executors or governors, according as you shall please to advise, and out of these, committees may be appointed to meet at proper times. My thought is, that the city will be careful in an affair calculated wholly for the city's advantage. If you would favour me so much, as to fix any day during this vacation to dine at the Deanery, I shall be extremely obliged to you, and give you my very crude notions of my intentions. I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Eaton Stannard, Esq., Recorder of the City of Dublin.

¹ *Supra*, p. 136, n. 2.

² In forming this decision Swift had no doubt regard to Stannard's position as Recorder as well as to his friendship with him (*supra*, p. 48).

1735]

JONATHAN SWIFT

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MIV. [*Sheridan*.¹]*Orig. in Remondy MSS. II (1925),
Hist. MSS. Comm. 239.*

SWIFT TO THOMAS BEACH

SIR,²Dublin, *April* 12, 1735.

AFTER the fate of all poets, you are no favourite of fortune; for your letter of March 31st did not come to my hands till two days after Sir William Fownes's death, who, having been long afflicted with the stone and other disorders, besides great old age, died about nine days ago.³ If he had recovered, I should certainly have waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour.⁴ I have seen fewer good panegyrics than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waiving that Sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatises for regulating the government of this city;⁵ and I often wished his advice had been taken.

I read your poem several times, and showed it to three

¹ The letter has also been collated with a contemporary copy in the possession of Mr. Edward K. B. Tighe of Woodstock, which was kindly lent by him for that purpose, and some corrections have been made.

² The recipient was a wine-merchant at Wrexham. He is said by Sheridan (*"Works,"* xiii, 187) to have been "a man of learning, of great humanity, and of an easy fortune," but to have been censured by some persons for "very blameable notions in religion," which would appear to have not improbably originated in insanity, as his life was terminated by his own hand.

³ Fownes died on the 3rd.

⁴ The poem was entitled "Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life." It was published in quarto form shortly before Beach's death, which occurred on 17 May, 1737, and was dedicated to Pope. It seems possible that the writer may have been known to Pope as a relation of his old nurse, Mary Beach (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 270).

⁵ *Supra*, p. 98, n. 1.

or four judicious friends, who all approved of it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections; upon which I took the number of lines, which are in all two hundred and ninety-nine, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation,¹ is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very uncorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of the triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that above twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject.² I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in; and I think in one or two of his last poems he hath, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom.

I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6 for *han't* read *want*; I abhor those *han'ts* and *wo'n'ts*, etc., etc.; they are detestable in verse as well as prose. Line 19, I would have you change the word *repel*. Line 46, for *whilst* put *while*. Line 83, *derives*: I doubt there is no verb deponent, but always active. Line 106, *if Noll usurps or James*: *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem, and as to *James* he was a weak bigoted Papist, desirous

¹ See Appendix VI.

² The reference is to the concluding lines of the "Description of a City Shower":

"Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood."

A note is appended in Faulkner's edition of Swift's "Works" (ii, 31) which, read in conjunction with this letter, cannot be doubted to be from Swift's pen: "These three last lines were intended against the licentious manner of modern poets, in making three rhymes together, which they call triplets, and the last of the three was two or sometimes more syllables longer, called an Alexandrian. These triplets and Alexandrians were brought in by Dryden and other poets in the reign of Charles II. They were the mere effects of haste, idleness, and want of money, and have been wholly avoided by the best poets since these verses were written."

like all Kings of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. Line 109, *and midst*: harsh and rough; the elision is unluckily placed. Lines 115, 116, I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene*—I forgot the triplet in line 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings, and line 110, *to glory*: I wish it were *in glory*. Line 118, *does*: this word should be avoided as a mere expletive. Line 155, *does*: the same fault. Line 161, *the ingrate*: this verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. Line 201, *cheerful*, etc.: this verse wants a verb as *are* or some other. Line 204, *does*. Line 217, *pervade*: it should be *pervades*. Line 218, *and grows*: query, is not *or* more proper? Line 278, *Cuzzoni fan'd*: this is an expletive, not a proper epithet. Line 289, *that dares*; the word *that* as it is placed spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. Line 294, *reascend*: I know not the reason for this word; why not rather *ascend*? I slipped line 290, *than*: I suppose you only meant *then*? You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily.¹

All you desire in relation to Sir William Fownes is at an end by his death; otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but, as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been

¹ Beach is said by Sheridan to have adopted every one of Swift's hints and corrections. "Even the triplet is discarded, and the poem now consists of three hundred lines."

well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy, and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held.

I have been called away till evening: however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had stayed. I am, with true esteem, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Thomas Beach, merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire; to be left at the Custom-House Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel, Esq., Collector of the Customs in Chester.

MV. [*Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's Manuscripts.*¹]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Dublin, *April* 15, 1735.

YOUR Grace must remember that some days before you left us² I commanded you to attend me to Doctor Delany's house, about a mile out of this town, where you were to find Dr. Helsham, the physician. I told you they were the two worthiest gentlemen in this kingdom in their several faculties. You were pleased to comply with me, called at the Deanery and carried me thither, where you dined with apparent satisfaction. Now, this same Doctor Helsham hath ordered me to write to your Grace in behalf of one Alderman Aldrich, who is master of the Dublin barrack, and is as high a Whig and more at your devotion than I could perhaps wish him to be, and yet he is a very honest gentleman, and, what is more important, a near

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i, p. 162.

² *I.e.*, in May 1734.

relation of the Grattans, who in your Grace's absence are governors of all Ireland, and your vicegerents when you are here, as I have often told you. They consist of an alderman, whom you are to find Lord Mayor at Michaelmas next; of a doctor who kills or cures half the city; of two parsons, my subjects as Prebendaries, who rule the other half, and of a vagrant brother who governs the North.¹ They are all brethren, and your army of twelve thousand soldiers are not able to stand against them. Now, your Grace is to understand that these Grattans will stickle to death for all their cousins to the five and fiftieth degree, and consequently this same Alderman Aldrich being only removed two degrees of kindred, and having a son as great a Whig as the father, hath prevailed with Dr. Helsham to make me write to your Grace, that the son of such a father may have the mastership of a barrack at Kinsale, which is just vacant. His name is Michael Aldrich. Both your Grace and I love the name for the sake of Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, although I am afraid he was a piece of a Tory.² You will have several requests this post with the same request, perhaps for different persons, but you are to observe only mine, because it will come three minutes before any other. I think this is the third request I have made to your Grace. You have granted the two first and therefore must grant the third. For when I knew Courts, those who had received a dozen favours were utterly disoblged if they were denied the thirteenth. Besides if this be not granted, the Grattans will rise in rebellion, which I tremble to think of.

My Lady Elizabeth Germain uses me very ill in her letters. I want a present from her, and desire you will please to order that it may be a seal. Mine are too small for the fashion, and I would have a large one, worth forty shillings at least. I had a letter from her two days ago,

¹ The eldest brothers, Henry and William, were dead (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 262, n. 3).

² Henry Aldrich, who was Atterbury's predecessor in the deanery of Christ Church and designed Peckwater Quadrangle, is celebrated for social as well as academic qualities. "'The merry Christ Church Bells,' the celebrated catch," says the Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, "is a living remembrance of him happier than most men leave, . . . but his achievement was after all the Oxford Logic" (Clark's "Colleges of Oxford," p. 316). Members of the family appear to have been resident in the north of Ireland throughout the seventeenth century.

and design to acknowledge it soon; but business must first be dispatched, I mean the request I have made to your Grace, that the young Whig may have the barrack of Kinsale worth sixty or seventy pounds a year. I should be very angry as well as sorry if your Grace would think I am capable of deceiving you in any circumstance. I hope and pray that my Lady Duchess may recover health at the Bath,¹ and that we may see her Grace perfectly recovered when you come over. And pray God preserve you and your most noble family in health and happiness.

MVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

JOHN BARBER TO SWIFT

Queen Square, *April 22, 1735.*

DEAR SIR,

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish Society;² for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power. When I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the Society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue, and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I

¹ *Supra*, p. 154.

² *Supra*, p. 139.

le when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, d cold weather murder me. I drink a pint of claret at nner, none at night, and have a good stomach, with a d digestion; but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I ank God. I beg pardon for entertaining you so long th my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, that my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves e to almost a miracle, what must the same method oduce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well: is the Lord of Dawley. It is a melancholy reflection u make, how many friends you have lost since good een Anne's time. Many, indeed, for there are very few t. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be stored. Poor Lady Masham among the rest.¹ Our friend e Doctor² I am afraid did not take the care he ought to ve done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied nself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not orth the candle. You may remember Doctor Garth said was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of ving his shoes pulled off and on.³ As for my part, I am solved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, d submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on ur public spirit, and for which all mankind applaud you, erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy your great soul, and for which the present and the future e must honour and revere your memory! I dare say ore on this head for fear of offending. That God mighty would please to restore your health, and pre-ve you many years for the good of mankind, is the arty prayer of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

Lady Masham was then dead four months.

I.e., Arbuthnot (*supra*, p. 140).

It is possible that Swift had not heard this remark of the author he "Dispensary" which does not appear to have been recorded elsewhere.

MVII. [*Deane Swift*.]

MRS. PRATT TO SWIFT

London, *April 22, 1735.*

SIR,

I WROTE in such haste¹ that I forgot to make my Lady Savile's acknowledgements, which, before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy, who, thank God, seem promising.²

My Lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town-house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniences of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir,

Your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,
H. PRATT.

MVIII. [*Original.*³]

WILLIAM PULTENEY TO SWIFT

London, *April 29, 1735.*

SIR,

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford,⁴ to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, indeed, believing we should have had no business in Parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night

¹ *Supra*, p. 152.

² There has been already reference to Mrs. Pratt's daughter and her distinguished son (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 233).

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 143.

before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The Ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the House, and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a Bill, now depending in our House, for the encouragement of learning, as the title bears; but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this sessions, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you, and when a Bill of this nature passes in England, as I hope it will next year, you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or empty titles, *vilia servitutis praemia*. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley, but, I believe, will return again in a few months.¹ I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the Duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue Lord Lieutenant; I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland possibly he may desire not to go.

¹ Bolingbroke's wife was then in France. He joined her in June. As to his relations with the Earl of Berkeley see previous reference (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 397, n. 3).

MIX. [Draft.¹]

SWIFT TO LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN

May 5, 1735.

MADAM,

I FIND your Ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary,² which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the Duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his Grace, and intend to be less, and, as I have always done, will principally consider my Lord Duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me.³ When I had credit for some years at a Court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power, and if they were good for anything, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his Grace's most cautious deputies.⁴

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 153.

³ It is probable that Swift had kept up some degree of intercourse with Mrs. Whiteway during the four years that had elapsed since she received the unexpected Christmas greeting from him (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 190), and that owing to the failing health of the faithful Mrs. Brent, who died that year, he had begun of late to lean much upon her. She had two years before become for the second time a widow.

⁴ "The Reverend Doctor Thomas Sheridan, who hath educated the sons of so many of the nobility and gentry of this kingdom," says the "Dublin Gazette" of May 20-24, "hath exchanged his living of Dunboyne for the Free School of Cavan, being encouraged thereto by the principal gentlemen of that county who have expressed a great desire to place their sons under his care. He is now settled in Cavan and hath opened his school."

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains,¹ and your Ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The Countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy-clerk of the Council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, Lord Fitzmaurice, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad,² which is a very great misfortune to the Earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the Council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy-clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which my Lord and Lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in; and as the Earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger and only son of which he hath any hopes might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person.³ I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corrup-

¹ "This is ludicrously said," remarks the sapient Sheridan, "as being a common blundering expression of the Irish."

² There has been already reference to this unfortunate alliance (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 400). Lord Fitzmaurice, whose courtesy title was Clanmaurice, was however released from the engagement soon after this letter was written by the death of the lady, and married as his second wife a daughter of the fourth Earl of Cavan.

³ The favourable impression which Lady Kerry's younger son, the future Earl of Shelburne and heir of the Petty family, made upon Swift, and as a boy upon Dr. Freind (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 299), so far as character was concerned, was amply justified by his subsequent life, but as regards his attainments his son, George III's Prime Minister, differs from Swift and says that a defective education prevented his father being a distinguished as well as a good man. Of his mother, who was his father's first cousin, a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel William Fitzmaurice and Mrs. Pratt's sister (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 231), the Prime Minister speaks as similar in character to his grandmother, Lady Kerry, but of inferior talents (Lord Edward Fitzmaurice's "Life of Shelburne," p. 5).

tion of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my La Kerry, etc.

[The Duke of] Dorset never writes to me.¹

MX. [*Original.*]²

ARCHBISHOP BOLTON TO SWIFT

Cashel, May 5, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of law that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched, and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.³

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands which by the help of the Prime Serjeant⁴ I hope soon get rid of, and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors.⁵ He tells us they were born in such a town in England or Ireland, we consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried

¹ It seems probable that the letter D was intended to be thus amplified in the letter which was written from this draft, but the sentence followed by an erased passage that defies conjecture as to its meaning. "No man alive can convince Talindrahla, and when we come next it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinners and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy."

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ It is possible that in his reply to Bolton's letter (*supra*, p. 15) Swift had made an allusion to the promise which Bolton is said to have made to him, that as soon as he attained to the summit of his ambition he would devote himself to the cause of his country, and support her interests irrespective of party.

⁴ *I.e.*, Henry Singleton (*supra*, p. 140, n. 1).

⁵ In his "History of the Bishops of Ireland."

in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side; from whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much falsehood, treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.¹

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh, and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad roads, and no inn at all; but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor.² His wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side, and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin.³ Here I design to meet you with a coach. If you be tired,

¹ The allusion is probably to his experience of his neighbours, who appear to have been under considerable obligation to him. A few years before great rejoicings are chronicled as having taken place at Cashel on the inauguration of a water supply which had been brought to the town "chiefly at the expense and by the direction of his Grace out of a tender regard for the inhabitants who were greatly distressed for want of water." The canal was christened, we are told, "by the name of the River Bolton," and the gentlemen of the town and county went in a solemn procession, preceded by trumpets, to the first bridge, and there drank his Grace's health and long life "which was proclaimed with the most universal acclamations, in gratitude for so noble and generous a benefaction" ("Pue's Occurrences," 16-19 December, 1732).

² Fennor, which was the corps of a prebend in Cashel Cathedral, is no doubt the place to which Bolton refers. It is partly bounded by the Bog of Allen. The prebendary at that time was the Rev. John Walsh, who is recorded to have been buried at Fennor after twenty-five years' tenure of the benefice.

³ *I.e.*, Robert Grattan. His great cellar at Belcamp has been recently mentioned (*supra*, p. 108, n. 2).

you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashel by nine, and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad.

I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come; he will do nothing for me.¹ Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,
THEO. CASHEL.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; *re-addressed* to George Nugent, Esqr., at Castlerickard, near Clonard Bridge.²

MXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

MISS ANNE DONNELLAN TO SWIFT

May 10, 1735.

SIR,

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter,³ but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex, and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them, but I have such high examples on

¹ There has been more than one reference to the friendship between Bolton and Robert Cope (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 162).

² Swift was apparently staying with his cousin's tenant (*supra*, p. 49, n. 1).

³ No doubt an answer to her letter of 19 January (*supra*, p. 126).

my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse, you shall teach me to be your companion, and, for a house-keeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of everything, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.¹

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us.² By my Lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possessed of eight hundred pounds a year, and twenty thousand pounds in money, which was so settled that my Lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister Miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of. This you may imagine has been a cordial to her for Lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland, and she promises me she will.³

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it. I will rather think you want judgement, which is very hard for me to do, or why should not I, which is still more pleasing, believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain, and who can be humble when praised by you? I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it, but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so. Her poems are generally greatly liked.⁴ There are, indeed, a few severe critics, who think that judgement is only shown in finding faults, that say they are not poetic, and a few

¹ Swift had probably made an allusion in his letter to the illness or death of Mrs. Brent (*supra*, p. 170, n. 3).

² In Ireland whither Miss Donnellan was about to return. Mrs. Pendarves was then in London and was frequently in Miss Donnellan's company.

³ The future Mrs. Delany's eldest brother, Bernard Granville, who purchased Calwich Abbey in Staffordshire, died unmarried. Her sister married John d'Ewes and was great-grandmother of Lady Llanover.

⁴ The title-page of the volume records that it was printed for C. Rivington at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard in the year 1735.

fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.¹ My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one.² He will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours, being, Sir, with the highest gratitude,

Your most obliged, obedient servant,

A. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

MXII. [*Elwin*.]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford,³ who landed the same day, but I have not seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had; nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations—it is here in perfection already—although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement.

The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor⁴ have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them, like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should

¹ *Supra*, p. 137.

² *I.e.*, Christopher Donnellan (*supra*, p. 15, n. 1).

³ The letter has been suppressed.

⁴ *I.e.*, Arbuthnot (*supra*, p. 140).

at least receive annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times.¹ God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health; but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder, for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son Ossory for the best living son in Europe;² neither would I change you my absent friend, for the best friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord Bolingbroke, called a Dissertation upon Parties.³ I think it very masterly written. Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles,⁴ and God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of modern parsons in a lump. I am,

Ever entirely yours.

¹ *Supra*, p. 167.

² According to Carte ("Life of Ormond," iii, 507) this remark was made by Ormond on receiving the condolence of a nobleman whose sincerity he had reason to doubt, and was to the effect that he would rather have his dead son than the nobleman's living one. In an eloquent tribute to the memory of the gallant Earl of Ossory, Mr. Litton Falkiner cites ("Essays Relating to Ireland," p. 77) this passage and also Dryden's noble lines:

"Snatched in manhood's prime
By unequal fates and Providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son."

³ The letters which it comprises were originally addressed by Bolingbroke to the "Craftsman," and are said to contain some of his ablest writing. They are prefaced by a bitter dedication to Walpole.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 107.

MXIII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY

Dublin, *May 12, 1735.*

SIR,

MR. STOPFORD landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with.¹ I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the Church.² He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the Duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused, yet I wish he would a little more consider that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my Lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a Parliament, will imitate yours in everything, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature.

If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every King to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the Court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have

¹ *Supra*, p. 168.

² At Swift's request Pulteney had recommended Stopford.

nothing to object. But, let me suppose a chief Minister,¹ from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a Minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a Minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless Princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman Emperors; how many of them were murdered by their own army, and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries, and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a Minister I would go further, and endeavour to be King myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies; for you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed, and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought. I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country, for you can have no other, and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my Works.² I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England

¹ *I.e.*, Sir Robert Walpole.

² *Supra*, p. 142.

by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago,¹ and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great Minister, and was not sorry to find it there.²

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it, nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

MXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

May 16, 1735.

SIR,³

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected, but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness, which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health. That changed my discontent, but did not lessen it, and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me. They are both great evils, and hard to choose out of. I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could

¹ *I.e.*, "Gulliver's Travels."

² The lines "On Mr. P——y being put out of the Council," which are printed in the second volume of Faulkner's edition of "Swift's Works" (*supra*, p. 144, n. 2).

³ This letter is a reply to Swift's of 22 February (*supra*, p. 136).

to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again. I much easier forgive your calling knave and fool.

I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express in the weakness of my eyes; they are now very well. I had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister, the only

I have and an extraordinary darling, has been extremely indisposed this whole winter.¹ I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell

something that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination.² It is not easy to express what

she feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians that are to reap the benefit of my distress will hardly think of anything but their own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus sighs are carried in this world: the rich forget the poor.

I am sorry the sociable Thursdays that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke

though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford Street.³ I believe you have had a quieter winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London.

War, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have been signed with great impetuosity. The newspapers, I suppose, have mentioned the number of great fortunes that

are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged, and no debate in the House of Commons has been urged with more warmth. The dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it.⁴

She is said by the future Mrs. Delany to have been well read in Swift's wit ("Mrs. Delany," by George Paston, p. 73).

¹ *Supra*, p. 175.

² *Supra*, p. 137.

The passage recalls Byrom's lines which have been so often incorrectly ascribed to Swift:

"Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;

I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter. It gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained, and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Faussett, too tedious for a letter.¹ I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

MXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

LADY ELIZABETH BROWNLOW TO SWIFT

May 19, 1735.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlow.² I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, etc., and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by

Others aver, that he to Handel,
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!"

¹ The allusion is to her Killala admirer (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 436).

² Lady Betty Brownlow (*supra*, p. 69) was evidently staying with her husband at the seat of his family near Lurgan, and was sending this letter with another for Swift which some correspondent had enclosed to her husband as a member of parliament to save postage. As will be seen Swift was then on very intimate terms with the Brownlows. It is related by Sheridan ("Life," p. 433) that when dining on one occasion with them he remarked in the presence of their eldest son, who was then very young, that he was an *enfant gâté*, and on learning afterwards that the child understood what he had said, exclaimed: "What a confounded blockhead was I to think there could be such a thing as a spoiled child who had not learned French!"

being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found everything in his care in perfect good order, but the coldness of the season makes everything very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins.

I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson¹ do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaforde, where we propose staying about a fortnight.² I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel.³ If it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the Archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlow desires you will accept of his compliments, and I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOW.

MXVI. [*Harlestown.*]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have

¹ *I.e.*, Lady Acheson's mother (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 433, n. 2).

² The owner of Seaforde, the seat of the Forde family in the county of Down, at that time was a nephew of Mr. Brownlow.

³ *Supra*, p. 173.

had a quicker answer to your letter,¹ but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many Members of Parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of, and my opinion is, that probably, when Lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern. I did not know Lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite; however, I approve of your taste, for, many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman, so upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in anything in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters, but that what of them have been spared from going towards making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames; for, you being stigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill your correspondence, and, as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, satirical, and gallant letters.²

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another.³ The Duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The Duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which, I believe, is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach. Adieu, etc.

¹ *Supra*, p. 170.

² The allusion is to the volume in which the "Decree for concluding the treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long" had appeared (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 457). The title-page is as follows: "Letters, Poems and Tales: Amorous, Satirical, and Gallant which passed between Several Persons of Distinction, now first Publish'd from their respective *Originals*, found in the Cabinet of that Celebrated Toast Mrs. Anne Long, since her Decease. London: Printed for E. Curll in Fleet Street 1718. Price Two Shillings."

³ Swift had no doubt sent a reply to her "saucy niece's" message (*supra*, p. 154), which has not been preserved in the draft.

MXVII. [*Original.*]

JOHN SHIELL TO SWIFT

June 6, 1735.

WHEREAS I have sold to Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, two hogsheds of wine² on the second of June instant for twenty-three pounds sterling, I do here bind myself in case that one or both hogsheds should happen to fall, turn sour, or not answer in goodness according to his expectation, that I will make up the loss in such a manner as to satisfy the said Dean and his friends. Witness my hand June the 6th 1735.

JOHN SHIELL.

Witness present: Anne Ridgeway.

MXVIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN

June 8, 1735.

MADAM,

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th,¹ because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head, and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your Ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied.

I detest the House of Lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll, but am at a loss

¹ In the Forster Collection, No. 565. Except the signatures the whole document is in Swift's handwriting.

² "For twenty guineas" is erased.

³ The draft from which this letter is printed is said by Hawkesworth ("Letters," iii, 220) to have been preserved in Deane Swift's collection. The letter was, however, not published by them.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 183.

how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him.¹ Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I can form no judgement on them. When I was leaving England upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from Ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your Ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please; for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead; for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord ——'s letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "all I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity," which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted.² Of those from my Lord Halifax, I burnt all but one, which I keep as a most admirable original of Court promises and professions.³ I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me, and yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand, where you say, you have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters, where there was no

¹ During the previous month Curll had been brought before the House of Lords in connection with the publication of some of Pope's correspondence, which it is now known Pope himself had sent to him by the hands of Pilkington's friend, James Woradale (*supra*, p. 46, n. 1). The proceedings before the Lords were grounded on a breach of privilege in publishing the letters of peers, and were instigated by Pope, who by the most extraordinary ingenuity had taken measures to insure their being unsuccessful, and contrived to "divert suspicion from himself without interfering with the success of the work" (see Elwin's Introduction to "Pope's Works," i, xlii).

² It has been suggested that Somers is the name to be supplied; Swift wrote to him twice in 1709 on 4 February and 13 June, but so far as is recorded received no letter from him.

³ *Supra*, vol. i, p. 165.

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word but your bare name mentioned.¹ I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of, and wish you would explain it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands, which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curll.

I will tell your Ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the Duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was Lieutenant, and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer, which omission, for I disdain to call it contempt, I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a Duke with a garter; or he is a Lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or like the Duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me, and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman, which last circumstance, with submission to your Ladyship, is what I seldom grant, and the matter desired was a trifle.² The letter before that related to a request made him by a Senior Fellow of this University, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the University, but the kingdom, and for that reason, it is thought, his Grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine.³

I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a

¹ Evidently Swift thought that Lady Betty had referred to an explanatory note which precedes the "Ballad to the Tune of the Cut-throat" in Faulkner's edition of his "Works"; "Lady Betty Berkeley finding in the Author's Room some Verses unfinished underwrit a Stanza of her own, with Raillery upon him, which gave Occasion to this Ballad."

² *Supra*, p. 164.

³ *Supra*, p. 123.

year, and my personal requests not so many, nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself, and although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties, yet I have utterly waived intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the Channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the Crown and his Grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain, your Ladyship's, etc.

MXIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

June 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream; or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling you stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school.¹ This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but, get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a sow ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you. Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling, and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut lings and sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am cal ling for my old one. I am cob ling my riding shoes,² and cur ling my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a cack

¹ *Supra*, p. 170, n. 4.

² A note is appended by Deane Swift to inform us that Swift wore always when riding spatterdashes over equally strong shoes, and that

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ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling taylor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the ale house, hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Walls¹ walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait, as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling; you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spaw ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling; she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner. I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the curates, or mud'ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his hand, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifier at best,² while his wife in her mac ling lace is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grandchildren and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f--- to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor Doctor.³ As to *Madame votre femme*, I

he never wore boots. The use of spatterdashies or gambadoes began, however, as we have seen, when he was suffering from lameness (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 313).

¹ *I.e.*, the Archdeacon.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 304.

³ Tisdall's wife (*supra*, vol. i, p. 47, n. 1) was a lady of good family. He married her within two years of the termination of his courtship of Stella.

find she has been coup ling her daughters;¹ I wish she were to live upon a cod ling or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly: I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling, with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her.

I hear you are fel ling your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home? Can I have stabe ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rise ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it: have no more piss to ling lads: employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their school-fellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the piehouse, and yawl ling and yelling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets.²

¹ Swift had probably not seen Sheridan since he received his letter in April (*supra*, p. 154).

² Deane Swift says that this word is marked "with a note of reprobation," and adds that it is derived from the French *petite*, in which modern authorities do not agree, and say the origin is unknown.

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MXX. [Original, etc.¹]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

[June 15, 1735.]

I RECEIVED your letter, which begun with *lings*. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty—a trifle; find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not yet entered in a letter,² which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will suffer me to hold out so long. *Dites moi, votre diabolasse infernale se mette elle de vos affaires domestiques? Souvenez vous de vos promesses de regner vous même, de gouverner vos enfants et la harpie de votre de laquelle ils sorbent.* You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully.³ I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and seven guineas a week are three hundred and sixty-five per annum. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter, and will you send away the other?

Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion; for you have no notion of regularity, and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have

¹ A copy of the first part of this letter and the original of the second part are preserved in the Forster Collection. The first part, the original of which was sold at Puttick's Sale Rooms on 24 May, 1871, was with some omissions printed by Faulkner under an incorrect date.

² *I.e.*, the preceding one.

³ Before that time Swift had obtained Sheridan's signature to a curious document admitting his optimistic disposition. See Appendix VII.

of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel; I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of Ossory.¹ Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a scheme of living with you when the College Green club² is to meet; for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. *Et eram ni fere. Ade velis be it at prae sentiam afra A, Cur sed quae an imme an O rat her at how sand virrite Lyons.*" I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who to save paper confuse everything. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. "Sirrah," said I to a Scotch footman, "why did not you go that errand?" "Because I did not mind it," quoth Sawney.

A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my Liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack the government hath placed just under my nose.⁴ I think of the line

¹ His friends, Lord and Lady Howth, had evidently invited Swift to visit them at Kilsane (*supra*, p. 81), and as an inducement had held out the prospect of his seeing "the Baboon of Kilkenny" ("Poetical Works," ii, 246). In addition to his quarrel with Bishop Tension as a supporter of the Bills of Residence and Division Swift had an antipathy to him as a cousin of the "good for nothing" Archbishop of Canterbury, and probably was unaware of kindred tastes in regard to country pursuits. The Bishop had come to Ireland on his appointment to the see of Ossory only four years before this letter is dated (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 195), and died in the November after it was written. He is remarkable for his efforts to propagate the Protestant religion which are said to have been defeated by the obstinacy of his temper and an excess of zeal (Harris's "Works of Sir James Ware," i, 433).

² *I.e.*, the Irish Parliament, so called from the situation of its houses on a green fronting Trinity College.

³ *Et eram ne ferre* a devil's bite; at present I am afraid; a cursed quean I mean; oh! rather a thousand virile lions.

⁴ According to Faulkner these soldiers were known as the Poddle-guard, from the name of a stream on which St. Patrick's Cathedral is situated. It is evident from the following paragraph that Dublin was not unanimous in reprobating their introduction: "There having been of late years many and great riots bred at Dublin by the battles between a set of young fellows called the Bail Boys, and another set called the Liberty Boys, who used to meet in great numbers of a side in Kevan

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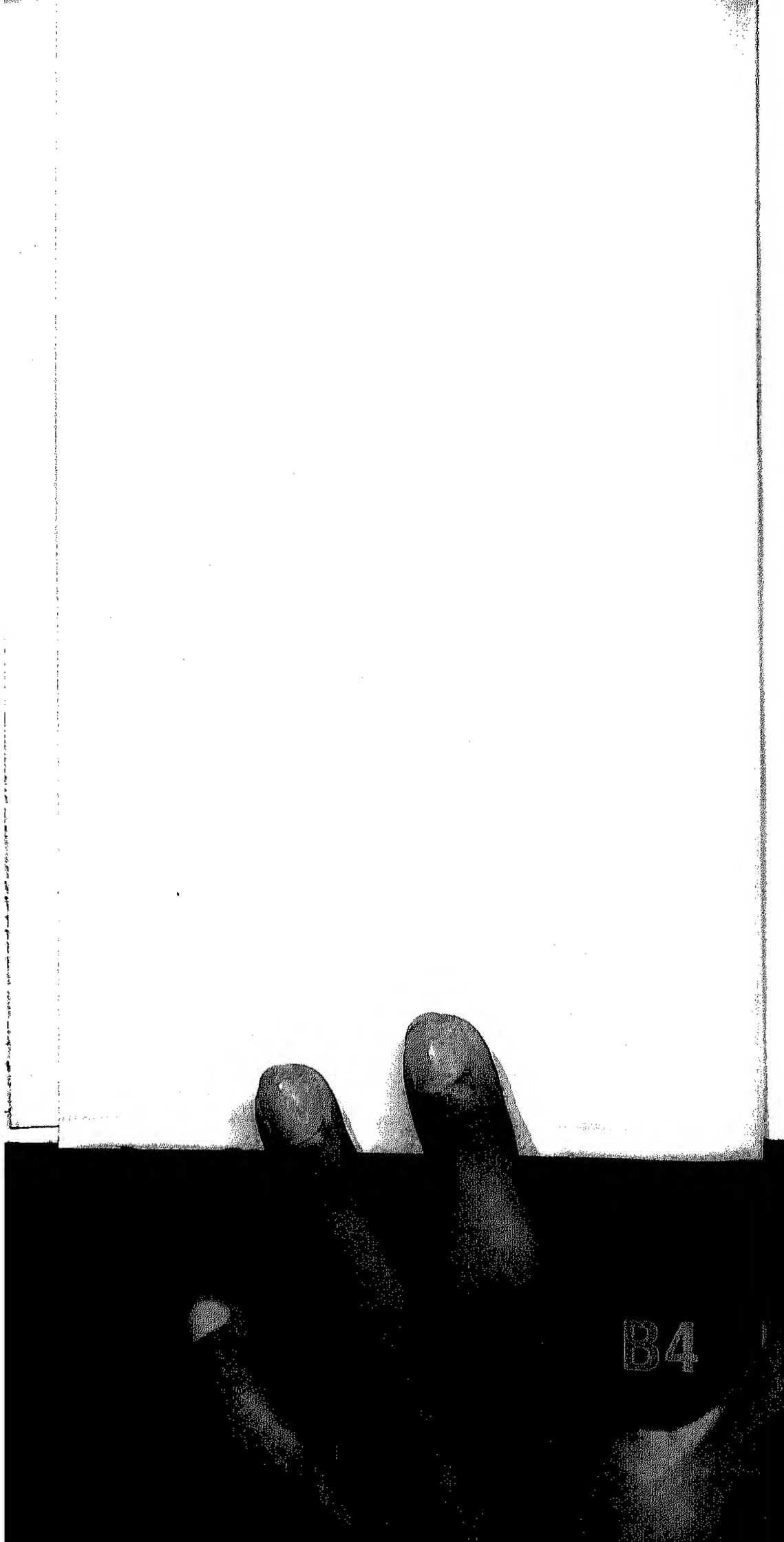


THE GRANGE, BALDOYLE



THE RUINED CHURCH OF BALDOYLE

From photographs by Mr. Thomas J. Westropp, M.A. Dubl.



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in Virgil Travesty: "The de—I cut their yelping weasands."¹ We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle² next week. This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange,³ and worse than ever; I was there yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was a little better.

[June] 16.

Here has nobody been hanged, married or dead that I hear of. Dr. Grattan⁴ is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain.⁵ My chief country companion now is Philosopher Webber;⁶ for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad except Robin who cannot stir a foot. Yesterday I had for my Messalina mutton.⁷ I hear you ray lies writt I fine. I sht Thebes tier Care Anne.⁸ I hope you will in every letter give me a new list of new boys, and old guineas a ten Trance.⁹ I am ass you red¹⁰ you are a very good subject to the Governor.¹¹ Do you know the gentlemen about Newry? How far do you live from thence? Because my cousin Kendall whom you have seen at Dunleary¹² has got a better

Street, to try one another's manhood, as they called it, to the great interruption of trade and business about that end of the town; and the government being resolved to put a stop to all such riotous proceedings for the future, they have placed a guard of soldiers there, in a house taken for that purpose, which guard began to mount for the first time on the 24th of May last, and consists of an officer and forty men; since which time the two contending parties have not dared to appear in that neighbourhood, and it is hoped the whole gang of fellows, commonly called Kevan Bail, will be dispersed, which will of course give great ease and quiet to the inhabitants of the city of Dublin" (Boyer, *op. cit.*, I, 17).

¹ "Scarronnides or Virgil's Travesty: a Mock Poem in imitation of the Fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneis* in English, Burlesque," by Charles Cotton, Lond., 1665, p. 87.

² *Supra*, p. 146.

³ *Supra*, p. 183.

⁴ The physician, the third of the Grattan brothers (*supra*, p. 165).

⁵ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 352, n. 2.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 108, n. 2.

⁷ Yesterday I had for my mess a loin of mutton.

⁸ I hear your ale is right. I finished the best I e'er carry any.

⁹ At entrance.

¹⁰ I am assured.

¹¹ *I.e.*, the head of the Corporation, who was known in Cavan as the Sovereign.

¹² This son of Swift's uncle, the Rev. John Kendall, has been already mentioned in connection with Swift's letter to his father (*supra*, vol. i, p. 3, n. 4). As noted elsewhere the village of Dunleary has given place to the modern Kingstown.

post, and is made surveyor at [Newry],¹ and I would have him be recommended to the honest gentlemen there, I mean the Whigs at whose mercy he must lie, and he is a good one himself. The mome[n] [i. e. I writ] this, came in poor Kendall and said the employment offered him [was at] Carlingsford, and but five pounds per annum better than what he has now at Dunleary, so you see how little people are balked as well as we their betters.

Here have been five and forty devils to do about Doctor Cope's daughter who ran away with a rogue one Gibson,² and the Doctor caught them in a field with a hedge parson in the act of coupling, and Dunkin³ is said to have helped on the match. And one Mr. Hatch's niece is run away with a hedge attorney's clerk.⁴ And one Will Vesey was like to fight with one Ashe, commonly called Sprig of Ashe, for an ugly rich trollop, one Widow Dixon,⁵ but Vesey the last-comer, as your friend Mrs. Whiteway judiciously observed from experience, carried off the prize, although Ashe were the younger, and has the advantage of being a great rake, which Mrs. Swanton⁶ denies, and they are telling so many lies about me, that I would not have you believe a word, and Miss Molly,⁷ though she says nothing, thinks more lies than either. I have been fool enough to sit for my picture at full length by Mr. Bindon for my Lord Howth.⁸ I have just sat two hours and a half.

Addressed—To the Reverend Doctor Sheridan at his house in Cavan.

¹ By a slip Swift has written Cavan.

² Henry Cope was a leading physician in Dublin, and became a few years later Regius Professor of Physic in Dublin University. He does not appear to have been nearly related to Swift's Loughgall friend.

³ The poet (*supra*, p. 157).

⁴ Hatch is subsequently mentioned as the Temple's man of business.

⁵ Vesey was a doctor of laws, and became a master in Chancery. He was a son of the Archbishop of Tuam (*supra*, vol. II, p. 75), and through his father's influence had at one time occupied a seat in the Irish Parliament. The fair lady was the widow of a brother barrister who had been raised to the bench a few years before that time, and only survived his promotion a week or two.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 11.

⁷ Mrs. Whiteway's daughter by her first marriage to the Rev. Theophilus Harrison (*supra*, vol. IV, p. 190, n. 1). She became the wife of Swift's biographer, Deane Swift.

⁸ The portrait from which Swift's head has been reproduced for the frontispiece to this edition of his Correspondence. As Sir Frederick

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MXXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *June* 19, 1735.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant,¹ to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health.² I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you. As for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well. But as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service; she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the Auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long.³ His son has, this spring, put to Westminster School two sons; he has three more and a daughter.⁴ Mr. Thomas Harley has had the

Falkiner says ("Prose Works," xli, 41) the artist, Francis Bindon, was equally distinguished as an architect and painter.

¹ Oxford had not written to Swift since the previous year (*supra*, p. 79).

² *Supra*, p. 176.

³ Oxford's uncle (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 44, n. 3) died two months later.

⁴ The auditor's son, who succeeded his cousin in the title, had four sons who came to maturity; the eldest became the fourth Earl of

gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire.¹ The Duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the sopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through.² My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the Duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved. He is returned to Oxford to follow his studies; he designs for holy orders.³ My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster School. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment, but lives upon hopes and promises.⁴ My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, etc., etc.⁵

Now I ask your pardon, dear Sir, for saying so much of family affairs, but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well: he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means—wicked ones most certainly—got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.⁶

It is now time to release you from this dull paper; but

Oxford, the second Bishop of Hereford, the third Lord Mayor of London, and the fourth a Prebendary of Worcester. The fifth and last Earls of Oxford were respectively son and grandson of the Bishop of Hereford.

¹ Oxford's cousin (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 155) had lost his seat in Parliament on the death of Queen Anne, and seems to have afterwards lived a retired life.

² Oxford's nephew (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 86, n. 2) had succeeded his father in 1731. He had entered Christ Church, Oxford, in that year, and received, two years later, the degree of D.C.L.

³ Robert Hay was a younger son of Oxford's brother-in-law, Lord Dupplin, who had succeeded in 1719 to the earldom of Kinnoul (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 270, n. 1). He became successively Bishop of St. Asaph and of Salisbury, and Archbishop of York.

⁴ Lord Dupplin, who had been educated at Oxford, and was invited by Stratford to meet Swift when he was there in 1727 (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 386, n. 2), was afterwards said to be one of the ablest members in the British Parliament, and held various government offices.

⁵ Lady Kinnoul's husband, who was then ambassador at Constantinople, had brought himself and his family to a state of destitution, and bore an unenviable reputation:

"Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K——!s lewd cargo, or Tyrnawley's crew."

⁶ *Supra*, p. 186, n. 1.

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I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir,

Your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,
OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to Lord Orrery.

MXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

Ah Miss cell a nee.¹

Cavan, June 23, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your *lings*,² no less than a hundred and sixty in ash hole,³ enough to bear down awe hale.⁴ What a change ling⁵ was I to prove oak yew by grove ling⁶ in the dark as I did. I should rather have minded the cop ling⁷ of timber for an old house, which I am two reap air.⁸ I am now dale ling with a march aunt for boards, a droll ling logg or he add. His nay miss Φω; ter, it hinc. Buy these aim to ken his toll a fat ling lamb from our butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studij. Now fora new e si style. 'Ευ νῶ "Ινω εἶπ μῆνιν ἄς τό dye a bless Inn Fern ale, bee cause ^{stand}eye French. A very good name for suc chaw help meet.⁹

Mice cool encreases and wood faster, butt that eye will not a bait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye.¹⁰ I do not yet hear of Master Lucas from

¹ A miscellany.

² *Supra*, p. 191.

³ A shoal.

⁴ A whale.

⁵ A changeling.

⁶ To provoke you by grovelling.

⁷ The coupling.

⁸ To repair.

⁹ I am now dealing with a merchant for boards, a drolling logger-head. His name is Foster, I think. By the same token he stole a fatting lamb from our butcher. This sentence, I fear, is a difficulty, and you may make it out by all I tell to-day. Now for a new easy style. You know I know your meaning as to *diabliesse infernale* because I understand French; a very good name for such a helpmeet.

¹⁰ My school increases and would faster, but I will not abate of my rates. I have refused above a score already.

Castle Shane,¹ for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously. Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear Sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamic aromatic air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits.

Mrs. Sheridan began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her mistress, with instructions to kick and cuff again, which had the effect intended. I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief I hear that my Lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss: for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you

¹ He was probably a son of Francis Lucas, who represented for over thirty years in the Irish Parliament the borough of Monaghan. Castle Shane, the family seat, is in that county.

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in Virginia ; and be pleased to be there on a Saturday. You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it ; but alas ! I must say as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo ; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguirlo.*¹

Doctor Cope was a fool to trouble himself about his rampant daughter ; for he may be assured, although he secures her from the present lover, since the love fit is upon her, she will try either his butler or coachman. And poor Sprig of Ashe I pity. He may now mourn in sackcloth and ashes. I suppose he is so much ash aimed,² that he is worn away to ash add dough ;³ Vesey, it seems, was ash harper,⁴ and played him ash hitten trick.⁵ He must have been ash allow⁶ fellow, to lose that beautiful trollop so easily ; I beg pardon, I should have said so Veasily. If he had been ash hay rid ann,⁷ he would not have lost her so easily.

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun⁸ is, that you may not Ralph use⁹ it, when you come among us. Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come pleament¹⁰ to Mrs. Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house ; do not fail to haul her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house, and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly. My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of ; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

¹ "Opere di Torquato Tasso," 1724, v, 40.

² Ashamed.

³ A shadow.

⁴ A sharper.

⁵ A shitten trick.

⁶ A shallow.

⁷ A Sheridan.

⁸ This caution.

⁹ Refuse.

¹⁰ I beseech you to make my compliment.

MXXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

July 5, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i.e.* race cats, or ray senta, and as soon as I can hear of Higginbotham, he shall get you the money.¹ The Bishop of Kilmore has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the Bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last February. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt. The moment I can raise the devil among the tenants, I will secure your poor money. At present I have not a *son* but a guinea and-a-half, till some bird of passage brings me some.

You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one William Sheridan, cousin to Counsellor Sheridan, has run away threescore and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to Drumcor and Bleancup, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to Counsellor Callaghan about him,² and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One Smyth, a rich grazier, would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I sent to Mr. Hale for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have Sheridan's article and Carter's bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may show them to Counsellor Robert Callaghan; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of Marahill, Drumcor, and Bleancup, and to set the two latter at forty-two

¹ It would appear from this letter that Swift had lent Sheridan money on the security of some of the lands held by him.

² There were about that time three eminent lawyers of that name, Cornelius O'Callaghan and his two sons, Robert and Cornelius. Robert had been Sheridan's pupil, and it was in his house that Sheridan died. Through a third son Cornelius O'Callaghan was an ancestor of the Lords Lismore.

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pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses. To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or
Eyes top Ass awe interr inn Dubb Line ann damn well
play said two fine dimn inn ass teat off Mare he meant:
All ass Ice he knot ass mile inn knack wart her These
Quires he rare sow stow eye call. Ann they par Suns sow
dam nab lye in sup port able Eye cann knot bay rum.
O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw
pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know sea see, butt
adge, use't is sack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum:
Hol Rum! say dye.¹ I have no news from our parts, but
that my man Pat, upon desiring him to silence our dog,
said, "By my soul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut
off." He presents his humble service to your Joe. For God
sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather
and everything is good. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MXXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

LORD HOWTH TO SWIFT

Kilfane, July 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good Dean of St. Patrick's
for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture,² and
have wrote to Dr. Grattan³ to give Mr. Bindon strict
charge in the finishing of it, and when that is done to bring
it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the

¹ I rejoice exceedingly to find my Lord Orrery stops a winter in
Dublin, and am well pleased to find him in a state of merriment. Alas!
I see not a smile in a quarter. The squires here are so stoical, and the
parsons so damnably insupportable, I cannot bear 'em. "O rare Rum,"
said I to one, "are you a vicar, or a prebendary, or a curate?" "No,"
says he, "but a justice o' Quorum." "Ho-Rum, Ha-Rum, Ho-Rum,"
said I.

² *Supra*, p. 194.

³ The physician (*supra*, p. 193) whom Lord Howth mentions in
his will.

original. I am very much concerned at the account you gave me of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The Archbishop of Cashel told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin, and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener.¹ I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions, and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the Baboon² is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant will use her endeavours to make Lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four.³

I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order;⁴ she is one I have a great regard for, and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and Lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Sometime this summer I design drinking Ballyspellan waters for a month.⁵ As for news we

¹ *Supra*, p. 157.

² *I.e.*, Bishop Tennyson (*supra*, p. 192).

³ The giant was a niece of Lord Howth's, the only child of Edward Rice, of Mount Rice in the county of Kildare, by his marriage to one of Lord Howth's sisters. She lived with her uncle, and was the origin of a duel between his brother and one of his brothers-in-law. According to a contemporary account the combatants were staying at Killish with Lady Howth's eldest brother, Richard Gorges (*supra*, p. 59), when news came of the death of another lady who lived with Lord and Lady Howth, and Lady Howth's younger brother, Hamilton Gorges, expressed pity for his sister who would now have no companion except "the silly Miss Rice." St. Lawrence resented his niece being disparaged, and after the household had retired for the night forced Gorges to fight in his bedroom with a fatal result to himself (Puleston MSS., p. 312; cf. as to date "Dublin Gazette," 8 January, 1736-7). Besides inches the young lady possessed property, and was heir to a considerable estate in the county of Tipperary, which was confirmed to her after a long suit by the verdict of "a jury of great figure and fortune" ("Dublin Gazette," 22-25 May, 1736).

⁴ *Supra*, p. 193.

⁵ Writing of Ballyspellan Spa (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 48, n. 2) a few years before that time, Loveday says ("Tour," p. 46): "An house built by it affords room to gentlemen and ladies, who spend their time here agreeably, for there is a large drawing-room, and its situation is pleasant on the top of a mountain. It is at present in great request."

have no such thing here, only the Baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sykes how long they have been coming. So long, says Sykes. "Ay," replies the Baboon, "and we shall be as long going back"; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the Church is in danger when we have so good Bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean,

Your most assured and affectionate humble servant,
HOWTH.

MXXV. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO JOHN BARBER

Dublin, July 12, 1735.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

I WRITE to you at the command of a gentleman, for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make, appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is Doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of quality, an intimate friend of the Doctor's, my Lord Tyrone, formerly Sir [Marcus] Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry Society.¹ His Lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate, and, to assist him in so good work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the Society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reason-

¹ Lord Tyrone, whose Christian name is given by Swift in error as Tristram, was a half-brother of Lady Howth (*supra*, p. 59, n. 3). Their mother, Nichola Sophia, younger daughter of Hugh Hamilton, Baron Glenawly, was the lady of the famous Beresford ghost story. The tradition, as related by G. E. C. ("Complete Peerage," vii, 452) is that the last Earl of Tyrone of the Power creation, with whom she had been intimate, appeared to her after his death and assured her of a future life, and predicted that she would be married a second time, and that she would die at the age of forty-seven. To confirm her of the reality of the vision he touched her wrist and caused an injury which she was obliged to conceal by a ribbon. Owing to a mistake as to the time of her birth she believed that the fatal year had passed, but her death is said to have taken place on the forty-seventh anniversary of her birth.

able, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me, and several worthy persons, particularly my friend Dr. Helsham.

Do you sometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here, that the gout has got too strong a possession of her. And pray let me have some account of your own health. I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company, but I can drink my pint of wine twice a day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from convenience; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long; and the public miseries of this kingdom add to my disease. I am, dear Sir, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

MXXVI. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

London, *July 12, 1735.*

I HAVE not answered yours of 15th of June² so soon as I should had not the Duke of Dorset answered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has showed himself as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, [and] had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his grandams did not play false, and whilst he is Lord Lieutenant, which I heartily wish may not be much longer, I dare say [he] will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far I will answer for his Grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The Countess of Suffolk, whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Evidently Swift's letter of the 8th (*supra*, p. 185) was not posted until that date.

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for, has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man.¹ The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as to me, to have long had, that is, ever since she has been a widow, so pray do not mistake me, a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy, and if they should not, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a Court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done; and Sir Robert,² her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish —; but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor I never asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly, and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forgot to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambers,³ Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other persons.⁴ I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

¹ Lady Suffolk, whose first husband had died in 1733, had married Lady Betty's fourth brother on 26 June. He represented Dover in Parliament for many years, and was Master of St. Katharine's Hospital.

² Walpole.

³ *I.e.*, Lady Betty's sister, the mother of her favourite niece.

⁴ As the names are not mentioned on the title-page (*supra*, p. 184, n. 2), Lady Betty must quote from an advertisement.

MXXVII. [*Orrery Papers.*']

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

Egmont, near Charleville, *July 12, 1735.*DEAR SIR,¹

FAULKNER will ever make his letters acceptable when he sends me the good news of your being well. Our journey hither, and our residence here, have been attended with so little vanity that nothing but your comments, and the dull hours of a rainy day, could force from me a letter. In these parts we live under a perpetual terror that Lord Clancarty's thunderbolt will destroy half of our most wealthy neighbours.² Like chickens in a farm-yard we tremble at the kite above us, and are running for protection under the broad spread wings of the law. I am not like to suffer should his Lordship's victory be as complete as the Marlborough arms can make it,³ *sed homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Of what infinite service might Thomas Hearne have been in this cause: possibly he could have found some dusty settlement among Lord Noah's papers that would have put all to rights, unless Duke Adam had made over these very lands to the Duchess of Eye. I hear so much of this affair all day long that I rejoice when bed-time comes, cheerfully submitting only to dream of the Clancarty family for six hours together. I am, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

¹ This letter, with others from Orrery to Swift, is reprinted by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Duckworth and Company.

² Orrery had arrived again in Dublin from England towards the end of June. On 1 July he writes from there that he had found Swift "in high health; the same inimitable man he had left him." Subsequently he had gone to the south of Ireland.

³ At that time proceedings were being taken by the son of the fourth Earl of Clancarty of the MacCarty creation, who had been attainted at the Revolution, to recover his ancestral estate.

⁴ The Duchess of Marlborough is said to have borne the expense of the lawsuits.

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MXXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

*July 15, 1735.*DE ARMIS TER DE AN,¹

URRt tome sum time ago an diam redito anser it thus.
A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it

¹ The following interpretation of this letter, which is evidently a rejoinder to Swift's *ling* one (*supra*, p. 188), is supplied by Sir Walter Scott:

July 15, 1735.

"DEAR MISTER DEAN,

"YOU writ to me some time ago, and I am ready to answer it thus. Alack-a-day, my ill ink, dence is in it, is not a bit fit for a Dean; it is more fit for a puppy. I'll use it to Tighe. I writ a Tory pamphlet, and Dick Tighe tore all, every bit. Dick is a beast. Dick is a serpent, I say. Dick is a turd, I say. Dick is a farter. Dick is pist, I say. Dick is a vixen. Dick is a squittering, nasty, fusty, musty cur. Dick is a ranter. Dick is a baboon, I say. Said I to Dick Tighe, can't you come in as a dancing-master, and dance a bory or a minuet? Damme if I do, said Dick. K— my n—, said I, you puppy. You're a sturdy ruffian, said I. You're a Tory villain, said Dick. You're fit for a gallows, said I, and you may die a-dancing. You're a rascally cur, said Dick. Dick Tighe, said I, your rage is a fart to me.

'Tantivy, said I, tantivy,
Hy! for a Dick in a privy.'

"I made Dick as tame as a mouse for all his anger. I recollect a piper, said I, and a trumpeter, and a shoemaker, and a drummer, and a squire, and a blackamore in your company, and a deal more making a jest o' you, Tighe. It is all a lie, a damme, said Dick, as sure as I stink. Since you say so, I say no more.

"I come here for money. It is apparent I can't have my May-rent, my tenant is tardy. I curse him every day, not a penny can I raise. I am bit. My stomach is a cormorant, ever ready to digest a meal every minute. I eat no lamb, no ran, no ducks. I generally eat a quail carbonaded at supper, and a quail is as fine a bit as a rabbit. Yesterday I eat a trout at a bit. Devil is in my appetite. A crust is my delight. I knew you, many days ago, eat twenty times more. A' Sunday I eat of a buck as fat as my — is; on a Monday I eat some peas; a' Wednesday I eat some pasty; Post-day not a bit; a' Friday a bit of bread; a' Saturday, some tripes.

"Lewis is mustering an army, and designs carrying it as far as Italy, some say Germany. It does alarm us; devil part 'em. If any news is fit to write, you may direct to me at Cavan in Virginia. My service to my daughter Anne, Captain Parry, Doctor Delany, Major Ffolliott; and my compliment to my dear mistresses, especially Worrall.

"I am at your Reverence his service for ever and ever."

The persons mentioned in conjunction with his lately married daughter were evidently regarded by Sheridan as his most dire

is more fit fora puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as turdi rufi an sed I. Ure a tori villa in sed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus sed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur sed Dic. Dicti sed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi sed I tanti vi
Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralls angor. I recollecta piper, sed I, an dat rumpetur, an da sume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a me sed Dic, as suras istinc. Sensu caeso I caeno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi maerent, mi tenentis tardl. I cursim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nōram, no dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat super an da qualls as sine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at abit. De villis in mi a petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more.) As unde I eat ossa buccas fatas mi arsis. On nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A Satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de sines carri in it as far as I tali, sum se germani. It do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I sani nucs is sito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miser vice tomi da ter an, Capta in Parl, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de armis tresses, especiali WRL.

I amat ure re verens his cervice fore vor an de ver.

enemies. Delany, as the patron of his rival in Dublin, had certainly given him reason for a feeling of resentment. Ben Parry, who was a Privy Councillor, and who died six months later leaving eleven thousand guineas "in specie" in his office, was an especial *blat noir* of the Tories. Ffolliott is described by Mrs. Delany ("Correspondence," i, 324), who "dispatched him with dancing," as "six foot odd inches high, black, awkward, ramping, roaring," etc.

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MXXIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

DEAR SIR,

July 16, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from Lord Lanesborough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility.¹ You will get it, I believe, on Monday. You have nothing to say to the two hundred and eighty pounds you mention. That is, I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the Bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun; stones a drawing home for an addition to my house; the school-house repaired at the charge of the county; a gravel walk from the market-cross to my house, at the town's expense; *item*, a gravel walk by the river; which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My Lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him, and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out, and you are to dispose of it thus: to Dr. Helsham, four cuts, Dr.

¹ The money was Mrs. Ridgeway's annuity (*supra*, p. 29, n. 3), and the messenger was probably the husband of a Mrs. Donaldson, by whom the inn in Cavan was then kept.

Delany, four, Mrs. Helsham, one and a-half, Mrs. Whiteway, ditto, Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples, Mr. Worrall, a pound and a quarter. Pray let them be all wrapped up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter; she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not; here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do. My scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones, freestone, are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison, such mutton, such small beer, such chickens, such butter, such trouts, such pouts, such ducks, such beef, such fish, such eels, such turkeys, such fields, such groves, such lakes, such ladies, such fruit, such potatoes, such raspberries, such bilberries, and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's, were never yet seen in any one county yet. Owe for tune a toes knee me 'um bone gnaw sigh shoe awe knower in't Cave Ann eye.'

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to everybody in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

¹ *O fortunatos nimium bona si sua norint Cavaui.* Cf. Virgil, "Georg.," li, 458.

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MXXX. [*Craig*.¹]

SWIFT TO LORD ORRERY

July 17, 1735.

MY LORD,²

I AM like a desperate debtor, who keeps out of the way as much as he can, and want of health in my case is equal to want of money or of honesty in the other. I have been some months settling my perplexed affairs, like a dying man, and like the dying man pestered with continued interruptions as well as difficulties. I have now finished my will in form wherein I have settled my whole fortune in the city, in trust for building and maintaining an hospital for idiots and lunatics, by which I save the expense of a chaplain and almost of a physician,³ so that I now want only the circumstance of health to be very idle and a constant correspondent, but no further than upon trifles. As to writing in verse or prose I am a real King, for I never had so many good *subjects* in my life, and the more a King because like all the rest of my rank, except King George, I am so bad a governor of them that I do not regard what becomes of them, nor hath any single one among them thrived under me these three years past.⁴

My greatest loss is that of my viceroy Trifler Sheridan. . . . Our Bishop Rundle is not yet come over, and I believe his chaplain Phillips⁵ is in a reasonable fright that his patron may fall sooner than any living in the diocese. I suppose it is trim-tram betwixt both; for neither of them have

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

² This letter is no doubt an answer to Orrery's of the 12th.

³ The application from Swift for a site for his hospital (*supra*, p. 136, n. 2) came again before the civic assembly on the following day. A committee to whom it had been referred reported in favour of Swift's "pious and good disposition" to their "populous city," and the assembly resolved that the site which Swift had suggested, near the Blue Coat School, on Oxmantown Green, should be granted for the purpose at a peppercorn rent (Gilbert's "Ancient Records of Dublin," viii, 177).

⁴ A memorandum made by Swift in one of his books tends to show that about that time his mind was constantly occupied in devising verses, and that even at night his brain was not at rest. See Appendix VIII.

⁵ *I.e.*, Marmaduke Phillips, whom Rundle (*supra*, p. 193) had appointed his chaplain.

three pennyworth of stamina. If there be any merry company in this town, I am an utter stranger to the persons and places, except when half a score come to sponge on me every Sunday evening. Dr. Helsham is as arrogant as ever, and Dr. Delany costs two thirteens to be visited in wet weather, by which I should be out of pocket ninepence when I dine with him.¹

This moment, Wednesday, six o'clock evening, July 16th, Mr. Phillips sent me word that he landed with his Bishop this morning, and hath sent me two volumes of poetry just reeking, by one John Hughes, Esq. . . . I have been turning over Squire Hughes's poems and his puppy publisher, one Duncombe's preface and life of the author. This is all your fault. I am put out of all patience to the present set of whiffers, and their new-fangled politeness. Duncombe's preface is fifty pages upon celebrating a fellow I never once heard of in my life, though I lived in London most of the time that Duncombe makes him flourish. Duncombe put a short note in loose paper to make me a present of the two volumes, and desired my pardon for putting my name among the subscribers. I was in a rage when I looked and found my name, but was a little in countenance when I saw your Lordship's there too. The verses and prose are such as our Dublin third-rate rhymers might write just the same for nine hours a day till the coming of Antichrist.² I wish I could send them to you by post for your punishment.

Pray, my Lord, as you ride along compute how much the desolation and poverty of the people have increased since your last travels through your dominions. Although I fancy we suffer a great deal more twenty miles round Dublin than in the remoter parts, except your city of Cork, who are starving—I hope—by their own villainy. Since you left the town there hath not been one riot either in the University nor among the Kevin Bail,³ which causeth a great dearth of news, nay, not so much as

¹ *I.e.*, the fare to Delville was two British shillings, and Swift dinner cost him one shilling and fivepence.

² In letters to Duncombe Pope professes at that time real regard for Hughes as a man of "merit, modesty, and softness of manners" and in conversation with Boswell Dr. Johnson commended the "puppy publisher" as a pleasing man (Pope's "Works," x, 124).

³ *Supra*, p. 120, n. 1.

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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review, and but two or three bloody murders. . . . I called at my Lady Acheson's and in came Phillips very hearty and has some excellent stories piping hot from London, which I have entreated him to send you. His Bishop is full of disease, but Phillips pronounces him the best man alive, and he does not value the chaplainship the thousandth part so much as the agreeable manner that it was given. This you will agree to be a compliment perfectly new, as new as any of my Polite Conversation. I will hold you no longer, but remain, my dear Lord, with more expression than the remainder of this paper will hold,

Ever your, etc.

J. S.

MXXXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

Limerick, *July 18, 1735.*

Off break to forced and, interrupted! ¹ Alas! alas! Bays quoth I faith simile good a. Paris at Victoire de Place the round driving berlin a of noise the like, brains my round roll that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I so and; sex or person of distinction either without, about promiscuously ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we. Strong get cannot I when beer small with myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied be to learn will I but; again sun the see never shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, English writing of sample new a you offer here I, Latin writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and achievements of search in far thus come am and, Manca la from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good, great so ever be

you from hear to desire

My Let.

¹ This letter is to be read backward from the conclusion: "Let my desire to hear from you be ever so great, good Mr. Dean, I will," etc.

MXXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

BENJAMIN MOTTE TO SWIFT

London, *July* 31, 1735.

HONoured SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth; and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term.¹ I do not doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time. I desired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde² to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least, if not approved, by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him,³ the *Life and Character* was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand, and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine.⁴ When I found, by your advertisement, and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.⁵

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses for which we were

¹ *Supra*, p. 59, n. 1.

² The widow of Swift's old bookseller (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 57).

³ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 362.

⁴ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 428, n. 3.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 91, n. 3.

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all brought into trouble, and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of anyone, how just and faithful soever, to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of, and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against Gilliver, and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet Gilliver early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork Street,¹ and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. Gilliver was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters.

The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. Yalden's,² of all that he knew, and more too, naming Mr. Pilkington first and then myself, which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary, only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expenses. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember anything that could affect me or anybody else. I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you. I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the

¹ *I.e.*, Erasmus Lewis (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 386).

² As Dr. Johnson tells us ("Works," ed. 1816, x, 268), at the time of Laver's Plot, Yalden, as a friend of Atterbury, fell under suspicion and only escaped indictment by confessing that he had attended Burgess's meeting-house and that some mysterious notes in his pocket-book were "a memorial hint" of that famous minister's discourse.

two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run.¹ I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law, but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves, in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him, which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in Chancery, to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit. As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me, I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him, and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the four volumes, and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable.² I am a

¹ See Appendix V.

² In the preface, which is dated January 1, 1734-5, to the second volume of his "Works," Pope says: "Whatever besides I have written, or joined in writing with Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, or Mr. Gay . . . are to be found in the four volumes of Miscellanies by us published. I think them too inconsiderable to be separated and reprinted here; nevertheless, that none of my faults may be imputed to another, I must own that of the prose part, the Thoughts on Various Subjects at the end of the second volume, were wholly mine, and of the verses, the Happy Life of a Country Parson, the Alley in imitation of Spenser, the characters of Macer, Artimesia and Phryno, the verses to Mrs. M——— on her Birth-day, and a few epigrams. It will be but justice to me to believe that nothing more is mine."

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stranger to what part of the copy money he received, but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it.¹ I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it. Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I suppose you have seen.² They were taken notice of in the House of Lords, and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as to a man of less impudence than his own would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. It is plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has.³ Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them. The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; beside that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.⁴

Mr. Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you,⁵ acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunatics and idiots. I am glad to find, by the newspapers, that so noble a design proceeds; for beside the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to everybody, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example: namely, that you will lay down a scheme, which will be a pattern for future founders of public hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive; and therefore, without any mercenary views, at the same time not declining any instance of your favour, I would beg leave to say, that as while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it

¹ Motte was evidently afraid to refer explicitly to the information which Swift had formerly given him (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 367).

² *Supra*, p. 186, n. 1.

³ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 383.

⁴ The work was probably Ozell's translation from the French of Montesquieu, which had been published, however, five years before that time.

⁵ To whom Motte refers is uncertain. Swift's old friend, Ben Tooke, has not been mentioned for many years, and can hardly have been still alive.

in, so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the public, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,
B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

MXXXIII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN TOWERS

[August, 1735.]

SIR,¹

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at four hundred pounds more expense. I am sorry it should cost you twopence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny, yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York, used to do when all the Bishops were gaping to succeed him.² It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and sponge upon you as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such

¹ The recipient has been already mentioned as Swift's host at Powerscourt (*supra*, vol. iv, pp. 257, 258).

² Rumours of the death of Queen Elizabeth's favourite were current for twenty years before he made room for his successor.

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The Cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know anything of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing.¹ I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your obedient, humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Rev. Mr. John Towers, Prebendary of St. Patrick's, at Powerscourt, near Bray.

MXXXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

August 13, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday sennight, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home, and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money, and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an Emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter-walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and

¹ The reference is to Sir Arthur Acheson's eldest son, who was created Viscount Gosford. He was then a youth of seventeen, and had probably gone to read with Towers, who was in the habit of coaching young men. Anecdotes of Swift told by him will be found in Appendix IX. Sir Arthur was then in London, and suspected by Swift of seeking favour from the Whigs.

diverted the river's course for that end; *regis opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid.

We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith, the player, never made so merry an exit.¹ He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard; and indeed he made his words good, for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder. When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in cheerful manner, "Ha, my friend, am I come to you at last!" Then turning to the people, "Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the furthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest." Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, did he know anything of a gray mare which was stolen from him. "Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul?" "Ay, by G—," said the fellow, "will I pay for seven." "Why then," said the criminal, laughing, "I know nothing of your mare." After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villainies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor, but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office, and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can.²

¹ Thomas Griffith was a prominent actor on the Dublin stage in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was by him that fifteen years previously the prologue written by Swift for the play acted on behalf of the distressed weavers was recited ("Poetical Works," i, 133), and during its famous run the "Beggars Opera" was more than once performed for his benefit. "Last night," says the "Dublin Intelligence" of 3 December 1728, "for the benefit of Mr. Griffith, the 'Beggars Opera' was the thirty-eighth time acted here before the largest and finest assembly that ever appeared at that diverting entertainment. Mr. Griffith spoke a pleasing prologue on the masterly improvements of the English poets, but more particularly on the celebrated performance of Mr. Gay."

² A long account of the circumstances attending the execution of this criminal appeared in the newspapers of the day. See Appendix X.

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth anything. My love and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MXXXV. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO ARCHBISHOP BOLTON

Dublin, *August 14, 1735.*

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashel, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your Grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house, if you have one, a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your Grace by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me, although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and hath good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver,¹ and to bring me a faithful account when he returns, but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

¹ *Supra*, p. 173, n. 1.

MXXXVI. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO LORD HOWTH

Dublin, *August 14, 1735.*

MY LORD,

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashel, and desired I would write by him to your Lordship and the Archbishop, only to let your Lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer, and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it; for, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your Lords and Ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands, otherwise, perhaps, there will be the works of the Right Hon. etc., and of my Lady and the giant,¹ neatly bound next winter. My Lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town, but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my Lady Howth a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

MXXXVII. [*Original.*]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *September 2, 1735.*

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED the honour of your Lordship's letter from the hands of Mr. Jebb,² who is gone to his Church living in a remote northerly part of this kingdom, yet worth four hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which will maintain him as well as twice the value in England. He told me he

¹ *Supra*, p. 202, n. 3.² In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.³ *Supra*, p. 195.

had got a wife, with a fortune that will here be considerable, but I think she is still in England, and he intends to go fetch her.

As to my health, my Lord, it is of very little consequence at my time of life, neither dare I venture a journey to England. I have here a large convenient house, I can afford to keep three horses, and ride a dozen miles two or three times a week, but dare not go further for fear of that vertigo which always pursues me more or less; and I cannot now bear the common hardships of travelling, nor live in a dear scurvy London lodging, nor afford to keep three horses and two servants there, nor give my evening friends a bottle of wine, nor have any friends to give it to. The miseries of this country have sunk my little revenue three hundred pounds a year; yet with good management I still make a shift to keep up, and am not poor, nor even moneyless. I converse with three or four men of worth, but I do not stoop so low as to be visited by Irish Lords or Bishops. I dine often like a King, by myself; my chicken and pint of French wine is my dinner, and costs me eighteen pence, yet I spend six hogsheads every year, which some of my Prebendaries and a few other cheerful clergymen, and two or three honest, learned or ingenious laymen sponge from me at noon or evening. I often ride out in fair weather, with one of my servants laden with a joint of meat and bottle of wine, and town bread, which attend me to some rural parson five or six miles round this town.¹

And thus I patch up life, and will not desire your Lordship's pardon, as you do mine for telling me of your domestic affairs, wherein I have a very good title to be informed, on account of the constant favours I have received from my Lord your father as well as yourself and my Lady Oxford. I had always the greatest esteem for my Lady Kinnoull, and yet mingled with the greatest commiseration, because I never was so deceived in any man as in her Lord, whom I exceedingly loved in the Queen's time. But without offence to your Lordship, my opinion of him for several years past hath been wholly changed. I hope my Lord Dupplin will have it in his power and his resolution to comfort his mother. I can tell from report that my Lady Duchess was safely brought to bed of a daughter. The

¹ *Supra*, p. 108, n. 2.

Auditor I think was always of a weak constitution, but he is very happy in a son, and his grandchildren. Does your Lordship hear that Mr. Thomas Harley keeps his former cheerfulness? We old bachelors are used to grow peevish in solitude. The account you give of the Duke of Leeds pleaseth me extremely, and upon the whole I believe there are not three families in England so generally blessed from Heaven as your Lordship's, nor more deservedly. I pray God continue those blessings both here and hereafter.

This letter will be given you by Faulkner the printer, who never sees me without overflowings of gratitude for your Lordship's great condescension and favours to him. I was indeed a little angry, but more grieved, to see four volumes called my Works printed at all in Ireland; but as the man assured my friends, and as it was generally known that some hedge printer would have done the like, and mix them with other people's trash, my friends advised him to it, and he submitted to all their corrections, and to leave out what they thought proper, for I could not hinder him. But I am ashamed of your House of Lords, who could not, or perhaps would not, punish such a profligate villain as Curll,¹ who hath murdered so many poets for thirty years past. Neither was it wise in your Lords' House to provoke a person of Mr. Pope's genius, if he had a mind to be satirical, and, in his heart, I believe he is as little fond of the age as your Lordship or myself. I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Oxford; I carry in my pockets the presents her Ladyship made me, and which at least are worth a hundred pounds, all given in absence, which circumstance from such a lady makes them worth at least an hundred times more. Your Lordship must also present my most humble service to the Duke of Leeds and the Duchess of Portland. I saw and knew the Duke of Leeds at Oxford nine years ago, and he was then allowed to be a very hopeful lad, rather than youth.² Pray God preserve your Lordship, and all your family, kindred, and allies. I am, with the truest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

¹ *Supra*, p. 186, n. 1.

² The Duke did not matriculate until 1731. Possibly Swift confuses him here with his cousin Lord Dupplin.

MXXXVIII. [*Lanc-Poole*.¹]

SWIFT TO JOHN BARBER

September 3, 1735.

SIR,

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he has the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one, wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country.

To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from [home]. And yet when the weather is fair, I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life, that I generally dine at home and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a year; that I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you; but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day, to bring some heat into my stomach.

Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile since we came acquainted. I did not know, till six months after, that my best friend, my Lady Masham, was gone.² I would be glad to know whether her son be good for anything, because I much doubted when I saw him last.³ Tell me,

¹ "Swift's Letters and Journals," p. 234.

² *Supra*, p. 167.

³ Swift is referring to his last visits to England. Lord Masham's surviving son and successor, whose birth and christening are recorded in the Journal to Stella, was then only a youth of fifteen. He was subsequently attached to the Courts of George II and III.

do you make constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life but to health. I know nothing wherein years make so great a change as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die in, and how to dispose my poor fortune for the best public charity; but in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give threepence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life and health as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousand now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch. Farewell, dear Sir, and believe me to be, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant.

MXXXIX. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

September 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl.¹ I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power; for you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters.² But my executors are men of honour

¹ The fact that Pope's letter is no longer in existence is probably to be accounted for by its contents, of the nature of which an indication is here given.

² It may be assumed that Pope had started in his letter the tortuous efforts which resulted in his securing possession of his correspondence with Swift.

and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me. Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loath that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next, yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one *l'pistle* inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height; I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend: *orna me*.

A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the Works of John Hughes, Esq.;¹ they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action.² His only fault is that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else. This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world; but, oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money, and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

¹ *Supra*, p. 212.

² *Supra*, p. 211.

MXL. [Original.]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

September 4, 1735.

If you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse;² and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at Knole with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, that all great fools and talkers wish us joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing anything I should, and still am so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next week, part of the journey to Ireland with their Graces,³ which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am very glad matters are settled between his Grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but small explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since Lady Suffolk would take a master, commonly called a husband, she chose my brother George; for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good one. We are now full of expectation of his Royal Highness's wedding.⁴ She has jewels bought for her, and clothes bespoke; and a gallery

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² This letter is evidently a reply to one which Swift had written soon after receiving Lady Betty's letter in July (*supra*, p. 204).

³ The Duke and Duchess of Dorset landed for the third time in Ireland on the 23rd of that month.

⁴ The wedding to which Lady Betty alludes was that of George III's parents, Frederick Prince of Wales and Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe Gotha. It did not take place, however, until the following April.

of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of State, I do not at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. Floyd is grown fat and well, under the Duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knole; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days, and I verily believe as few as she can decently help, to her father's.¹

Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's. He should have made those bitter silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to;² but you patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that everybody must suffer under that, and the lies of the newspapers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

MXLI. [*Orrery Papers.*']

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

Ballynort, September 8, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

THE happy Israelites had not more joy when they escaped from Pharaoh and his hosts, than I have on my arrival from Kerry.³ To come from thence with whole

¹ Her father was at that time opposing her marriage to Lord Vere Beauclerk, who had proposed for her nearly two years before (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 427), and had proved inexorable in spite of the united efforts of the Countess of Suffolk and Lady Betty. The question seems to have been whether he or her aunt was to find the fortune. "There was no moving the old villain, he would not hear of it, but I am pretty confident that is only to save his money" (Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's MSS., i, 158).

² These ambiguous words suggest the possibility of Swift having been the author. See Appendix XI.

³ *Supra*, p. 206, n. 1.

⁴ Orrery, who was then staying near the town of Limerick, had spent the month of August in exploring the county of Kerry. Its beauties seem to have been quite lost upon him. The sagacity of his dog in remaining in Cork while his master kept company "with the Yahoos of Kerry," and allusions to his misfortune in having "to hear nonsense and view the untamed Irish of that part of the world," are the main topics in a letter written by him while there ("Orrery Papers," i, 134).

limbs is an escape little less miraculous than that of the man's who rode over Rochester Bridge in the dark, when only a single plank was laid over a broken part of it. But they tell me I may congratulate you also, upon sitting your horse while the humane school master was shooting at larks and aiming at your life.¹ My dog Hector bids me ask you if it is not hard that bad men should be called beasts and dogs, when there are no instances to equal their inhumanity among the whole brute generation.

I hope Sheridan has been with you; his letter says he intends to be at Dublin this month. His Reverence seems much pleased with my new method of teaching dunces. I sent you a sample of it,² but was not honoured with your approbation, which mortified me extremely; because under your sanction I would have ventured to compose a grammar if to——

I have stolen a moment's time from rent-rolls and parchments to write to you, only to assure you that I rejoice at all instances where Providence protects you. May you live till good men wish you dead or I offend you.

ORRERY.

¹ "On Monday the 25th August," says the "London Daily Post" of 9 September, "the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, with a young gentleman, his relation, went to ride on the strand, which the said Dean often does for his health. As they were got near the Warren House, two persons stood on the sea side with guns, just ready charged to shoot at some sea-larks; the Dean advancing first, as he passed by the said man, perceiving their guns charged, and the owners going to shoot, said thus: 'Gentlemen, my life and limbs are of more value than any bird you can kill here; therefore I desire you will not shoot, at least for one minute, till I and my companion are out of danger by the starting of the horses.' Notwithstanding this request the Dean was not gone ten yards before one of them discharged his gun, at which the horses were so affrighted, that they narrowly failed to cast both him and his friend. The Dean's servant told his master that the person who made the shot was one Butler, a clergyman who keeps a school in Dick Street, near Great Butler Lane."

² *Supra*, p. 213.

MXLII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

September 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them:

Sunday's a pun day,
Monday's a dum day,
Tuesday's a news day,
Wednesday's a friend's day,
Thursday's a curs'd day,
Friday's a dry day,
Saturday's the latter day.

I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d---- and b----ps will thrive.

And for the next.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d---- will carry the b----ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no farther than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.¹

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m---- and b---- to hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible

¹ Final catastrophe.

days.¹ All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Crosse, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork.² Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night:—"You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow?" I believe it some of our royal birthdays. Oh! they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

MXLIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

LORD BATHURST TO SWIFT

Cirencester, September 13, 1735.

DEAR DEAN,³

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in Parliament-time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler, a shooting parson, be true or not;⁴ secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and

¹ Sheridan had evidently visited Dublin since he last wrote to Swift (*supra*, p. 219).

² There has been already reference to the eminent divine who was thought likely to succeed to the see of Cork, which was then vacant through the death of Swift's old friend Peter Browne (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 55, n. 2). He was not calculated to be a *persona grata* to Swift, as he enjoyed preferment of which a Tory had been deprived "by the virulence of party rage," and had proved himself, as Primate Haulter says, "a hearty Englishman" (Mant, *op. cit.*, ii, 638). According to Mrs. Pilkington ("Memoirs," iii, 73), he was cross in temperament as well as in name, and once when preaching in a Dublin church, on his manuscript being blown from the pulpit and hopelessly disarranged, concluded his discourse by consigning the congregation to the everlasting flames. In his verses on Rundle ("Poetical Works," ii, 263) Swift refers to Crosse as a candidate for the see of Derry:

"Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss."

³ Although from the opening lines one might suppose otherwise, it is probable that Bathurst had not written to Swift for more than two years (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 410). If a letter had reached him, Swift would certainly have preserved it.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 230, n. 1.

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ted upon oath that it was without design, and by
lent that the gun went off. In case the fact be true,
that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable
use, I require of you that you do immediately get some
painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and
ll order a great number of prints to be made of it, which
l be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that
a worthless rascal may not go anywhere without
g known.

make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of
and—such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be
ne there; and he would not venture into England when
se prints of his person are sent about, for he would cer-
ly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes
ough. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the
mon refuge of all scoundrels; but he would soon find
, that Doctor *Swift*, for so they pronounce the name, is
great esteem there, for his learning and political writings.
France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit
elished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by
nslation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any
ong themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find
t *Don Swifto* is in the highest estimation, being thought
be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a
ughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe
Poland during the time of these troubles;¹ but I can
sure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately
London, by name Madam de Montmorency—for she was
arried to a French gentleman of that great family—that
Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very
licitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not,
e being a zealous partisan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in
urope, and therefore slip into the East Indies in some
utch ship—for a Dutchman may be found who would
arry the devil for a stiver or two extraordinary—he will be
onfoundedly surprised to find that Dr. *Swift* is known in
hina, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the
reatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several
uropean books into their language; but I am well in-

¹ The contest for the succession to the throne which terminated
on afterwards in the election of Augustus, the Elector of Saxony, and
the transfer to Stanislaus of the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar.

formed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon *Stefit* the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kuli Khan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotchman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read the *Battle of the Books* the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegade slave translated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement, so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians, and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense, therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action.

Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy, a few only excepted of superior understanding, certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions; possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipped through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now, to avoid farther trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

¹ Presumably Bathurst means that the celebrated Nadir Shah was born with Scotch characteristics.

MXLIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

Cavan, September 17, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

Εἶχαν not butt reap rhyme and εἶ for wry tinn sow long
 an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge
 εἶ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυσῆρ Δῆρ what
 ἰς εἶρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas εἶδα, Inn Angle owe
 Law Tigh no. Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood
 as I do εἰ γὰρ εἶ ἀπ' ᾧ πόνηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay
 tann other subject toss at her eyes bis eyed my wife?¹
 The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would
 not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I
 no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for
 itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have
 Ann, she will give you ᾧ δὸδ; Inn the chops.²

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business,
 and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil
 a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks,
 and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can
 pass in Dublin that I may pay you some money which I
 owe? My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a
 famished weasel. I long much to see it have an alderman's
 belly; but *quando*, Mr. Dean, *quando*. We cannot say, that
 our weather is the devil here; for it is all water. If it con-
 tinues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I
 shall not, like Noah, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone
 linck waiter conjux.³ My mutton is growing too fat, and I
 want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear
 of no cadger going to Dublin, or I would send you a basket
 full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted
 shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. Whiteway to

¹ I cannot but reprimand you for writing so long an epistle about
 business [*supra*, p. 231], when to my knowledge you could as easily
 write upon nothing. 'Mr. Dean, what is your meaning to play on us
 in every epistle you do in Anglo-Latino? Cannot you write in a plain
 method as I do! I know you are a punner on all occasions. But cannot
 you get another subject to satirize beside my wife?

² I know you say it is every day of her life, but I say it is not true,
 for it is only every hour of it. She swears if you come to Cavan, she
 will give you a dowse in the chops.

³ Et pone linquatur conjux.

share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you, if I may be allowed to judge, she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship. I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she,¹ for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore *quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina, minime nostratum, qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam.* This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into Dean Crosse's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus, *Histoire Generale des Pais-Bas*,² I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals; all of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. How the world is altered since! But you must know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main.³ Now for the great scholars I promised. Among those, who became Bishops of Antwerp, you will find Philippe Nigri, Aubert vanden Eede, Jean Ferdinand de Beughem, Pierre Joseph Francken-Sierstorff. Among those of Bois-le-Duc, Clement Crabbeels, Gisbert Masius, Michel Ophove, Joseph de Bergaigne. In the same town you will find among the *Vicaires Apostoliques*, Henri van Leemputte, Josse Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Govaerts, etc., etc., etc. The next place you dine you may make a figure with those names, and silence even Robin Leslie.⁴ But a pox upon learning, I

¹ Make up for that deficiency.

² "Histoire Generale des Pais-Bas contenant la Description des XVII Provinces [par le Chancelier Christyn], à Brusselle 1720."

³ Charlemagne.

⁴ The son of the Nonjuror (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 433, n. 2) is said by Deane Swift to have been one of the most incessant talkers in the world, but to have had a great variety of learning and to have talked well. Swift commemorated him in the following lines (Dr. King's "Anecdotes of his Own Times," p. 139):

"Robin to beggars, with a curse,
Flings the last shilling in his purse;
And when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day."

say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico.*

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, viz., Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schröckius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebastian Schefferus, Guernerus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altorfi, Sebastian Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerckringius, Regnerus de Graaf, Swammerdam, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacrida, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joannes Christophilus Vagansellius, Jacobus Kerscherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask Grattan how many of these he has read.

You say—I thank you for that—that you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know everybody knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool.¹ Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain

You most obedient and very humble serve aunt,²

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.³ Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

MXLV. [*Deane Swift.*]

WILLIAM KING TO SWIFT

London, *September 20, 1735.*

SIR,⁴

SOON after I came to England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business

¹ My school.

² Servant.

³ My service to all my friends.

⁴ The third William King of Swift's acquaintance, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and author of "The Toast," makes here his first appearance in the Correspondence. Although he had paid before that time more than one visit to Ireland in connection with the lawsuit in which he was involved, his friendship with Swift had probably

of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience.¹ While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire, is a member of our Hall, but I have never yet seen him.² He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire.³ My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the House. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the Hall, and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my law-suit will force me into Ireland again the next term; as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker.

not been of long duration. It had, however, no doubt become quickly an intimate one, for as has been observed ("D. N. B.," xxxi, 167), King's "learning, his turn for satire, and his hatred of the existing government," were all calculated to recommend him to Swift. In addition there was a link through him with the Duke of Ormond, to whom, in his capacity as Chancellor of Oxford University, King had acted as secretary. By profession King was a civilian. He had unsuccessfully contested some twelve years previously the representation of the University, and was then "at the head of the Jacobite party at Oxford."

¹ The "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen," which was afterwards entrusted to King for publication.

² The gentleman was Deane Swift who, in the previous October, had matriculated in Oxford University as a student of St. Mary Hall. Although he returned his age as only twenty-four, he was then just twenty-eight, and eleven years had elapsed since his entrance into Dublin University (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 418, n. 2). Whether he had taken a degree there or not is uncertain, but his object in going to Oxford was no doubt to commend himself to Swift by imitating his career.

³ *I.e.*, at Goodrich.

However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention.¹ It is now in such forwardness, that, as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest Doctor has good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*, and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

MXLVI. [*Craig*.²]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

Dublin, *September 25, 1735.*

I THINK you are the reverse of nine hundred and ninety nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine out of a million. . . . You have affronted Pharaoh grievously by your odious comparison of his Egyptian Majesty to the Kerry nimrods.³ Sheridan stayed here not above ten days, all which he passed abroad, and only lay at the Deanery. He boasts in every letter of the fine air and meat and ale of Cavan, and the honest merry neighbourhood. He writes me English Latinized, and Latin Englyshed, but neither of them equal to mine, as my very enemies allow. It is true indeed, I am gone so far in this science that I can hardly write common English, I am so apt to mingle it with Latin. For instance, instead of writing my enemies I was going to spell it *mi en emis*. . . . I was to sign a report of a committee at the Blue Coat Hospital just now,⁴ but could not do it till the words *mob* and *behave* were altered to *rabble* and *behaved themselves*. Curse on your new-fangled London wits, *misti lis*!

¹ *I.e.*, "The Tonat." See Appendix XII.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

³ *Supra*, p. 131, n. 2.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 229.

⁵ My style is.

corrupted, and you, out of spite, will in your next letter torment me with *sho'dn't, wo'dn't, be'n't, can't, cu'dn't*. . . . Pray make haste to be at the play the 30th of next month to show your loyalty; it is to be at a new Playhouse.¹ I hope the poet who is to write the play makes half to buy his paper. . . . And do you think I will keep company with you, my Lord, when you come out just reeking from that abominable Club;² no I will hide myself at Cavan with Sheridan or go to Bath.

MXLVII. [*Faulkner*.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

September 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last Lord Mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan.³ The Duke⁴ was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The Club⁵ meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals, but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me a guest.

I had your law letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms, which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing Princes, and great Ministers, distributing our

¹ A theatre had existed in Dublin, in a thoroughfare known as Smock Alley, from the Restoration. In opposition to it, another was opened in Aungier Street at the time this letter was written.

² *I.e.*, the Irish Parliament.

³ Richard Grattan, the sixth of the famous brothers (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 262, n. 3).

⁴ Of Dorset.

⁵ *I.e.*, the Irish Parliament.

censures with the utmost impartiality and is what I have presumed to attempt, although conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for romance.

With lady; and because the judicious Mr. Locke necessary to settle terms, before we write upon

I describe a certain female of your acquaintance shall be Dorothy; it is in the following
 Dis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et, atra
 ur, alas i bo nes, a prae ter, at at lar, avi si ter,
 ro lar, an empti pate, arae lar, aram lar, an et,
 ist rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros
 rror, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, a huc stare,
 avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a
 ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a
 prata pace, a gallo per, a sive.¹ Most learned
 at you will please to observe, since I must speak
 ur language, that in the above forty-three de-
 s for females, many of them end with the
 city Lar, to show that women were chiefly
 family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any
 hath made the same remark.

He likewise begun a treatise of geography, the Anglo-
 call it erroneously Jog Ralph I. Mei quo te

"Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis
 gas it. Barba dos is more populous. An tego is
 ere." I have a third treatise to direct young
 icking. "Ama dis de Gallis a fine histori, an dy
 is ab et er. Summ as curus Valent in an Dor
 os te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore
 ani males o fallique nat ure; na mel I, ac at,
 , fanda ladi: I mae ad amo uto o: a ladi inde
 caeptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Praeis
 l sono dius orno?"

strapper, a trammel, a souse, a coquette, a trapes, an
 ones, a prator, a tatler, a visitor, a gipsy, a stroller, an
 reeler, a rambler, a net, a deceiver, a strumpet, a den,
 grumbler, a cross-puss, a flatterer, a peeper, a snotty-
 a huckstery, a sophister, a viper, a driveller, a gaoler, a
 ler, a sister, a —, a —, a muzzler, a muzzler, a ratler,
 a prate-a-pace, a galloper, a sieve.

to some of it? "Astracan is a mighty city, and yet Alicant
 Barbadoes is more populous. Antigua is a desert, I hear."
 de Gaul is a fine history, and yet Bellania is a better.

I believe some evil spirit has got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the Duke of Dorset, or with any one Bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the Duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, etc. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the Archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let Bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Mr. Donnellan is provided for.¹ I mentioned to the Duke that Donnellan should be Dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfeild, but it would not do, though Caulfeild seems to have some hopes, and it is Bishop Clayton's fault if he doth not yield, etc.²

MXLVIII. [*Faulkner.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

[September, 1735.]

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, I did just know him.³ What he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man, but he was of the class you think him. I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops, and a disgrace to one Bishop, two

Some assure us Valentine and Orson is the most elegant of them all to be sure. I can name four domestic animals of a like nature; namely a cat, a rat, a mastiff, and a lady. I may add a mouse too. A lady indeed, I might except as a beast I ever meet a rambling out. Pray, is my comparison odious, or no?"

¹ Bishop Clayton's brother-in-law Christopher Donnellan (*supra* p. 15, n. 1) resigned soon afterwards his fellowship, and was appointed to a living near Cork.

² The deanery of Cork was vacant as well as the bishopric, and the living given to Donnellan had been held by the late Dean. "Ol Caulfeild," a member of Lord Charlemont's family, was Clayton's archdeacon at Killala. He was evidently anxious to resign a prebend held in addition to the archdeaconry, by him in favour of his son, who ultimately succeeded to it.

³ *Supra*, p. 227.

things you will like, but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life. I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom, whom I liked so much, as Dr. Rundle. Lord Peterborough I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: no body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive.¹ Immediately after the severest operation, of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

MXLIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

BENJAMIN MOTTE TO SWIFT

London, *October 4, 1735.*

HONOURED SIR,

MRS. LANCELOT, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, showed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelve-month.² I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Lancelot;³ and as to Mrs. Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it; and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the 1st of November, and unless you forbid it before

¹ Pope had visited Lord Peterborough at Bevis Mount towards the end of August, and wrote thence to Patty Blount a similar account of his condition.

² If my conjecture is correct that the annuity mentioned by Swift in the letter to Gay (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 133) was the one to his sister, the amount was £15 a year.

³ *Supra*, p. 214.

that time, I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde, that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have been so particular, I fear even to tediousness, in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,
B. MOTTE.

ML. [*Orrery Papers.*']

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

Cork, October, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is a custom in Cork, of which I must beg leave to inform you, with all its hideous consequences, and to know from you whether my behaviour has been wrong or right, that I may amend or continue it for the future according to your decree.

On the day that a new Mayor is to be chosen for this city, the blackguards assemble themselves in the High Street, and come there charged with their pockets full of meal and flour, which they throw into harmless peoples' eyes as plentifully as beggars at Paris bestow holy water in churches. My ill fate forced me from home on this important day, and I had not gone many paces beyond the North Gate, before a ragged group of shoe-boys blinded me in a most furious manner with this emblem of snow. I opened my eyes as soon as oat-meal and consternation would give me leave, and seeing a most despicable set of wretches attacking a person for whom Mr. Hawkins, the Herald,¹ has a particular regard, I gave loose to the passions of an Irish Earl, and was going to try the sinews of my arm and drive the ragged regiment into the Scamander of Cork.

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

² William Hawkins then held the office of Ulster King of Arms.

But as I degenerate from my ancestors in nothing more than in their military achievements, native peace returned to my breast and conquered; so I put on a countenance between an ill-natured grin, and a good-humoured smile and passed on with the utmost haste, shaking my ears and bowing at the same time; not perhaps unlike my dog Hector, who, when he is corrected, growls, fawns and wags his tail. The blackguards pursued me with their flowery honours, but I slipped down the first alley on my right hand, having first had the consolation to see a primitive Quaker, who had a cleaner and a finer coat on than myself, in the same miller-like condition.

These mayoralite honours have been paid to all Christian souls from time immemorial. The higher your rank, the greater your quantity of meal; so that if his sacred Majesty was to walk on this day from North Gate to South Gate in his black velvet coat, his black cravat and his black feather, he would only fulfil the Merlinian prophecy of the white King. Now, Sir, pray tell me if I acted right or wrong? Should I have fought, or should I have retreated? Surely if my courage is dubious, my prudence is established, but your answer will determine this matter. I am, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,

ORRERY.

MLI. [Scott.']

SWIFT TO DEANE SWIFT

Dublin, October, 1735.

SIR,

YOU have been pleased to honour me with your friendship in so generous a manner, so I think myself bound to throw off all manner of disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances, which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surprised at the beginning of my story, and be inclined to think the whole a banter, but you may depend on its being actually true, and if need was, I could bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

¹ This letter, with some variations, was printed in "An Useful and Entertaining Collection of Letters" published in 1745 by W. Bickerton of London. The original is preserved in the Rowfant Library.

You must know then, I live in a poor little house of that stands on a waste, as other cottages do, and which worst of all, I am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is of a copyhold tenure, and the custom of the Manor is this. For the first thirty years of my life I pay nothing, only to do suit and service, and attend the courts, that are kept once a week or oftener. Four years after that I am to pay a rose every year, and farther than this, during the remainder of my life I am to pay a rent which you will say is a whimsical acknowledgement, once two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded; and I have nothing else to pay, out with me is the worst I will not be long before my person will be seized. I have had my lease on much better terms, if it had not been the fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife, on the advice of a bad neighbour, robbed an orchard belonging to the Lord of the Manor, and so forfeited their privileges; to my sorrow I am sure, but, however, I do as well as I can.

I shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable order. My kitchen, wherein I dress my victuals, is a comical little room, somewhat the figure of an oven. It answers very well the business it was designed for, and is fit enough. My garrets, or rather cock-lofts, are indeed indifferently furnished, but they are rooms which people regard now, unless it be to lay lumber in. However, I make shift to rub on in my little way, and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can. I understand my lodge, or whatever you please call it, descends upon a low-lived creeping family, remarkable only for nothing but being instrumental in augmenting the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane. But be that as it will, I have one snug apartment, which I reserve for my choicest friends, which is in the left side of the very house where you will be always a welcome guest, and you may depend on being as long as the ——— is in occupation of the famous worm-powder doctor.

Your humble servant

*Addressed—*To Deane Swift, Esq., St. Mary Hall, O

MLII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

October 5, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter,¹ for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaughlin that day, twelve miles; from thence to Navan on Thursday, eleven miles; a Friday to Virginia, fifteen miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, etc. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival.² Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton chop now and then, and do not forget some rice; we have none good here, but all other eatables in perfection.) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a bellu fora que en. Andi me quis mi molli as I ples.³

As for your jogg Ralph,⁴ I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick

¹ *Supra*, p. 240.

² It is possible that lines attributed to Swift were written on the occasion of the journey which he made a month later in response to this invitation:

"Dublin a city; Dunshaughlin for a plough;
Navan for a market; Ardbraccan for a cow;
Kells for an old town; Virginia poor;
Cavan for dirt, and Belturbet for a whore."

³ Your Doll is a devil, I think. My Moll is a beauty, an angel I see. Anne has fine eyes, a fine face, a breast as snow, a belly for a Queen. And I may quiz my Molly as I please.

⁴ Geography.

'clay,
ich is
ute's
of the
am to
upon
years
than
tooth,
every
when
l, and
might
been
, with
long-
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Ann Tarr Tick,¹ next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn,² the twelve signes Aare I ease, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is,³ together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, etc., etc.⁴ In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of Lord Peterborough's rambles. He had like to break al *Lish on* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh*, in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its King upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a friar's cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in*. Pray, *Deau mark* that. In Holland he met with a *G—amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there * * * * by a whore; and he cried out, *Rat her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries and no farther.

Thus far you see I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the *De* in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for everything is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for anything but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do

¹ Arctic, Antarctic.

² The meridian, the equator, the horizon, the ecliptic, the tropic of Cancer, the tropic of Capricorn.

³ Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

⁴ Colures, zones, and climates.

assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MLIII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

Dublin, *October 19, 1735.*

ARE you not entirely obliged to me for your title, your estate, your health, your wit, your generosity, your learning, your good nature, your everything? . . . Public vexations hath sunk my spirits. . . . Pray, my Lord, if you have any middling bit of land worth about two hundred pounds a year, I would desire to be a purchaser because I design to leave my whole fortune to a public use. . . . Years and ill health have got hold of me and I cannot long struggle with either. . . . I think the Ode of Pyrrha is very well translated only some things may be altered a little. . . . I think the whole conveys the very ideas of Horace. . . . I will not read over this letter to mend the numerous blunders in letters, syllables, and words that my giddy, tottering head will have misled me to. . . . Blunders nineteen.

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

MLIV. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *October 21, 1735.*

MY LORD,

YOU did me the honour to recommend the bearer, Mr. Jebb, to me, and upon as good a title I recommend him back to your Lordship.² He appears to me as worthy and modest a man, at least as ever England sent me, and, I know not how or why, hath succeeded better than I could expect from his good qualities, his only fault is his marriage, unless you will call it a worse that he is going over to bring his wife; but his children will be all Irish, while a thief transported to Jamaica, and married to a battered Drury-lane hackney jade shall produce true Britons. I congratulate with your Lordship upon the fair prospect of liberty in England, and a most uncorrupt administration, of which we every day feel the good effects in this flourishing kingdom. I long ago acknowledged the honour of a letter your Lordship sent me on the marriage of my Lady Marget,³ and I will ever during my life demand the continuance of a constant historical account of every important event in your family, because I look upon it as an hereditary right. I have examined Mr. Jebb very strictly concerning the Duke of Portland, for fear of your Lordship's partiality and good nature, but he confirms me in everything you say of his Grace, so that I have nothing farther to do on this article than to wish and hope for a continuance of blessings on your Lordship, my Lady Oxford and your whole future family.

I have commissioned Mr. Jebb to send me a constant account of everything material that relates to your Lordship and everyone who is dear to you, and I lay a particular injunction on your Lordship to present my most humble service to my Lady Oxford and the Duchess her daughter. I remember her Grace very well, and desire her to be no better than I left her. Mr. Jebb will tell you how little I am good for, and am daily battling with years and dis-

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

² *Supra*, p. 222.

³ *Supra*, p. 84.

orders by walking and riding, how few friends I have, and how many enemies. He is a very civil Whig, takes the best handle of the world, and is beloved by all who know him; in this last article endeavouring to imitate your Lordship. I hear you love London summers, and therefore expect you will suffer me to live six hot months at Wimpole with as much wine and meat and as many horses and servants from April to October next as I shall think fit. My ever dearest Lord, I am with the greatest respect, truth, and love,

Your most obedient and most grateful humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford.

MLV. [*Ekvin*.]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

October 21, 1735.

I ANSWERED your letter relating to Curll, etc.¹ I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balzac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting.

Now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day;²

¹ *Supra*, p. 226.

² *Ibid.*, with Sheridan.

yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night. My best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord [Bolingbroke]?¹ Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.

You need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office. I have a thousand things more to say, *longaevitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time,² which I spend to tell you so; I am, ever dearest Sir,

Yours, etc.

MLVI. [Copy.]

SWIFT TO LORD BATHURST

October 21, 1735.

MY LORD,

WHAT have I to do with a letter from Cirencester where Mr. Pope, poor Gay, and I, were forced to lodge at one of your farmers and walk two miles to dinner, with your two thousand five hundred acres of garden, and not a codling to eat?⁴ My Lord, your proposals for banishing the shooting parsons out of this present globe, have been maturely considered by my friends. It was wisely observed among them that the thieves and robbers here are grown so skilful to commit such actions as will only leave them at the gallows' foot, and only sentence them to be transported, which is justly looked upon as a mark of favour, and an encouragement to these rogues to pursue their villainies, because they cannot change their country for another so bad. And accordingly we often see whole boatsful go off with pomp and mirth and music and drink, as a governor sent to the West Indies.

My Lord, you are entirely mistaken about the politics of

¹ He was still in France (*supra*, p. 169).

² *I.e.*, before Jebb sailed.

³ In the Forster Collection.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 34.

this country, where I have no friends but citizens and the rabble; for I have reason to think that if the parson had not sent me a letter of humiliation, and employed some friends to entreat me to pardon him, the folks in power would have certainly solicited the government to make him a Bishop, at a promotion which is now depending; where the two fairest candidates are seven times worse than him.¹

My Lord, you are to know that this kind of proceeding is a practice I have followed some years, for if a tradesman cheats me, I put him immediately into a newspaper, with the bare matter of fact, which the rogues are grown so afraid of, that they are often ready to fall on their knees for pardon. I began this scheme with a long record upon a large piece of black marble in my own Cathedral, on the north side of the altar, whereon I put a Latin inscription which I took care to have published in London newspapers.² The granddaughter of the old Duke of Schomberg would not send me fifty pounds to make him a monument over his burying-place; upon which I ordered the whole story to be engraved, and you must have seen the writing several years ago to the scandal of the family; particularly because his present Majesty said, God damn Dr. Swift, whose design was to make him quarrel with the King of Prussia. Thus I endeavour to do justice in my station, and give no offence.

I am extremely obliged by your Lordship's remembrance, and I will tell you one thing that may possibly make you angry; but what care I? When I receive a letter from you, I summon a few very particular friends, who have a good taste, and invite them to it, as I would do if you had sent me a haunch of venison. I hope to write you no more letters about appeals, because I think you are generally on the other side, either to cure me, or out of perverseness. What have you done with my Lord Bolingbroke? Our wise folks here imagine he hath no intention to return. I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Bathurst, and pray God continue his blessing to your numerous fireside. I wish I knew how many there are with their names and sexes. I am ever, my dear Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant.

J. SWIFT.

¹ *Supra*, p. 232.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 218, n. 1.

MLVII. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.¹]

SWIFT TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

Dublin, October 25, 1735.

SIR,

YOURS of the 4th instant I had not till very lately.² Here lives one Mr. Hatch, who is a manager for the Temple family. He came lately to the Deanery, and talked with great melancholy of Mrs. Fenton not having received any money from me in a long time; whereupon I paid him ten guineas for her use, and took his receipt, for, to say the truth, having not heard of you in a long time, nor caring one straw whether that woman had received one penny, or what became of her who had during her whole life obliged me in the most circumstances of her conduct, I did not employ one thought upon her, except to her disadvantage, and I heartily wish you had demanded your money of me as you paid it, because then it would not have been such a load upon me as now it will. I desire, therefore, you will please to let me know how far I am got in your debt, and I will discharge it as fast as I can get any money in, which is almost as impossible to find here as honesty, so that I am hardly able to subsist for want of receiving any rents or interest. I desire, therefore, you will pay her no more, but only send me how her account lies, including the ten guineas I sent by Mr. Hatch, who was to send her a bill. It is not above three weeks ago. I would much rather assist my poor cousin Lancelot, if it was in my power, for she was always kind and obliging to me. I did not know Mrs. Fenton had a son, nor will ever believe such a breed had either worth or honour. My service and love to Mrs. Lancelot. I hope you and your family are well. As to my own health, it is very indifferent, and fretting myself in vain about the villainy of others. I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. S.

¹ N. S., vol. xlv, p. 233. The original was sold on 15 December, 1906, by Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.

² *Supra*, p. 243.

MLVIII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES KING

Deanery House, *October 27, 1735.*SIR,²

I AM so very much a monk, and of so severe an order, that I hardly know what an invitation is, but in recompense I dine like a King, always alone. However, I know not how it hath come to pass that I long apprehended you would have the power to corrupt me. I shall therefore un-Stoic myself to attend you, if my health, which is very uncertain, will permit me. I am with very great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

MLIX. [*Deane Swift*.]

THE REV. CHRISTOPHER DONNELLAN TO SWIFT

Cloyne, *October 31, 1735.*SIR,³

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgements for many favours, which very justly de-

¹ It was lately in the possession of Mrs. King, of Proby Park, Dalkey, co. Dublin, by whose permission it was copied for this edition of the Correspondence. There is also a copy in the Forster Collection which is said to have been obtained in March 1870 at Sotheby's Sale Rooms.

² The recipient, whose father Swift had hoped in his early days to succeed at Swords (*supra*, vol. i, p. 119, n. 1), was a Prebendary of St. Patrick's and had been appointed a few years before to the cure of St. Bride's on the resignation of Robert Grattan. He was evidently a great favourite of Swift, who named him amongst his executors, and bequeathed him "a large gilded medal of King Charles I, with on the reverse a crown of martyrdom and other devices" (Carroll's "Clergy of St. Bride's," p. 21). "It is observable," remarks that author, "that as there were three Dr. William Kings, all correspondents of Swift, viz., the Archbishop, the poet, and the Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, so there were three Rev. James Kings, clergymen together in the diocese of Dublin, viz., our incumbent, a chaplain to the city of Dublin, and the Fellow of Trinity College" (*supra*, p. 150).

³ Since he was last mentioned (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 291) Berkeley had been promoted to the see of Cloyne, and as appears from this letter,

manded them, yet the late application to the Duke in my behalf, which I had an account of from my sister, is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent. I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgement and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both, and be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your showing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, Sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the Bishop of Cloyne's favour, and how handsomely it was given, unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least three hundred pounds per annum, and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody.¹ Its nearness to Cork, being within four miles of it, would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say; this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The Bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services, and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

Donnellan owed to him the living to which he had been presented in that diocese (*supra*, p. 242, n. 1), and was writing from his house.

¹ Donnellan's parish, Inniscarra, is situated on the river Lee, and is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery.

MLX. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.¹]

SWIFT TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

November 1, 1735.

SIR,²

MR. FAULKNER in printing those volumes did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder, and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me. My desire was, that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, Sir, with great truth,

Your most humble and affectionate servant,
JON. SWIFT.

MLXI. [*Deane Swift*.]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Paradise,³ November 8, 1735.

SIR,

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind.⁴ I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination; I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you.⁵ I was am-

¹ N. S., vol. xliii, p. 260.

² It would appear from what follows that Swift's letter of 25 October had crossed one from Motte complaining of the circulation of Faulkner's edition of Swift's "Works" in England.

³ *I.e.*, Sir John Stanley's villa (*supra*, p. 89).

⁴ As appears from the last paragraph, she had received a reply to her letter of 16 May from Swift, but had evidently not responded to it before.

⁵ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 435, n. 1.

bitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it; I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies, and I shall lose the honour of your friendship, which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character, and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company; if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country; furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country, as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's Works; they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's Lectures.¹ Many things are too abstruse for me in that study, but I fancy myself in some respects much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often; she cannot be pleased with a situa-

¹ "Physico-Theology; or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God from His Works of Creation," which William Derham delivered as Boyle Lecturer.

tion that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often, and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion; he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit. If I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another. I know you pay me a great compliment in writing, and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing anything that may give you trouble, but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

MLXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO
MRS. WHITEWAY

November 8, 1735.

SWIFT

MADAM,

NOVEMBER 3, to Dunshaughlin, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all; yet I balted every day, and dined where I lay, and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the Doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland.¹ Let the Doctor do his part.

¹ "I was there at his arrival," says the younger Sheridan, "and during the whole time of his continuance there. It grieved me much to see such a change in him. His person was quite emaciated, and bore the marks of many more years than had passed over his head. His memory greatly impaired, and his other faculties much on the decline. His temper peevish, fretful, morose and prone to sudden fits of passion" ("Life," p. 386).

SHERIDAN

Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting; and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear goloshes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope when the weather mends, that everything will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed.

SWIFT

In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the Deanery, and see how the world goes there. 'The Doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like Philosopher Webber.' I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his.¹ Write me no news of the Club,² and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.

SHERIDAN

Dear Madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean in *potentia*. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. Harrison³ will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing anything

¹ *Supra*, p. 108, n. 2.

² Mrs. Whiteway prided herself evidently on her knowledge of the healing art.

³ *I.e.*, the Parliament.

⁴ Her eldest son, Theophilus Harrison, who died soon afterwards.

wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the Club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my,¹ but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean.

SWIFT

It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the Doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss, with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the Doctor hath anything more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, etc.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a Clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker:² yours may be General —, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpupped their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf.

Besides this son, who was a graduate of Dublin University, Mrs. Whiteway had by her marriage to Mr. Harrison (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 190, n. 1) a daughter, the Molly of these letters, who became Deane Swift's wife, and by her marriage to Mr. Whiteway two sons, Ffolliott and John, who adopted respectively the professions of an attorney and a surgeon. At least one of her sons had been at Sheridan's school. See Appendix XIII.

¹ Economy.

² In spite of his father's ardent Toryism Nim Rochfort had contrived on the accession of George I to retain his seat for Ballyshannon (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 128, n. 2), and had been elected on the accession of George II one of the representatives of Mullingar, the principal town in the Rochforts' own county. It is evident from Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs" that he was an *habitué* of the Deanery, and as has been mentioned, he was one of the friends Stella selected as her executors. In my opinion there can be no doubt that it was to Nim Rochfort's wife Swift addressed the "Letter to a Very Young Lady on her Marriage" ("Prose Works," xi, 114) as she was married at the time it was written, and belonged to a family, the Stauntons, known to Swift (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 299).

SHERIDAN

The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection,

Your most obedient humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts; I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the Dean is my witness.

MLXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT

November 8, 1735.

SIR,

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, pox on all Irish writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleased to suppose, that I began my letter by entreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now, to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph. Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp.¹ I do not know

¹ The sufferings of Mr. Throp, to which there is a reference in the "Legion Club," are set forth at length in a pamphlet entitled "A Narrative of the Case of the Reverend Mr. Roger Throp, A.M., decd, lately Rector of Kilcorman in the diocese of Limerick, taken from a Manu-

whether you heard anything of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the House of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the Deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, unless you command otherwise, you shall hear once a week from, Sir,

Your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the Deanery; everything is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister¹ present you their most obedient respects.

MLXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

— TO SWIFT

Castletown, November 9, 1735.

HONOURED SIR,

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of

script drawn up by him in his Life-time, 1739." In this pamphlet Mr. Throp is represented as the victim of the most awful tyranny on the part of Colonel John Waller, who "from being his patron became his persecutor," and is accused incidentally of being responsible for no less crimes than arson and attempted murder. Throp had been a college pupil of Delany's, who is said to have shown him much kindness under his persecution by Waller, and as appears from his reply, Swift was the author of the paragraph to which Mrs. Whiteway alludes.

¹ *I.e.*, Molly (*supra*, p. 260, n. 4). She appears to have served as an object for Swift's banter. See Appendix XIV.

a woman's pen. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself: yet venture to desire your judgement of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The Muse is my best companion, and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must intreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again, which if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir,

Your most humble servant,
M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

MLXV. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

London, *November* 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago,² which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since, but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's, with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, that makes yours grow worse, and the answer to mine had been:—"Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine now the Duke and Duchess are here; she wants to know more frequently how and what they do."

I can tell you no story of the ring, which you want to know, but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an Earl of Peterborough;³ and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² A reply to her letter of 4 September (*supra*, p. 228).

³ *I.e.*, through her husband's first wife (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 262).

I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

Though I came but last week from my house in Northamptonshire, I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some, and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove out in a chair, with one horse; for, as I am a very bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be Bishop of Cork; for his Grace is such a conceited silly man that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whitcombe, because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a stop to his preferment before;¹ and therefore, if I was his Grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the Countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

MLXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. SICAN TO SWIFT

November 15, 1735.

REV. SIR,²

A GENTLEMAN, who has just arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and

¹ *Supra*, p. 133.

² It is evident from these letters that Mrs. Sican (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 121) continued to enjoy Swift's favour and was a constant visitor at the Deanery.

desires me to send you the enclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town. I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has had justice done him in College Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two-thirds of the House were for him.¹ He is now going to petition the House to oblige Colonel Waller to waive his privilege, but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation.² Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day³ at the Castle, nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies; I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend Lord Clancarty drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended.⁴ I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,
E. SICAN.

¹ On 7 October a complaint had been made to the House of Commons that Throp had committed a breach of privilege in instituting an action against Waller, who was a member, and had been referred to the Committee of Privileges. The Committee met on 13 November to hear the complaint, and after a number of witnesses had been examined, the "Narrative" (*supra*, p. 262, n. 1) says: "The question was put for the Chairman's leaving the chair, and carried in the affirmative, not above twenty people having divided in favour of the Colonel, and most of those had the honour to be nearly allied to him."

² About that time Orrery wrote to Pope: "The Dean is my *dulce deus*. All the moments I steal from attorneys, agents and solicitors are passed when I am at Dublin with him" ("Orrery Papers," I, 141).

³ *I.e.*, that of George II on 30 October.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 206.

Enclosure.

JOHN SICAN TO SWIFT

Paris, *October 20* [O.S. 9], 1735.HONoured SIR,¹

MR. ARBUTHNOT'S absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days,² but upon the reception of it he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the Chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects.³

I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of everything curious within four leagues of this city, but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, etc., as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that

¹ The writer was the author of "Verses sent to the Dean on his Birthday, with *Pine's* Horace, finely bound" ("Poetical Works," i, 280). He was a scholar and graduate in arts of Dublin University, and was then twenty-three years of age. Eight years later he took out a degree in medicine. "This young gentleman," says Deane Swift, "was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way." In announcing his death, which occurred in the summer of 1753, the "Gentleman's Magazine" says that Dr. Sican was well known in the learned world, and that he was shot near Naples.

² The allusion is to Dr. Arbuthnot's brother Robert (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 369).

³ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 79.

journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched, of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houyhnhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built are very magnificent—I should do them an injury in comparing them to the Palace of St. James's—yet these seem but mean to anyone who has seen that of the Duke of Bourbon at Chantilly, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each, and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace; some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if anyone would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which, water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the water works. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris,¹ I was tempted to go see it. It is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give. This is common to men and women. There is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hopital des Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago. If there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and peruke-makers.

¹ Satire IV: "Les Folies Humaines."

The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, Sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie,¹ but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir,

Your most obliged, humble servant,

J. SICAN.

MLXVII. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO
MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, November 15, 1735.

SWIFT

DEAR MADAM,

. . . I WRIT the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey.² I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house; the Doctor had his share in the letter; although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse, but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger, but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I

¹ It is possible that the inquiry may not have been for Robert Leslie (*supra*, p. 236), but for his brother Henry, who had seen service in the Spanish army. He resided at Market Hill, and according to Sir Walter Scott ("Life," p. 389), Swift stayed with him on the last occasion that he visited that place. He is contrasted with his brother Robert by Swift in the following lines:

"Young Harry when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left walks home in rain."

² *Supra*, p. 259.

ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself.

I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Sheill, my wine-merchant,¹ lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles, as he assured me, before I left Dublin; for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The Deanery woman must be ready, and Kendrick and Land must assist,² and the carrier must take them from Shiel's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier, and give her eighteen pence to bear her charges, of which I will pay threepence, and the Doctor intends paying another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgement is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, etc. I battle as well as I can, but in vain, and you shall change my name to Doctor *Shift*. We abound in wild-fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, etc., for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house, but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer-house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable.

The Doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic Chevalier ———.³ As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative, and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some de-

¹ *Supra*, p. 185.

² Roger Kendrick and Henry Land were the vergers and sexton respectively of Swift's cathedral. From personal reminiscences with which he has enriched the registers, it is evident that Kendrick was a character and a favourite of everyone connected with the cathedral from the Archbishop downwards. In addition to the office of vergers he held that of master of the charity school. Land had then been sexton for sixteen years, and occupied that position until his death in 1757. After Swift's death he married Mrs. Ridgeway.

³ This sentence appears to refer to some passage omitted from Mrs. Whiteway's letter.

ficiencies here. My service to Miss Harrison and the Doctor,¹ and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the Club.² Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the Doctor.

SHERIDAN

Beg a duck! Beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The Dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town, but I can assure you, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt, and that my stairs, and the poor cleanly maids know very well. You know that he talks ironically. My wife and I are perfectly cosy; for we never see one another but by chance, etc.

MLXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS
SHERIDAN

November 15, 1735.

TO SWIFT

SIR,

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's Canaan.³ The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with Venice turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal

¹ *I.e.*, her eldest son.

² Mrs. Morgan was the wife of Marcus Anthony Morgan, to whom Swift devotes thirty lines of the "Legion Club" ("Poetical Works," 270). She was a niece of the first Earl of Bellamont, and a cousin of Swift's friend Charles Cooté.

³ *Supra*, p. 259.

quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk; if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done, and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done; I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions.

TO SHERIDAN

You are very rude, Doctor Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean; no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day.

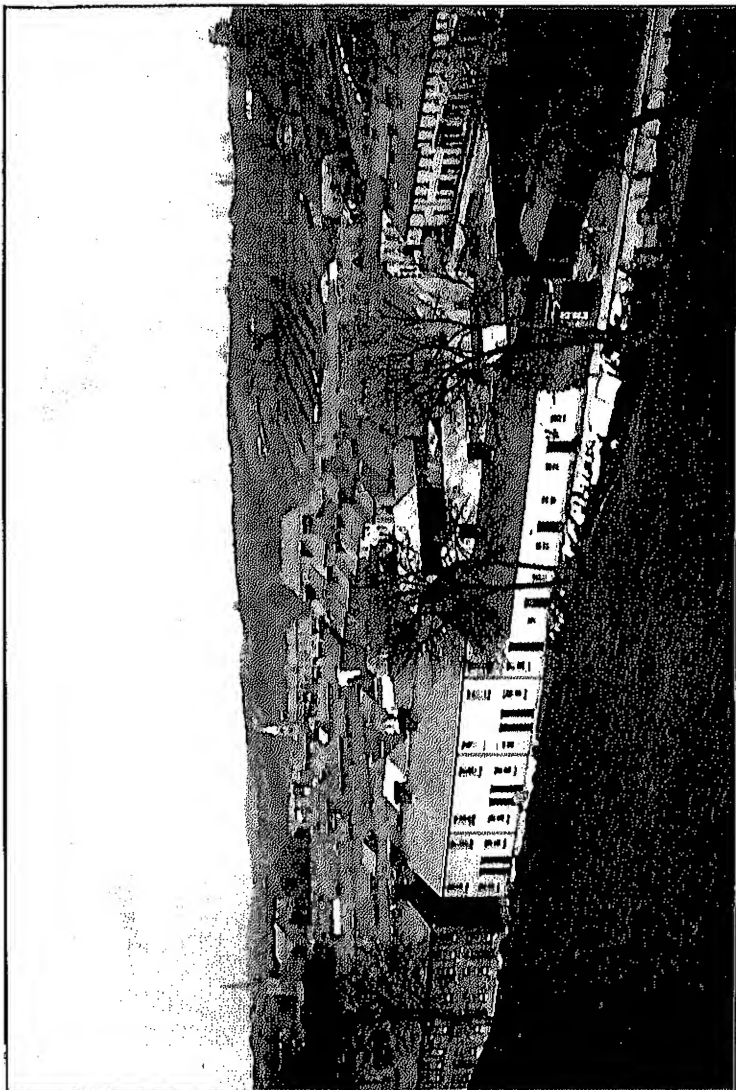
TO SWIFT

Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. Sican; but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up; I was wrong that I did not examine them. Let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the Deanery two days ago; everything is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kendrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business.

TO SHERIDAN

The vengeance take you, Doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you; your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you Colonel Waller's case, that came before the House on Thursday.¹ I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the Colonel that he was not ordered into custody, but to the surprise of everybody, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one

¹ *Supra*, p. 266.



CAVAN
From a photograph by Mr. W. Lawrence

of the clock in the morning,¹ and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpoena, and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments, but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys!² I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects; so I have done with you this time for good and all.

TO SWIFT

Mr. Dean, I am sure Rochefoucauld's maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind, for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies; in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning, and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubbdubdrib, you will find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance.³ My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's that was sent to the Deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

¹ The Committee met at four o'clock in the afternoon.

² Economics.

³ "Prose Works," viii, 203.

MLXIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, *November 18, 1735.*

DEAR MADAM,

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never anything of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the Doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way, and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (and like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had stayed at home, and you had been my surgeon.

To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging.¹ Wild-

¹ "During this visit it appeared by many instances," says Sheridan ("Life," p. 387), "that avarice had then taken possession of him to a great degree. Doctor Sheridan had prevailed on the burgesses of Cavan to meet the Dean in a body at a place four miles distant from the town to compliment him on his arrival. The Doctor told him in return he ought to invite them to an entertainment, with which the Dean after some time, though not without manifest reluctance, complied. He gave them a very shabby dinner at the inn, and called for

fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, etc. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply Deanery conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying.

You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth: otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many a thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kendrick, and Land, must find out Shiell, the wine merchant; a carrier will go next week to the Deanery [and] be taught to find out Shiell with Kendrick. Shiell must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shiell, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours; and my love to the girl and boys.

MLXX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY

[*November 18, 1735.*]

DEAR MADAM,

To say the truth, I am not concerned for the Dean's accident, since my friend Jacob says there is no danger in it; because it keeps him from his long walks, by which means I see he is gathering flesh, and I hope will gather health and wealth by being here; for, as the Scotchman says, where there is muck, there is luck. I have no news

the bill, before the guests had got half enough of wine. He disputed several articles, said there were two bottles of wine more charged than were used, flew into a violent passion, and abused his servants grossly for not keeping better count."

but too much plenty of guttables; if we had agreeable companions as plenty as woodcocks, ducks, snipes, *cum sociis*, this would be a Paradise. I am, dear Madam, with all services aforesaid,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
T. S.

Pray write to the Dean to behave himself better to me.
I want you to stand by me.

MLXXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO
MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, November 22, 1735.

SWIFT

DEAR MADAM,

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's additions,¹ I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shiell has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled, as he says, two months before I came away. Kendrick and Land and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue until I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, field-fare, etc. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kendrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Land and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous*.

¹ *I.e.*, the passages addressed to Sheridan (*supra*, p. 271).

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgement.¹ Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

SHERIDAN

I can assure you, dear Madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But, to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expenses. He pays me but two crowns a week for his ordinary, and I own, that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this, as you do all other things, in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the Dean aforesaid.

SWIFT

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

MLXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS
SHERIDAN

November 22, 1735.

TO SWIFT

SIR,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post;² nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It

¹ The allusion is evidently to the poem sent him from the county of Wexford (*supra*, p. 263).

² *Supra*, p. 274.

was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care, yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors; you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you, but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer to country helps; your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as anyone, but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid.

The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead; I thought that was safer than a hamper; Mr. Kendrick and Land were by all the time; they and Mr. Shiell were here with me that night; they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shiell desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half-dozens as it is used; the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done; he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore.

TO SHERIDAN

Pray, Doctor Sheridan, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

TO SWIFT

My son is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice, and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan¹ have commanded me to send you their most

¹ *Supra*, p. 271, n. 2.

lent respects, and are much concerned about your leg.
 Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr.
 idan hate writing the word November; for not one of
 have been dated. I only hate the day of the month:
 ruth was in my last I could not recollect it, for I think
 got it, and watched for some of the brats to tell me.
 I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I
 this November 22, 1735. I am, Sir,
 your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,
 MARTHA WHITEWAY.

you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr.
 gan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort
 go out of town, and then I should be long without
 l.

CXIII. [*Deane Swift,*]

WILLIAM PULTENEY TO SWIFT

Bath, *November 22, 1735.*

SIR,
 HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you
 safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom,
 particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I
 you, some time ago, that I was almost tired with
 ggling to no purpose against universal corruption.¹ I
 now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish
 lies, and though I have inquired of them all if any
 leman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear
 one, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my
 r by the common post. Nothing is more certain than
 this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office
 most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions;
 they would every man of them be turned out, if a letter
 line to you should escape their intuition. I am think-
 what the Ministers may get by their peeping; why, if
 eak my mind very plainly, they may discover two
 gs; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the
 r, that I have a very great contempt for them, and in
 ything I say or do, still set them at defiance. These

¹ *Supra*, p. 147.

things, if they did not know before, they are welcome to find out now, and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you.

You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from Parliament, perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in Parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter—for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. Pope¹—I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Besides this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same Minister, who had projected the Excise scheme, before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid, to have chosen a new Parliament again exactly to his mind, and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish?² His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the Minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever a man was, and yet, I say, a new Parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected.

After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the Crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament; he makes them all in one House, and he chooses above half in the other, Four-and-

¹ Neither of these letters survives. The first was presumably sent in September (*supra*, p. 225).

² A general election had taken place in the preceding year.

twenty Bishops and sixteen Scotch Lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country,¹ besides the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his Majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body coachman his first Minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs: the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others, and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended?

Besides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments. I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause.² He is gone. I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station. No man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service, than himself, and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in Parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill.³ He understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it. It is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with

¹ *I.e.*, Scotland.

² His cousin, Daniel Pulteney, whose "hatred of Walpole was implacable" ("D. N. B.," *xlvi*, 25). He is said to have induced William Pulteney to form the Opposition to him.

³ John Merrill, who sat for St. Albans.

your approbation, and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France.¹ If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy, he need never have gone there, but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman,² but a very hale one, pleases to die. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay, who needed them not, but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see Lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagances, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought, that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life; but luxury is our ruin.

This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made;³ if it be true, I am satisfied our Ministers did not so much as know of the negotiation. The articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our Ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells the Bishop and his Chancellor have quarrelled.⁴ The consequence has been, the Bishop has excommunicated the Chancellor, and he in

¹ *Supra*, p. 252.

² *I.e.*, Bolingbroke's father.

³ The preliminaries for a peace in the War of the Polish Succession had been signed on 3 October.

⁴ The see of Bath and Wells was then held by John Wynne, whose "unblushing Whig propagandism" was not likely to make him a favourite of Pulteney's party.

return has excommunicated the two Archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed: the Bishop not being able to go himself, directed his Archdeacons to visit for him. The Chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the Bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself: so that probably all the clergy who attend on the Chancellor will be excommunicated by the Bishop, and all who do not obey the orders of the Archdeacons will be excommunicated by the Bishop, and all who obey the orders of the Archdeacons will be excommunicated by the Chancellor. The Bishop in the Cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church. The Chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain, but upon a reference of the whole to my Lord High Chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother Chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of this letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am,

Your most obedient humble servant.

MLXXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT

November 25, 1735.

SIR,

I HAVE not known for some years the pleasure of a post-day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over.¹ I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach

¹ *Supra*, pp. 274, 276.

is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more; if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers; I wish you were safe out of their hands.

Mr. —, Dr. [Delany's] curate, last week committed another fine exploit. He waylaid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two servant-maids with her, and would have persuaded her to have gone to his lodging. She refusing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-house as strollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs. — got off by some means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs. Sican told me the news and withal that the Doctor is at last very angry with him. Mr. —'s fondness to get his wife home was to stop a prosecution she had begun against him in the Bishop's court for cruel usage, and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him the affair must have dropped.

I was at the Deanery on Saturday,¹ though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kendrick, or Mr. Land, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write to me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it.² I must now entreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the Deanery. I have stayed till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take

¹ The 22nd.

² *Supra*, p. 277.

care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

MLXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT AND THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO
MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, *November 28, 1735.*

SWIFT

DEAR MADAM,

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one.¹ My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm, our constant companion, threatens the fall of the whole edifice; Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room, which is his study, there finishes the meal, and has share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. It is true; our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash, which,

¹ *Supra*, p. 209, n. 1.

although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin Dean.

I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday,¹ but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son, an excellent good one;² when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal ——— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure. I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. ———, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach ——— for his insidious neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and ——— another; I hope I am not the third. I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market-day, and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well.

SHERIDAN

To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b——h, the firemaker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the Dean had her lugged this evening by the cook-maid; for which he paid her a three-pence, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lugg her well enough, he gave her a lugging, to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is: ———

¹ The 25th.

² *Supra*, p. 265.

SWIFT

Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. Is it true that the Legion Club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine?¹ The cursed vipers use all means to increase the numbers of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now November 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish Christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the Doctor conclude; I am ever, etc.

SHERIDAN

Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December; excuse a long parenthesis; your most obedient and

MLXXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT

Dublin, *November 29, 1735.*

SIR,

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kendrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the

¹ On 15 November "heads of a Bill for granting to his Majesty a further additional duty on Wine, Silk, Hops, China, etc.," had been agreed to by the House of Commons, and on 12 December the Bill received the royal assent.

future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection, for trusting such rogues. Pray, Sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shiell and Mr. Kendrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree, as cheap as we can, to carry it to you, for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen? Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birthday;¹ were my purse as heavy as my heart is that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birthday, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs—match me that—present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest proportion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the Bishop of Ossory,² of an inflammation on the lungs; he caught cold on Sunday³ at the Castle Chapel. We have provided one of the bishoprics for Doctor Marlay.⁴ I am told by some people that Lord Orrery intends to make you and Doctor Sheridan a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Doctor Sheridan, in

¹ The following day, which was a Sunday.

² "The baboon of Kilkenny" (*supra*, p. 192).

³ The 23rd.

⁴ The Rev. George Marlay, who became ten years later Bishop of Downmore, was then rector of Celbridge. He was a kinsman of Marcus Anthony Morgan, and brother of Chief Justice Marlay (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 189).

answer to all that I have said to him in this. I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen. I am, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,
M. WHITEWAY.

MLXXVII. [*Deane Swift.*]

MRS. WHITEWAY TO SWIFT

Dublin, *December 2, 1735.*

SIR,

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanery; but I place no more to your account than from High Street.¹ I found everything in great order; your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the women in good humour, and Mr. Kendrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr. Land with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kendrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint. As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprised you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the Ladies' Dressing-room, and Strephon and Chloe, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and

¹ Mrs. Whitway lived on the northern side of the river Liffey. High Street is on the southern side, between St. Patrick's Cathedral and the river, to which it runs parallel.

sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again; I think I will go down and take the other slice.¹ I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you show it at Cavan. I suppose your excuse will be at the expense of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him. I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car. I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in everything; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for three shillings and fourpence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your *Latina-Anglia* treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of. Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Squire — or Mr. — for relations, nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

¹ "Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the Doctor," says Deane Swift, "who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. Whiteway liked hers so fresh, that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, that she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow."

MLXXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, *December 6, 1735.*

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE yours of November the 29th. The Doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs, but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, Parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, Squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye,¹ Doctor O'Neill, Doctor Fludd, Parson Charlton of Evacthonyeul, beside the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose; it would be a confounded expense; but we will wait until a farther opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city.

I refused a long time to show the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or Madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub Drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at Court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs,² but since,

¹ The place names are apparently fabrications of Swift's. The Flemings called their seat Belleville.

² Swift had evidently received her letter of 2 December as well as of 29 November.

as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit.

The Doctor will be with you on Friday next:¹ he goes to see the *grand monde*, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with Madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last,² that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The Doctor will not lie at the Deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers.

I approve your name of cub, but may your male cub never sit in the Club. I will not pay the three shillings and fourpence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens.³ Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the Doctor is gone, but this is a secret, and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, etc.

My humble service to the bearer⁴ and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire-side.

¹ The 11th.

² *I.e.*, two British shillings.

³ The 3rd.

⁴ *I.e.*, Marcus Anthony Morgan, to whom the letter was addressed.

MLXXIX. [*Elwin*.¹]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

[December, 1735.]

POOR Lord Peterborough! There is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither!² He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me—that which had accompanied him in all his travels—with this reason, that I might have something to put me every day in mind of him. It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription: *Victor Amadeus, rex Siciliae, dux Sabaudiae, etc., etc., Carolo Mordaunt, comiti de Peterborough, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener, and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world: those objects which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously, and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

¹ These paragraphs have been hitherto printed with those inserted under September (*supra*, p. 242), but are evidently a portion of a subsequent letter.

² Peterborough had died on 25 October at Lisbon.

MLXXX. [*Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's Manuscripts.*¹]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Deanery House, December 30, 1735.²

YOUR Grace fairly owes me a hundred and ten pounds a year in the Church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum on a certain clergyman.³ Your answer was that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but would grant my request. However, that clergyman, for want of good intelligence, or, as the cant-word is here, being not an expert King-fisher, was forced to take up with forty pounds a year, and I shall never trouble your Grace any more in his behalf. But, however, by plain arithmetic it appears that a hundred and ten pounds remain. And this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, no less than a cousin-german of the Grattans. He is Vicar of Santry, hath a small estate near it, with two sons and as many daughters, all grown up.⁴ This gentleman hath lain several years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up on account of his virtue, piety, good sense, good nature, and modesty almost to a fault. Your Grace is now disposing the debris of two bishoprics, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and a hundred pounds a year,⁵ which

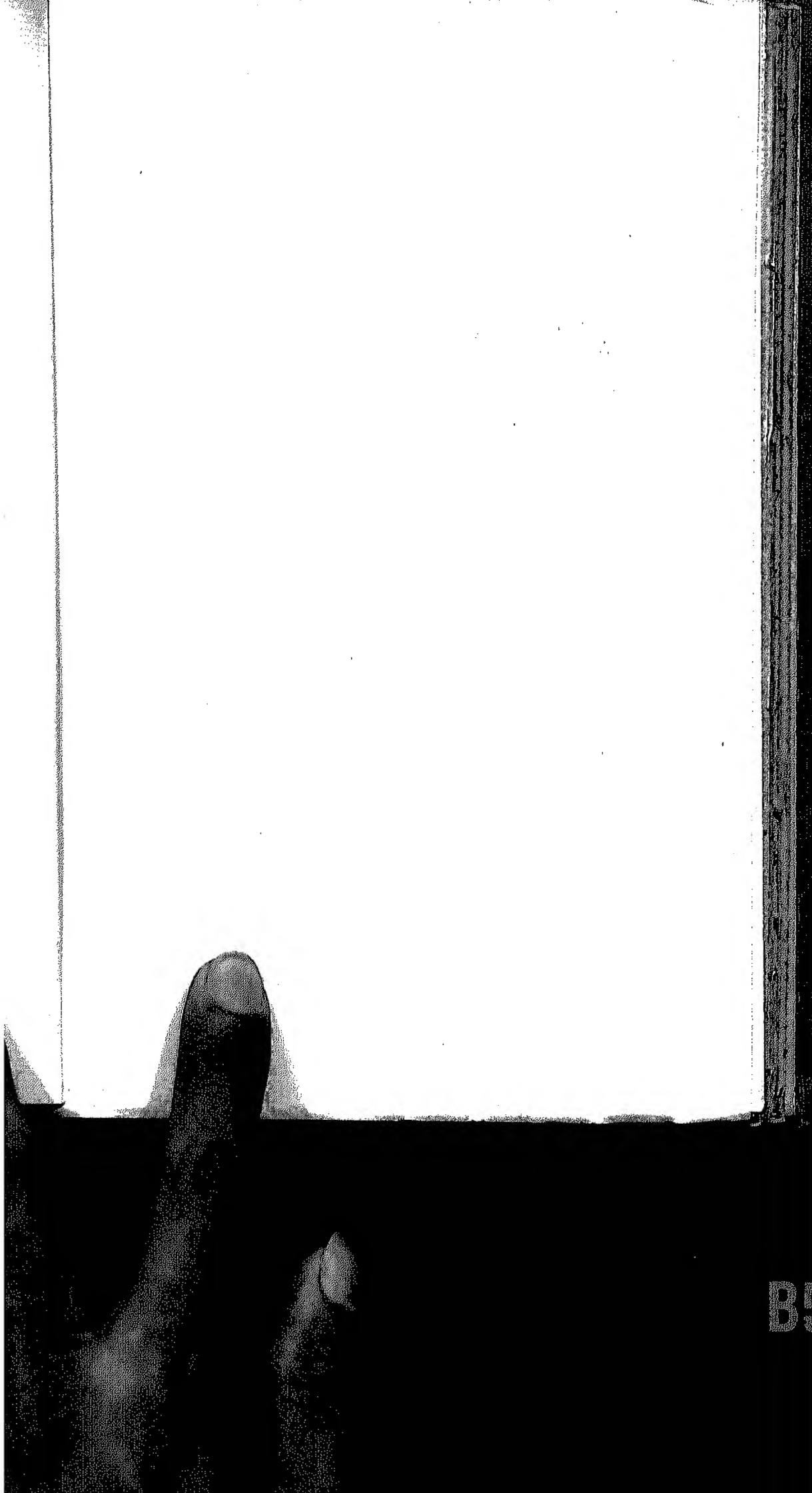
¹ Hist. MSS. Comm., vol. i, p. 163. This letter has hitherto been printed from the draft kept by Swift, and considerable difference is to be found in the phraseology.

² About that time Lord Orrery observes in one of his letters, "The immortal Dean is come to town in high spirits. He scorned to attend the weighty affairs of Parliament and retired to Cavan as soon as we assembled in College Green" ("Orrery Papers," i, 144).

³ *I.e.*, Lighthorne (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 427).

⁴ Jackson had succeeded his father in the living of Santry just thirty years before that time (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 11, n. 1). He did not secure further preferment until 1742, when he was given the prebend of Howth. The terms of Swift's bequest to him may be recalled: "I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture; lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor, since the change of times, to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat."

⁵ The bishopric of Cork (*supra*, p. 232) had been filled by the translation of Bishop Clayton from Killala. Swift appears to have been mistaken as to the deanery of Ferns being affected by the subsequent



B!



BELCAMP
THE HOME OF THE GRATTANS



WOODLANDS
THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV. JOHN JACKSON

From photographs by Mr. Thomas J. Westropp, M.A. Fidd.

will make Mr. Jackson casier, who besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish. I cannot but think that your Grace, to whom God hath given every amiable as well as useful talent, and in so great a measure, is bound when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have most power in your Club,¹ to do something at the request of others who love you better, and merely upon your own account, without expecting anything for themselves. I have ventured once or twice, at most, to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight. But I easily found by your general answers that, although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me by changing the subject, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding new arts unknown to the older. And I well remember a principal old gamester who assured me that he had lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with younger proficients who had found out new refinements.

My Lord, I will, as a Divine, quote Scripture; although the children's meat must not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's tables. This is the second request I ever directly made your Grace. Mr. Jackson is under a necessity of living on his small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family-house, more expensive than he intended.² He is a clergyman of long standing and of a most unblemished character. But the misfortune is that he hath not one enemy, and consequently I have none to appeal to for the truth of what I say. Pray, my Lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have neither power nor land as Deans and Chapters.³

promotion. It had been vacant in the previous year, but an appointment to it had been some time made.

¹ *I.e.*, the Parliament.

² This house, which is now called Woodlands, and is commonly known as Dean Swift's house, preserves its original characteristics. It is a quaint-looking structure of red brick, surmounted by a glass observatory, and chimney-stacks at each corner of the roof, and is said to have cost £800. It adjoins Belcamp.

³ Irish Deans are often without Cathedrals as well as power and land. A few years ago an Englishman, on hearing from one of these dignitaries that he was free from all decanal cares, exclaimed "How very Irish!"

It is usually a living made up of one or more parishes, some very poor, others better endowed, but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation and only desires some very moderate addition, consistent with what he holds. My Lord, I do not deceive your Grace when I say you will oblige great numbers of those who are most in your esteem here by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end.

Multa . . . veniet manus auxilio quae
Sit mihi (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te
Judaei cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.¹

I should have waited on your Grace, and should have taken the privilege of staying my usual thirteen minutes if I had not been prevented by the return of an old disorder in my head, for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

MLXXXI. [*Dean Swift.*]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Bath, January 7, 1735-6.

SIR,²

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write all in haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age, but I hope you will

¹ Hor., "Sat." I, 5, 141.

² As this letter explains, the future Mrs. Delany had, since last writing to Swift (*supra*, p. 257), come to Bath with her sister. Thirty years later she alludes to the appearance in print of this letter and her previous one ("Correspondence," iv, 166): "I have got Swift's last three volumes of letters and to my very great mortification find six or seven of Mrs. Pendarves's there. I have searched for what she said of Bath but do not find anything particularly said of the place; one letter dated from thence mentions her hopes of seeing Swift there and she speaks of living in Ireland as much cheaper than London."

give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight. They do not disagree with her; this is all that can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me. I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you are as much above criticizing a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs. You have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of. My solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her;¹ she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
M. PENDARVES.

MLXXXII. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO GEORGE FAULKNER

January 8, 1735-6.

MR. FAULKNER,

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan.² My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home,³ which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I will here transcribe a paragraph which relates to

¹ Mrs. Barber appears to have gone to live at Bath on her release from attendance on the law (*supra*, p. 214).

² The allusion is no doubt to the letter of which only the fragment relating to Lord Peterborough remains (*supra*, p. 293).

³ During Faulkner's visit to London in the previous autumn.

you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time enough for me to send a letter to-night, and I will insert the sum of it:—

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the first volume, published by Lintot; for that, joined to the rest by Gilliver, will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me.¹ I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night. I am,

Yours, etc.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

MLXXXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

January 13, 1735-6.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad, and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again; *et notas audire et reddere voces*. I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

¹ The copyright of Pope's "Works" belonged to different proprietors, who had agreed at that time to print their respective shares in a uniform size. The series was not completed for six years (Pope's "Works," i, viii).

MLXXXIV. [*Original.*]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

January 13, 1735-6.

I AM always unhappy being plagued by those whose sight I have, and never seeing those whose sight I long for. . . . You ought to have sent your servant instead of coming yourself to see me; for then I would not have been abroad to have saved what never can be saved: Ireland.

MLXXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

Cavan, January 17, 1735-6.

DEAR SIR,¹

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure, and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. . . .

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead,² and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. . . .

Now to think a little for myself. The Duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence.³ I only want a

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

² From this letter it would appear that Sheridan's stay in Dublin (*supra*, p. 292) had been only a short one, and that he had gone elsewhere before returning to Cavan.

³ *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 250, n. 3.

⁴ The allusion is to the play acted by Sheridan's scholars in Dublin before Dorset (*supra*, p. 150).

proper person to dun him, and I know it will be done if my Lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a Lord Lieutenant. . . .

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MLXXXVI. [*Mrs. Delany's Correspondence.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. PENDARVES

Dublin, *January 29, 1735-6.*

MADAM,

I HAD indeed some intention to go to Bath, but I had neither health nor leisure for such a journey;¹ those times are past with me, and I am older by fourscore years since the first time I had the honour to see you. I got a giddiness by raw fruit when I was a lad in England, which I never could be wholly rid of,² and it is now too late, so that I confine myself entirely to a domestic life. I am visited seldom, but visit much seldomer. I dine alone like a King, having few acquaintance, and those lessening daily. This town is not what you left it, and I impute the cause altogether to your absence. I fear if your sister mends, as I pray God she will, it is rather due to the journey than the Bath water.

It was impossible to answer your letter from Paradise;³ the old Grecians of Asia called every fine garden by that name, and besides, when I consulted some friends, they conceived that wherever you resided that must needs be a paradise. Yet this was too general a direction if you were in a humour of rambling; unless the post-office had constant intelligence of your stages. With great submission I am sorry to find a lady make use of the word paradise, from which you turned us out as well as yourselves; and pray tell me freely how many of your sex bring it along with them to their husband's houses? I was still at a loss where this

¹ *Supra*, p. 296.

² *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 414, n. 1.

³ Her uncle's villa near Fulham (*supra*, p. 257).

Paradise of yours might be, when Mrs. Donnellan discovered the secret; she said it was a place, I forget in what shire, where King Charles the First in his troubles used to ride, because he found good watering for his horse! If that be all, we have ten thousand such paradises in this kingdom, of which you may have your choice, as my bay mare is ready to depose. It is either a very low way of thinking, or as great a failure of education in either sex, to imagine that any man increases in his critical faculty in proportion to his wit or learning; it falls out always directly contrary. A common carpenter will work more cheerfully for a gentleman skilled in his trade, than for a conceited fool who knows nothing of it; I much despise a lady who takes me for a pedant, and you have made me half angry with so many lines in your letter which look like a kind of apology for writing to me. Besides, to say the truth, the ladies in general are extremely mended both in writing and reading since I was young, only it is to be hoped that in proper time gaming and dressing, with some other accomplishments, may reduce them to their native ignorance. A woman of quality, who had excellent good sense, was formerly my correspondent, but she scrawled and spelt like a Wapping wench, having been brought up in a Court at a time before reading was thought of any use to a female,¹ and I knew several others of very high quality with the same defect.

I am very glad to find that poor Mrs. Barber hath the honour to be in your favour. I fear she is in no very good way either as to health or fortune; the first must be left to God's mercy, the other to the generosity of some wealthy friends, and I do not know the reason why she is not more at ease in the latter. Her sickness hath made her more expensive than her prudence or nature inclined her; I think she hath every kind virtue, and only one defect, which is too much bashfulness. Dr. Delany hath long ago given up his house in town. His Dublin friends seldom visit him till the swallows come in. He is too far from town for a winter visit, and too near for staying a night in the country manner; neither is his house large enough;² it minds me

¹ The allusion is probably to the Countess of Orkney (*supra*, vol. i, p. 344, *et seq.*). *Intrested*, *natuer*, and *Saterday* are some of the spellings to be found in her letters.

² *Supra*, p. 137.

of what I have heard the late Duchess¹ complain, that Sion House was a hobbedehoy, neither town nor country. I believe, Madam, I am mistaken, and think myself to be in your company, where I could never be weary; no it is otherwise, for in such a case I would rather choose to be your silent hearer and looker-on. But whether you may not be tired for the three minutes past is a different question; the surest way is to put an end to the debate by concluding by assuring you that I am, with the truest respect and esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

MLXXXVII. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

February 7, 1735-6.

It is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Carey told me, with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life, both as a philosopher, and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have stayed too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health. Pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickell was at the same meeting under the same real concern, and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.²

¹ Of Somerset. Swift's old enemy, who had died in 1722.

² There are other indications besides this dinner at Bishop Rundle's that Swift had begun to view with more tolerance the Whig rulers of Ireland. He saw, as his letters show, Dorset frequently during that

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him,¹ and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people. He is a most excessive Whig, but without any appearing rancour, and his idol is King William; besides three thousand a year is an invincible sweetener.²

I have nobody now left but you. Pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him. I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I have not an ounce of flesh between skin and bone; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own. I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was, which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not.³

viceroy's residences in Ireland, and in the previous August Lord Chancellor Wyndham's secretary records as an important event that Dean Swift dined with the Lord Chancellor (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 63, n. 2). It might well surprise Swift that Carey (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 266, n. 1) expressed concern about Pope in view of the reference that Pope had made to him shortly before in the Epistle addressed to Lord Cobham:

"When universal homage Umbra pays
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise."

¹ Probably the reference is to Pope's letter of December (*supra*, p. 293).

² The seo of Derry was then, and continued to be until the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the most valuable of the suffragan bishoprics in that country. The implication seems to be that Rundle's politics were more due to his position than his conviction.

³ So far as one can judge from the Correspondence, there does not seem to have been any justification for this querulous remark.

Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour.¹ Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath.² I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test, which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.³ Farewell, my dearest friend, ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

MLXXXVIII. [*Original.*⁴]

THOMAS GRIFFITH TO SWIFT

Jervis Quay, February 8, 1735-6.

REVEREND SIR,⁵

NOTHING but the last extremity, and your humanity, can plead my excuse for troubling you with the many misfortunes that at present attend me, having defended myself from my merciless creditors as long as my circumstances could possibly protect me, but now they all fall upon me with determined cruelty, and resolve to undo me, though I am willing to divide the last shilling of my late benefit play amongst them, but that is not sufficient by forty or fifty pounds to answer their demands; my good friend Counsellor B—— having pursued me with implacable malice, and run me to such expense at law that each original debt is doubled, and executions taken out against me, and no hopes to save me and my poor helpless family from ruin unless your charitable known goodness

"I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes."

¹ *I.e.*, Pulteney (*supra*, p. 279).

² In order to embarrass Walpole a motion for the repeal of the Test was moved by a member of the Opposition that session.

³ In the Forster Collection, No. 530.

⁴ There has already been reference to the Dublin actor by whom this letter is addressed to Swift (*supra*, p. 220).

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interposes.¹ Therefore, dear Sir, my last and only hope is fixed on your generous disposition, [that you] who saved a whole unhappy nation from destruction, will lend your supporting hand to defend me and my little state from misery and misfortune, and I will with utmost gratitude repay it at my next benefit, or in such other manner as you shall please to direct, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

THO. GRIFFITH.

To the Revd. Dean Swift.

MLXXXIX. [*Original.*²]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

February 10, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness.³ I was in hopes that would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age; and according to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oilcloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it to do me good for the headache. I do not know what offences the Duke of Dorset's Club, as you call them, commits in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the Parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session, and as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those that have a better skill in them.⁴

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in

¹ It seems possible that his "good friend" was Bettesworth, and that his pretext for appealing to Swift was his being a victim of the serjeant.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ In his reply to her letter in November (*supra*, p. 264).

⁴ The session had been for Dorset an easy one, as no question arose affecting the English interest, but is remarkable for the discussions about agistment tithe, which led Swift to write the poem known as the "Legion Club."

the eyes of a great many people;¹ so she may grow proud again upon that. The Countess of Suffolk is your humble servant, and Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it, for I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. And why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her Majesty did.² However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extreme welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, without you will come to England and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. G.

Addressed—To the Revd. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.

MXC. [*Deane Swift*.]

SWIFT TO MRS. WHITEWAY

February 18, 1735-6.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both; I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him.³ I count already that you and I and the world must lose him; but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man, but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails; I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little

¹ Swift had apparently seen Lady Betty's niece, whose father (*supra*, p. 229, n. 1) had died on the 16th of the previous month, during his last visit to England.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 122, n. 1.

³ *I.e.*, her eldest son, Theophilus Harrison (*supra*, p. 260), who died a few days later.

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mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you; only our cases are different, for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever

Your most affectionate and obedient, etc.

J. SWIFT.

MXCI. [*Deane Swift.*]

BISHOP HORT TO SWIFT

February 23, 1735-6.

REVEREND SIR,¹

I SEND you the whole piece, such as it is. I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit, and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the *ands* and *thats* etc., you will send the kite to the falconer,² to set it a flying. I am,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. K[ILMORE].

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

MXCII. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO MISS HARRISON

February 23, 1735-6.

DEAR MISS HARRISON,

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation.³ I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove

¹ As appears from this and subsequent letters Swift had been recently in the company of Bishop Hort (*supra*, p. 151, n. 2), possibly at Lord Kerry's, whose sister the Bishop had married, and had been shown by him a skit which he had written on the fashionable mania of the moment. This mania was for a game of cards known as quadrille, which had superseded ombre, and was in its turn superseded by whist. The skit is printed by Nichols in his edition of "Swift's Works," xiii, 252, and bears the title, "A New Proposal for the Better Regulation and Improvement of Quadrille."

² *I.e.*, to the press of George Faulkner.

³ Since writing to Mrs. Whiteway (*supra*, p. 306), Swift had evidently received the news of her son's death.

immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and everything that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, etc.

J. SWIFT.

MXCH. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

February 23, 1735-6.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again,¹ which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. [Rochfort] cannot be so unjust as to let me be above ——— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shook off upon me:² if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn³—if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread—upon a subject they will not much like, which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit.

My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it

¹ As related no doubt in a reply to his letter of 17 January (*supra*, p. 299).

² The "profligate brute" was, as subsequently appears, a nephew of Nini Rochfort, one of the sons of his brother George, who had died six years before that time.

³ *I.e.*, between the "brute's" mother, Lady Elizabeth Rochfort (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 280, n. 2), and his uncle Nini.

may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart.

It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty pounds by a rogue who run off Drumcor last year.

MXCIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. WHITEWAY

February 25, 1735-6.

DEAR MADAM,

IN the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miss Harrison,¹ that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield, and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity; because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended anything like perfect happiness in the present

¹ *Supra*, p. 307.

life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit.

I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam,

Your most obedient servant and cousin,

J. SWIFT.

MXCV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

February 29, 1735-6.

DEAR SIR,

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the concordatum;¹ if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

¹ A fund then existing in Ireland for the payment of extraordinary expenses in connection with the State.

MXCVI. [Original.¹]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

March 2, 1735-6.

SOMETIME before your letter of February 23rd,² my deafness came on me, and my head was out of order, although not in the violence that you have known it. I am now somewhat better. I rode out yesterday in a most violent cold day, which flattered me till I got on horseback, which I had not been for a month; and yet to-day I could hear Mrs. Ridgeway's voice, which is none of the loudest. I still live in the old way—*nine* days every week I dine at home, but in revenge I forbid the Sunday spongers, whom in the lump I never loved to see, and cared less to hear, when I could not hear at all.

And so you pretend to reproach me for unadvisableness. *Teneas Damasippe tuis te.*³ How could I stay longer in your town, where there is neither house, nor country, nor town, nor garden to walk in? I had a present lately from Cavan with a letter, I suppose in a female hand, well writ, and a present along with it of two leverets, but no name. I guess it came from my dear Mrs. Donaldson,⁴ but fearing it came from another who might have steeped the leverets in ratsbane, I made Mrs. Ridgeway eat with me, that we might be both poisoned together; but coming off safe, I am sorry that I injured *diabolessam*.⁵ I fully allow one part of what you challenge, I mean your fame of following the worst advice, but the other of giving the best, is not yet come to my knowledge.

I have not yet spoke so fully to Mr. John Rochfort as I intend to do; but I was too ill to see any company at all. In some days I will let you know the result of his generosity. I doubt the Rochforts, both male and female, have no very sharp sense of feeling upon the score of avarice, but I could wish you would give categorical an-

¹ In the possession of Mr. Thomas P. Le Fanu. It was printed in the "Dublin University Magazine" with Swift's letter to Chamberlain (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 230, n. 1).

² *Supra*, p. 308.

³ Hor., "Sat.," II, 3, 324.

⁴ The owner of the inn at Cavan (*supra*, p. 209, n. 1).

⁵ *I.e.*, Sheridan's wife (*supra*, p. 191).

swers to every single objection of theirs, which I repeated as far as my remembrance went, in one of my letters, particularly of Lady Betty's, that when the boy had sold his horse, you bought him a pair of boots. What a mischief had you to buy him a horse, directly against Lady Betty's advice, who strictly desired you to hinder the townsmen from trusting him? Another thing, how came you to write a letter to Lady Betty, and commended the boy above the skies for every virtue, as well as excellent parts, not that which you writ when I was with you, only barely saying that he was something mended, and had a little capacity? This I mentioned before, but you answered nothing.

As to your lease money, which I am to receive in July 20 next, I am satisfied with it; but pray know that I was tenant, and have a title to the rent, which, however, I give up, if my money be duly paid; perhaps you are ignorant that I never was without a good sum of ready money about me, till you stripped me so bare that I am forced to borrow upon interest, for I have not a tenant from whom I have not got all my rent that I can reasonably demand. I have not seen Dr. Helsham, above once since I got your letter, and then it was not in my memory to ask him about your purchaser Jones.

We have lost that poor young man Mr. Harrison, to my infinite sorrow and disappointment, and to the very near breaking of his mother's heart. It proved a spotted fever, which is near as ruinous as a plague. The doctor found no bad symptoms; then out came the spots; then says the doctor, he does not *lose* ground, and so on till he *got* ground, which was a grave. I proposed much satisfaction in seeing the young man often, and leading him in his own virtuous way. Upon his death I ordered the account of it, with his impartial character, to be printed in Faulkner's newspaper. I have since seen the mother and Miss Molly once; the latter succeeds to his estate, which will soften her sorrow much.

I have not yet seen Mr. Bond, nor do I know anything of him. Did I tell you that I much esteem your younger son, but thought him a little too much on the *qui vive*, which I would have you reform in him? I know no other fault in him. He is an English boy, and learned it there.¹

¹ Sheridan had besides Thomas, Swift's biographer, another son called Richard, but this reference is to the former, who had been

Pray let me know who sent me the leverets, and my service to Mrs. Donaldson,¹ Mrs. Adreen, Mrs. Everybody, I forget their names, but do you tell them by name, and to the barrack gentlemen. I am ever your, etc.

I had forgot your second, that letter wherein you speak of young Harrison's death.² I wonder you should write to me about concordatums for old Mr. Price. A dog in your street hath as much power as I to do anything for any friend; but that is the weakness of all recommenders, and the Duke³ and I talked much of the indiscretion of that kind of people this very morning.

MXCVII. [*Original.*']

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

March 9, 1735-6.

. . . I was with the Duke of Dorset last week, who told me your story and filled me with anger as well as grief.⁴ I should not grieve much if your illness would punish you enough, but never return again. . . . You are neither fitted in body, or mind, or principles for such a way of living. Regularity of life is what you were destined for by God and nature. . . . Take this as you ought and obey me. . . .

educated at Westminster School, and as has been mentioned (*supra*, p. 259, n. 1) was at Cavan while Swift was there. It is interesting to compare Swift's opinion of him in early life with that formed by Dr. Johnson: "Sheridan is a good man Sir; but he is a vain man and a liar. He, however, only tells lies of vanity; of victories, for instance, in conversation, which never happened."

¹ By a slip Swift wrote Donnellan; mine hostess of the inn is evidently intended.

² *Supra*, p. 310.

³ Of Dorset.

⁴ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

⁵ Orrery was then very ill, his disorder being attributed to a ball at Dublin Castle where, according to his own account, he danced from eight to four o'clock. His life appears to have hung in the balance at the time Swift wrote this letter ("Orrery Papers," i, 159).

MXCVIII. [*Deane Swift*.]

THOMAS CARTER TO SWIFT

Henrietta Street, *March 15, 1735-6.*SIR,¹

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company. I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. Jervas. I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing anything agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
THOMAS CARTER.

MXCIX. [*Ehwin*.]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

March 25, 1736.

If ever I write more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz.
i. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science.
ii. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the

¹ The writer of this letter, who was of Irish birth, was one of the most influential political personages in the Ireland of his day, and was a power with whom the English rulers had to reckon. Already his opposition had gained for him the office of Master of the Rolls, to which no judicial duties were then attached, and the clerkship of the Crown in the King's Bench. The house, from which this letter is dated, had then been just built by him, and was a magnificent mansion remarkable for its noble staircase and hall and great suite of reception rooms ("The Georgian Society Records," ii, 16). As appears from this letter Swift had been in communication with Carter about the reproduction of some portrait by Jervas, by whom Carter was more than once painted, but Swift's love for him was not great, as a few weeks later in the "Legion Club" he referred to him as "Gallows Carter."

unuseful and therefore unattainable, arts. iii. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. iv. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding, indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate, under our Heaven of a Court, is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writing? Whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends.

As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's.¹ I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your query who Cheselden was. It shows that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry. He is the most noted, and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery, and has saved the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone. I am now well, or what I must call so. I have lately seen some writings of Lord Bolingbroke's, since he went to France.² Nothing can depress his genius. Whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. Here are a race sprung up of young patriots who

¹ *Supra*, p. 302.

² During his residence in France, Bolingbroke occupied himself in writing his historical essays, and also the "Use of Retirement."

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would animate you.¹ I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead; the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone; yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guest they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you, that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have more grace and wit than to be a Bishop, even give all you have to the poor of Ireland, for whom you have already done everything else, so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *tales animæ concordæ* be our motto and our epitaph.

MC. [Deane Swift.]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

March 27, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend.² The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was: *imprimis*, I fell asleep, or I could not dream, and what was the first thing I saw, but honest Cato in a cockboat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of

¹ The Boy Patriots, as they were called in derision, amongst whom Lord Chatham began his career.

² This letter appears to refer to Sheridan's financial difficulties. Probably a letter from Swift subsequent to that of March 2 (*supra*, p. 311) has been destroyed.

foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. . . .

MCI. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

April 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent headache, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen:—i. Walk little and moderately. ii. Ride slow and often. iii. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway. iv. Do not strain your voice. v. Fret not at your servants' blunders. vi. Take a cheerful glass. vii. Study as little as possible. viii. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him. Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly; and, my life for yours, we shall see better times in the next century.

I am now sowing some peas and beans, and writing a satire upon Mr. Fairbrother, whom I style Fowlbrother, the parish boy.¹ It begins thus:

Thou lowest scoundrel of the scoundrel kind,
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind;

and shall end thus:

I'll make thy dunghill reputation s—k,
Write thee to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints of a softer kind, I beg you may send them by the next post; for I am in haste to

¹ The reference is to a printer called Samuel Fairbrother, who published an edition of the *Miscellanies*. It is probable that he was a relation of Worrall's heir (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 99).

whip the rascal through Dublin. Present my very humble service to Mrs. Whiteway. May angels protect and keep you for the sake of your friends is the sincere wish of your most obedient and very humble servant.

While footman-like he waits in every hall,
His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all,
Graceful and comely she, he scarce a man,
A due contrast of scald-crow with a swan.

MCH. [*Original*']

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Brook Street, April 22, 1736.

SIR,

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath.¹ I was in hopes, you might have been prevailed with, and though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathized, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Wednesday seennight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, in going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from anything I met with at the Bath. My sister has found the good effect of your kind wishes. She is very much recovered, and in town with me at present, but leaves me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli:² I find it now turned on Pasquin,

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 300.

³ The famous singer who caused a fair hearer to cry out that there was only one God and one Farinelli.

a dramatic satire on the times.¹ It has had almost as long a run as the Beggar's Opera, but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the royal wedding.² Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The newspapers say, my Lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford. I hear nothing of it from the family, but think it not unlikely.³ The Duke of Marlborough and his grandmother are upon bad terms.⁴ The Duke of Bedford, who has also been ill treated by her, has offered the Duke of Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The Duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise; and the poor Duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Burr Street, Wapping.⁵

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here, and how or when I shall be able to come to her, I cannot yet determine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you. I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you was ill. I am, Sir,

Your faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

Addressed—To the Dean of St. Patrick's, at the Deanery, Dublin.

¹ One of the plays by Henry Fielding which led in the following year to restrictive legislation in regard to the stage.

² That of the Prince of Wales (*supra*, p. 228).

³ Lord Carteret's fourth daughter did not marry for twelve years, and became the wife of the fourth Marquess of Tweeddale. Her suggested husband, the fourth Duke of Bedford, was then a widower. His first wife was a sister of Lord Carteret's son-in-law, the Hon. John Spencer (*supra*, p. 68, n. 2).

⁴ The younger Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve's patroness (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 337, n. 5), had died a few years before, and had been succeeded in the title by her nephew, the eldest son of the third Earl of Sunderland and her sister.

⁵ The Princely Chandos had married that month the daughter of one John Van Hattan, who had been previously married to Sir Thomas Davall. A fortune of £40,000 was probably not her least attraction in the then embarrassed circumstances of her second husband.

MCH. [*Hein.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *April 22, 1736.*

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation, I mean my deafness, and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England, because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters,¹ since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, endorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them, when I am no more. I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience. You are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgement is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left, and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature, and middling understandings.

How should I know Chescelden? On your side, men of fame start up and die before we here, at least I, know any-

¹ Swift is evidently replying to Pope's letter of 22 March, but the passage to which he alludes has been omitted from it.

thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world. Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am as you describe yourself, what I must call well, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which, excepting walking, was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day, and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while everybody owes me, and nobody pays me.

Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Charteris. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

MCIV. [*Faulkner and Sheridan.*]

SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO THE REV. THOMAS
SHERIDAN

April 24, 1736.

SWIFT

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lashed me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking anything worth my thoughts;¹ and although

¹ In the "Dublin Gazette" of 23-27 March the following paragraph had appeared: "The Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, has been

—I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing
 —I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains.
 Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so
 zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for
 during my whole sickness she was perpetually plaguing and
 sponging on me, and though she would drink no wine her-
 self, yet she increased the expense by making me force it
 down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I
 reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows.¹ Mr.
 John Rochfort never fails; I did within two days past ring
 him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the
 d—l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he
 comes to-morrow, which I do not doubt, for a pint of wine.
 I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an
 arrant rascal in every circumstance.

MRS. WHITEWAY

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter you are
 to suppose I wrote: the Dean only took the hints from me,
 but he has put them so ill together that I am forced to tell
 you this in my own justification. Had you been worth
 hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I
 would have shown you a poem on the Legion Club.² I do
 not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he wrote
 it, because there is a copy of it in his hand lying on his
 table, but do not mind that, for there are some people in
 the world will say anything. I wish you could give some
 account of poor Dr. Sheridan; I hear the reason he did not
 come to town this Easter is, that he waited to see a neigh-
 bour of his hanged.³

for some time past very bad; his disorder has turned to an ague, and
 it is now hoped that he is somewhat better."

¹ *Supra*, p. 317.

² This famous poem originated in the proceedings of the House of
 Commons on the question of the title of agistment (*supra*, p. 305, n. 4),
 shortly before the prorogation of the Irish Parliament on the 30th of
 the previous month. On the 5th a petition had been presented from
 the graziers praying relief, and had been referred to a committee with
 Marcus Anthony Morgan as chairman. On the 17th the committee
 reported that the petitioners had proved their case, and on the 18th
 the Commons resolved that the graziers deserved the strongest support
 the House could give them.

³ *Supra*, p. 320.

SWIFT

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs and of your health; and when will you pay me any money, for, upon my conscience, you have half starved me?

MRS. WHITEWAY

The plover-eggs were admirable,¹ and the worsted for the Dean's stockings so fine that but one knitter here can knit them.

SWIFT

We neither of us know what the other hath written; so one answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

MRS. WHITEWAY

If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him; for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago to keep himself alive.

SWIFT

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have written a very masterly poem on the Legion Club, which, if the printer will be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is two hundred and forty lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

¹ "Here, Hussey," said Swift to Mrs. Pilkington ("Memoirs," iii, 37), "is a plover's egg; King William used to give a crown apiece for them, and thought it profanation in a subject to eat one of them, as he was amongst his other immortal perfections, an epicure, a glutton, and a — Hold. I had like to have spoken treason. . . . These eggs cost me sixpence apiece, which is a little extravagant, considering a herring will cost but a halfpenny, but I never exceed two, and this is the only article in which I am luxurious."

MRS. WHITEWAY

The Drapier went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.¹

MCV. [*Mrs. Stefford-Suckville's Manuscripts.*]²

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Deanery House, May 5, 1736.

ALTHOUGH your Grace be very soon to leave us, and that considering my years and infirmities, I cannot reasonably expect ever to see you again, yet since you have many preferments in the Church to dispose of, which it is understood will be done before your departure, I cannot but insist that you will please to think on Mr. Marmaduke Phillips, who is the son of a considerable gentleman some years deceased, of a good estate, part whereof he made over in his lifetime to his son, but being an easy negligent man, careless in his expenses, prevailed upon Mr. Marmaduke to restore that bit of an estate to pay some urgent debt, promising to give him a better, which he was never able to do; by which failure, Mr. Phillips, who was a younger son, was left wholly unprovided for.³ He is a loyal subject to

¹ "On Saturday last there was a meeting of the merchants of this city at the Guild Hall in the Tholsel where a remonstrance was drawn up and signed by them to be laid before his Grace the Lord Lieutenant and Council against lowering the gold coin, and among other reasons for the following one: that it would be a cause by lessening the exchange to make the absentees live with better advantage in England. Among the rest the Rev. Dean Swift appeared as a member of the Guild and signed the remonstrance and made a speech which we are told was to the following purpose . . ." ("Pue's Occurrences," April 24-27). Swift's speech will be found in the "Prose Works," vii, 357.

² Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i, p. 164.

³ Marmaduke Phillips (*supra*, p. 103, n. 1) was descended from one of Chichester's undertakers in the Plantation of Ulster who married a kinswoman of Archbishop Usher. He was born in a suburb of Dublin known as Drumcondra, where Marmaduke Coghill, the judge of the Prerogative Court resided, and probably derived his Christian name from him.

King George, perfectly well educated and an ornament to his profession. In his travels he had the good fortune to be known to an eminent commander, my Lady Duchess's father,¹ on which account I cannot but think he hath some title to your Grace's favour, having been recommended by the same commander, the effects whereof he hath not yet found, which was neither your Grace's fault nor his own, but by the miserable condition of this unfortunate kingdom.

My Lord, I am very sensible of my unhappiness in thinking differently from your Grace both as to person and affairs, and at what distance you thought fit to keep me whenever I offered to speak in favour of anyone who I thought deserved well. But whether I am to be believed or no, I protest in the presence of God, that I never moved anything to your Grace which I did not think would be for your service, and acceptable to those whom you appear most to value, and who have the greatest veneration for you. Considering the honour I have possessed of being known to your Grace and to many of your illustrious family from your early youth, I hope I have not been too importunate or too frequent a solicitor. To put a great man in mind of rewarding virtue and merit is indeed not often after the usual course of proceeding, and perhaps, by the violence of factions, is less practised at present than it hath been for many years past; for I much doubt whether one representation of persons in a thousand to a Prince, a Viceroy, or a Prime Minister, be not more to serve a scheme than to reward virtue, learning, or good sense. Besides, my Lord, it is not only popularity, but strict justice in a chief governor here, to share part of his favours among those English inhabitants who lie under the misfortune of being born in this kingdom, if the latter have equal merit, whereof your Grace, when you are truly informed, will ever be a perfect judge and a true esteemer.

Mr. Phillips is at present in circumstances unworthy of his birth, his virtue, and his learning.² His last request to me was the mere result of his long despondency. It was to desire that your Grace would please to put him out of

¹ General Colyear (*supra*, vol. i, p. 110, n. 1).

² Phillips appears to have resigned the rectory of Raheny before that time, but held two benefices in the diocese of Cloyne to which he had been presented by the Crown.

suspense by letting him know whether you had any favourable intentions towards him in the distribution of those Church preferments now in your gift, because he is much more uneasy under his present uncertainty than he could be by any determination. I have not the least intention of putting your Grace to the trouble of any answer to this letter, but leave the affair entirely in your own breast.

MCVI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO BISHOP HORT

May 12, 1736.

MY LORD,¹

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your Lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unasked advice of some friends of yours, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your Lordship's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expense of above twenty-five pounds, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

¹ The portion of Bishop Hort's pamphlet that appears to have been inspired by Swift (*supra*, p. 307) contained a proposal that any question which the company could not decide should be laid before "the renowned Serjeant Hettesworth who should be appointed arbitrator-general in all disputes," and that "if any lady should find herself aggrieved by the decision of Mr. Hettesworth, it should be lawful for her to remove her cause by appeal before the Upright Man in Essex Street, who having never given a corrupt judgment, might be called next after his Holiness at Rome, the only infallible judge upon earth." Needless to say, Hettesworth hastened to avail himself of his privilege as a member of Parliament. On 3 March a complaint was made in the House of Commons against George Faulkner as printer of a pamphlet containing "two scandalous paragraphs highly reflecting on a member of this House," and on Faulkner's being brought to the bar, an order was made committing him a close prisoner to Newgate. Two days later a piteous petition for mercy was read from him setting forth that he was in a very bad state of health and that malignant fever was raging in the gaol, and expressing much sorrow for his offence, and the House relaxed so far as to allow him to be remanded from Newgate, but ordered him to be still continued in custody of the serjeant-at-arms, and only consented to his discharge on receiving some days later another abject apology from him.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me; for, your Lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did at my request search his shop, and unfortunately found it, and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, because my name as the author was fixed to it, which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words, yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents, but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your Lordship's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, that he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss. Indeed, my Lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings apiece, and is a gainer, by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper, which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordship's commands to me.

But, as your Lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration, for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad, and particularly from one person too high to name,¹ who told me all the particulars, and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity, which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leave us. Now, my Lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his

¹ *I.e.*, the Duke of Dorset.

losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your Lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character, for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends, or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your Lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world; because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding. I conclude with assuring your Lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your Lordship's most, etc.

MCVII. [*Deane Swift*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT AND
MRS. WHITEWAY

May 12, 1736.

TO SWIFT

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother enclosed, which I hope you will correct, and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.¹

Supra, p. 317.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once,¹ except you should think I had two heads, but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However I shall not let the Dean know it.

TO SWIFT

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write anything in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

TO SWIFT

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in your stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me; and you know her to be a good-natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman, whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you—I fancy he hears some whispers against you—but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read

¹ *Supra*, p. 322.

your part of it, and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

TO SWIFT

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush, for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while, but by the next post you shall have two scholars' notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds, and if Mr. [Rochfort] can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. [Ridgeway*]. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, Sir, yours.

My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Helturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote[†] would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootchill. All the country long for you. My green geese, etc., are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I ate one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull; ho, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

[†] *Infra*, p. 336.

^{*} *Supra*, p. 41, n. 1.

MCVIII. [*Faulkner.*]SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO THE REV. THOMAS
SHERIDANDublin, *May 15, 1736.*

SWIFT

MRS. WHITEWAY and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban—for the v consonant was anciently a b—I mean Cavan; but however, we mingled pity, for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door.¹ We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits.

We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the Club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy, who never offended them, and in England their Parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one.² It is well you have done with the Church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England twenty-five thousand pounds a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, etc., to a man—may his own estate be lowered the other forty parts—for we now lose by all gold two and a half per cent.³ He will

¹ Easter fell that year on 25 April. Probably Sheridan had been away from Cavan during the holidays.

² The allusion is to the Bill for the relief of Quakers in the recovery of tithes, which was afterwards rejected by the Lords.

³ On May 8 "Pue's Occurrences" says: "Yesterday a great number of merchants accompanied by the Rev. Dean Swift, and our two representatives in Parliament, waited on his Grace the Duke of Dorset at the Castle, and presented a petition praying to be heard by counsel against lowering the gold coin, which we hear was granted and they will be heard this day." In another newspaper it is added that "the Dean was pleased to speak to the Duke, and to set forth the ill consequence it would be to this kingdom if our coin should be reduced." Again on the 11th "Pue's Occurrences" says: "On Saturday last the merchants of the city were heard by counsel before his Grace our Lord Lieutenant and Honourable Privy Council against lowering the

be a better, that is to say a worse, man by sixty thousand pounds than he was when he came over, and the nation better, that is to say worse, by above half a million, beside the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in Church and State.

Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the Legion Club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused, as it is said, in the original,¹ but others have added more, which I never saw, though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion that an honest man never wished himself to be younger. My sentiment I find ought not to have been universal, because to my sorrow I have lived to change. I have seen since the death of the late Queen, who had few equals before her in every virtue since monarchy began, so great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common sense, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer ancient or modern. I am very confident that a complete history of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factions, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd proceedings in this kingdom would contain twelve large volumes in folio of the smallest letter in the largest paper.

What hath Fowlbrother done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed, and the title shall be, "Upon a certain Bookseller, or Printer, in Utopia." Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

MRS. WHITEWAY

SIR,

I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the Dean. I found the

gold coin and for raising the foreign silver. The lawyers were Eaton Stannard, Esq., Recorder of this City, and Anthony Malone, Esq.; these gentlemen proving with the greatest strength of reasoning the evils that would attend lowering the gold, and the benefit of raising the foreign silver."

¹ Fourteen members are named in the version that has come down to us ("Poetical Works," ii, 264).

good effect of them this day; when I waited on him, he received me with great good humour, said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own, and send her up immediately, or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and four pence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the Parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

SWIFT

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue, which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that my Mrs. Donaldson will let me know what I owe her, not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some Club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot; it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well ordered, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who, money excepted, is a very honest man.¹ How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some, and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbet. Pray God preserve you! I am, etc.

¹ Probably one of William Richardson's relations (*supra*, p. 140).

MCIX. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO MRS. WHITEWAY

May 15, 1736.

I PROMISE to pay to Mrs. Martha Whiteway for the use of her son John Whiteway,² whenever he becomes to some able chirurgeon a prentice, and six months after he is bound apprentice to the said chirurgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling as a reward or fine to be given to the said chirurgeon for receiving the said John Whiteway for his apprentice, and for teaching him the art of chirurgery. Witness my hand and seal this fifteenth day of May 1736 (six).

JONATH. SWIFT (L.S.).

Witnesses present:

Signed and sealed in presence of

Roger Kendrick.
Alexr. Caradas.MCX. [*Original*.³]

THE REV. JOHN GERE to SWIFT

Letcombe, May 16, 1736.

MR. DEAN,⁴

If you have not quite forgot an old acquaintance, living in a little obscure corner of the world called Letcombe near Wantage in Berks, I beg leave to recommend to you the bearer, a gentleman belonging to the army, son to the Lady

¹ In the Forster Collection.² *Supra*, p. 260, n. 4.³ In the Forster Collection, No. 567.⁴ Apparently there had been no communication between Swift and Gere since they parted twenty-two years before that time. Gere, who lived until 1761 (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 134, n. 2), had been appointed in 1734 a Canon of Hereford. A correspondence in "Notes and Queries" during the early part of the year 1912 elicited the facts that Gere's father had been Vicar of Faruham, and that a sermon on the "Excellency of a Public Spirit," preached by Gere in Winchester at the Assizes in 1706, exists in print.

Scroggs who is my parishioner,¹ and succeeded the late Mr. George Fettiplace in his house and estate. I have sent some translations of Horace by this gentleman, which I beg you would look over, and give me your impartial opinion of them. You will excuse the interlineations, etc., because having but just finished the revising and correcting them I had not time to get them transcribed. I shall trouble you no farther, than to add that any favours shown to Captain Scroggs, shall be very thankfully acknowledged by, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

JOHN GEREE.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

MCXI. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

May 22, 1736.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday, and your two receipts to Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Lucas. I writ this morning to Macaulay who owns the debt, and is ready to pay it. I hear he is a most worthy man, and writ an excellent discourse in defence of the clergy, which I have read with much pleasure.³ I writ to Mr. Lucas, but he has been gone home this fortnight to the county of Monaghan so you may fish

¹ Lady Scroggs was the widow of Sir William Scroggs, a distinguished lawyer, and son of the famous Chief Justice in Charles II's reign.

² In the Forster Collection, No. 551. Portion of the letter was printed by Faulkner under an incorrect date.

³ It was no doubt then that Swift became first acquainted with Alexander Macaulay, the barrister, to whom he refers in such eulogistic terms in his will. The pamphlet mentioned here dealt with the action of the House of Commons in taking to itself the right of deciding upon the claims of the clergy to the tithe of agistment, and is entitled, "Property Inviolable; or Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet entitled Prescription Sacred." It attacked the Commons in no measured terms, and was no doubt what Swift had in mind when he spoke of Macaulay's "truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors." From an article upon the Macaulays in the Ulster "Journal of Archaeology" (1, viii, 196), it appears that the barrister belonged to a family that had come to Ireland during Chichester's plantation, and was the father of Hugh Lloyd, who has been asserted to be the veritable Junius.

for him as you please.¹ But, pray let me in return employ you as you do me. Mrs. Ridgeway hath a whole year's annuity due to her since the 10th of March last, settled, as you know, for life by the late Lord Newtown.² You are desired to write to Mr. Jones of Belturbet to send it up to me to be paid on my receipt, because I have purchased it, although I pay it constantly to her. It seems he hath agreed to pay it, already, so you have nothing to do but send to him. It is twenty pounds, and I desire it may be returned to me, upon Mrs. Ridgeway and me giving our receipts. I will on Monday—this is Saturday May 22nd as you will read below in the date—send or talk to Mr. Smith; but I distrust your sanguinity so much, by my own desponding temper, that I know not whether that affair of your justice-ship be fixed, but I shall know next week and write or act accordingly.³

I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan against the lowering of gold which is just a kind settlement upon England of twenty-five thousand pounds a year for ever; yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers.⁴ I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original.⁵ I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present, and until your Bishop give you a living, I will leave off, except this letter, giving you the title of Reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of Quadrille—did you ever see it?—with which he half ruined poor Faulkner.⁶ He promises, against his nature, to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you, but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient and says she is going *for* to get another favour-

¹ *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1.

² *I.e.*, Newtown-Butler (*supra*, p. 29, n. 3).

³ As appears from subsequent letters, Sheridan was anxious to be placed on the commission of the peace for the county of Cavan.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 331.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 331, n. 2.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 326.

ite. In that she calls you names and has neither Mr. nor Dr. in her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me, and between ourselves she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull,¹ and I would have writ to him, but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible.

The poem on the Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, for I only saw the original, and so damnably murdered that they have added many of the Club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the Privy Council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the works. Your loss of flesh is nothing if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace *non omnis moriar*, for half my body is already spent. I could live with you a summer month or two, if you were not so rank a beggar—pray leave off that trade; besides, I have no flesh to support me so long a journey. And yet, if a lucky season of tolerable health and leisure should happen, come I would. Our late Lord-Lieutenant hath left a damnable stink behind him to all honest men's noses, but is — a better man, as the world calls it, honestly got by his governor?

My friends have all left me except Mrs. Whiteway and the Grattans. I wish you would send me a fresh account of what Mr. Rochfort owes you for his hopeful nephew. The boy was sent to one of my Prebendaries, Mr. Towers, in the County of Wicklow,² but played the devil as usual and was sent back, and strolls the town. Mr. Rochfort, I mean John, is gone to his country house for this summer, six miles off.³ I spoke earnestly to him on your demands, but

¹ The Lord Chancellor's secretary.

² *Supra*, p. 218.

³ Nim Rochfort's country house was situated near a well-known hunting rendezvous to the north of Dublin, called the Ward, and was known as New Park. It had belonged to his father:

"New Park! by nature a delightful seat,
By art improved, and the designed retreat
Of a rich family, both good and great."

"Winstanley's Poems," p. 171.

if I get his account, I will write ten times more violent. I had somewhat more to say, but I went to see Mrs. White-way, who got drunk yesterday at the Deanery with eating too much turbot, for we had a Dean and Chapter dinner, and she was forced to take laudanum, but is now pretty well. My service to Mrs. Donaldson. I wish she would let me know what I am to pay her for her thread; or advise me to make her a present, and what it shall be. So adieu and God bless you.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Sheridan.

MCXII. [*Faulkner*.]

SWIFT TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

SIR,¹

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining upon several articles of the ill treatment he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You send what books you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England, that I could, because whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin.

It was the fault of you and other booksellers who printed anything supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention

¹ This letter originated, as one of Faulkner's notes tells us, in Motte's filing a bill in the Court of Chancery in England to stop the sale of Faulkner's edition of "Swift's Works" in that country.

to print everything that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it, but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here. But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or anywhere else, and conceal it from the Custom-house officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary; and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors' books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because, I repeat it, it is no offence against God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but since my friends told me those things, called mine, would certainly be printed by some hedge bookseller, I was forced to be passive in the matter.

I have some things which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London; for, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of importance to be published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power anywhere, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner; for, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner

were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Benjamin Motte, bookseller, in London.

MCXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

[May], 1736.

DEAR SIR,¹

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, with the piles that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the Legion Club. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine everybody to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery. I never writ in this posture before, and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great, and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer-parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's,² and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs, for lamb will be in season a month longer, geese, turkey, etc.

My hens are hatching,
My house is thatching,
My geese a gagling,
My wife a dragling,

¹ This letter, which is a reply to that of the 22nd from Swift, has been hitherto dated 5 June. That day was the one on which Swift wrote an answer to it, and may possibly have been the one on which he received it.

² *Supra*, p. 201.

My corn a threshing,
My sheep a washing,
My turf a drawing,
My timber sawing,
My gravel walk raking,
My rollingstone making,
My ale a brewing,
Myself a stewing,
My boys a teaching,
My webs a bleaching,
My daughters reading,
My garden weeding,
My lime a burning,
My milk a churning.

In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kuli Khan against the Turk.¹

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp, but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief, would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by the help of some housewife's remedies.

My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming; she swears by all the dust about here which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of peas, which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have everything but money, but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

¹ *Supra*, p. 234.

MCXIV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

June 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

MR. LUCAS is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand.¹ I hope Mr. — will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. — will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in your health; you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish'd,
My money diminish'd;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogshheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers.

My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him.² Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such

¹ *Supra*, p. 335.

² The allusion is to Agmondisham Vesey, one of the Archbishop of Tuam's sons, for whom Swift had in days gone by solicited "at the House of Commons' door," but who had become a servile supporter of the Whig administration, and had been rewarded by his appointment as Accountant General of Ireland:

"base apostate Vesey,

With Bishops' scraps grown fat and greasy."

He was the father-in-law of the famous Mrs. Vesey in whose "dear blue room" Dr. Johnson indulged only in a mild acrimony, and Horace Walpole moderated his biting sarcasms.

an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the King's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us.¹ Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley² writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to Armagh.³ Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy;⁴ so that if my Lord Orrery would only mention me to the Lord Primate, it would do. I know my Lord Chancellor⁵ is so well inclined toward me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more.

My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the Czarina, Kuli Khan, and the Emperor will overrun Turkey.⁶ You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altered. Pray what says Goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and peas, are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet:

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

¹ In proroguing the British Parliament on the 20th of the previous month the King had made a strong appeal for unity, and had concluded by saying: "My protection shall be impartially dispensed to all my subjects, in the full enjoyment of their religious and civil rights; let it be your care by your conduct, in your several stations, to make my endeavours for your common happiness effectual."

² *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 128, n. 5.

³ As master of the royal school there. It is said that he was offered that position by Swift's friend, Primate Lindsay.

⁴ Richard Martin, schoolmaster of Armagh, bequeathed his property to print "a new edition" of the Bible for distribution in Ireland.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 302, n. 2.

⁶ *Supra* p. 341.

MCXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

CHARLES FORD TO SWIFT

London, *June 3, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half,¹ I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My Lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Caesar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself, and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night, but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends. He told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends Mr. L[ewis], and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against *John Ford*, without any other addition. To show his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant, but desired I would go to any justice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assaults, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred

¹ *Supra*, p. 26.

ouncils damages. I threatened in my turn, at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down.

As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the latter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gate-house, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen, and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up unless I would pay his expenses; his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud mach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions; we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, etc., and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet.

Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the House of Commons this session.¹ Toward the end, indeed, they found little time to show their good will to the Church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner

The "Long Yorkshire Election," in which the representative of Court party, Sir Rowland Wynn, petitioned against the return of representative of the country party, Sir Miles Stapylton, had come before the House on its assembly in January. The petitioner did not conclude his case until nearly the end of April, and retired early in May on finding that the sitting member was prepared to produce as many witnesses, and that his case would last at least as long.

he had ever done in his life.¹ Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, Lord Bathurst's two sons. In the House of Lords, next to the Duke of Argyll, your friend Bathurst and Lord Carteret have shown most rancour against [the Church].² It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of State,³ and the whole bench of Bishops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the Church.⁴

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again, and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience, and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am

Most entirely yours, etc.

MCXVI. [*Faulkner and Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dublin, June 5, 1736.

YOU must pay your groat, as if you had been drunk last night, for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur,¹ nor the — of frank king.² I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution.³ I believe what you say of the Legion Club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a Legion Club,

¹ His speech on that occasion (*supra*, p. 304, n. 3) was an example of the caution and conciliation that Mr. Lecky says (*op. cit.*, i, 331) pervaded his whole religious policy, and while expressing much sympathy for the Dissenters, secured the rejection of the motion on the plea that it was ill-timed.

² The three peers mentioned by Ford voted for the further consideration of the Bill for the relief of the Quakers (*supra*, p. 331, n. 2). Bathurst delivered a speech in which he made a fierce attack on ecclesiastical courts, and said that ever since he came into the world, he had heard them denounced by both clergy and laity.

³ The Chancellor, Lord Talbot, and the Chief Justice, Lord Hardwicke, were foremost in pointing out the defects of the measure, and voted for its rejection.

⁴ *I.e.*, in the speeches, for as has been mentioned the Bill was rejected.

¹ Franker.

² Franking.

³ *Supra*, p. 340.

for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone.

I find you intend to be here, by your date, in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John Rochfort, for he does not deserve the name of Jack, is gone to his six-miles-off country seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of ten pounds odd, for I thought your first was double; or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance; although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man. As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quaedam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling,
My money spent is,
And due my rent is,
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing,
All people tease me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nesbitt,
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore.¹
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.
You live among ill folks in a dunghill,
You never have an old friend at Cavan.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but our old ones have forsaken you as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan, and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought

¹ *I.e.*, Bishop HORT.

it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, which nothing but exercise can give, you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter¹ just before this was sealed, but I cannot answer it now.

MCXVII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN

June 15, 1736.

MADAM,

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, that I never proposed any one thing to his Grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one Church preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention.²

I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men;³ two of them are parsons, as you Whigs call them; another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago.⁴ But there is another cousin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackson, as worthy a clergyman

¹ *I.e.*, that of June 3 (*supra*, p. 342).

² *I.e.*, the living to which his cousin Lightburne had been presented (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 443).

³ *Supra*, p. 165.

⁴ On 6 May "his Grace our Lord Lieutenant and several other persons of note dined with the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor," says "Pue's Occurrences," "after which his Grace was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on his Lordship." Four days after the date of this letter the same journal announced that the Lord Mayor lay dangerously ill of a fever, and two days later he was dead.

as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four miles from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of a hundred pounds a year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years, and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a most deserving person.¹

His Grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value;² it was a hedge deanery, my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland; but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the Bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley. I have reasons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over, and therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him for ever. I desire your Ladyship to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with five and forty thousand pounds to her fortune.³ I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness hereafter. I will, notwithstanding your commands to the contrary, be so bold

¹ *Supra*, p. 294.

² James Ward, who had been one of Lord Carteret's chaplains, was Dean of Cloyne. He was a great friend of Lord Orrery, to whom he had extended spiritual consolation at the time the first Lady Orrery died, and is said by him to have been exceeded by none in sincerity and integrity of heart (Orrery Papers, *passim*).

³ Miss Chambers had been at last married on 13 April to Lord Vere Beauclerk, the third son of the first Duke of St. Albans, who was a naval officer and was created Baron Vere of Hanworth.

to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem,
Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble
servant.

MCXVIII. [*Original.*]

SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD

June 22, 1736.

I do not allow your account upon the article of letters, for I am sure you did never write above one last letter to me, except that which I received about a week past.¹ It is true, I have not enjoyed a day of health for twenty months past, with continual giddiness, though not always violent, yet enough to break my spirits, and the more, because I am heartily sick of the worst times and peoples, and oppressions that history can show in either kingdom. I am the most hated person alive by all people both here and on your side, by all folks in power, and God knows, they give me too much merit, for I am past all abilities to do them good or hurt. As to yourself, I have never lessened a grain of that true love and esteem I ever bore you. But I considered, we were never to meet in this world; for I am in no state of health to go to England, nor will you be ever in a state of mind to visit Ireland. I dare not stir many miles or days from this town, much less to London, for fear of a tedious fit of giddiness, and particularly deafness, which sometimes lasteth for six weeks together. And my rents are so sunk, that I cannot afford to live with any comfort there. Neither have I three friends with whom I could converse, or sponge for a dinner. Here I have a large house, convenient enough for my unrefined taste, and can hitherto dine on a morsel without running in debt, and yet I have been forced to borrow near two hundred pounds to supply my small family of three servants and a half, for want of any reasonable payments.

When Sir Arthur Acheson returned last from England,²

¹ In the British Museum, Egerton MSS., 2805, f. 4.

² *Supra*, p. 344.

³ *Supra*, p. 219, n. 1.

e, you had got a swelling in your legs; that he
u of it, and advised you to go into the country
proper physic for it; but you rejected his advice,
you knew others who had the same disorder, and
ty years after, and that you desired no more.
did not consider that half of the twenty years
e been the scene of misery. When I was much
an you, not above thirty-two years old,¹ I had by
ng water, and hating wine, got a swelling in my
d living in London, I was forced to wear a laced
or that leg; but I cured myself by perpetually
nd although the same leg was often troublesome,
y exercise grew quite rid of the swelling, and
w any of it since, and can yet walk six or seven
y. But I was and am more temperate than you.
value long life; but while it continueth, I en-
o make it tolerable by temperance.

xtremely glad of your victory over that Irish
and I wish every Minister of State could do so
the service of the public. I am angry but not
ed, that those men or Lords I thought well of,
ived me, I mean Bathurst and Carteret; they
to me in another strain and style. I have long
all hopes of Church or Christianity. A certain
orget his name, hath writ a book, I wish I could
the Christian religion will not last above three
nd odd years. He means there will always be
as there are Jews; but it will be no longer a
eligion; and there is enough to justify the Scrip-
the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. As
rch, it is equally the aversion of both kingdoms:
e Quakers' tithes, and we for grass, or agistment,
n of art is.

sent Lord Lieutenant is a —; I say no more. I
een Mrs. Ford this long time,² nor know where to
nd the Ludlows have quite forsaken me.³ But,

r the death of Sir William Temple, and before Swift came
ith Lord Berkeley.

ister, to whom there has been already reference (*supra*,
1).

ident from this passage that the intercourse with the
d not long ceased, and it is possible that its discontinuance
een due to Swift's attack on "the Club" of which Ludlow

this is talking to you, as Alexander said when he was conquering Darius, of one of his governors writing to him of petty wars in Greece; to which he answered it was like telling him of a war between the pigmies and the cranes. The Duke of Argyll was always a Scot, and yet he deceived me for some time, and I once loved him much.¹ Where is our friend Lewis? I always loved him and am under great obligations to him; and present him with my hearty service. But he married like a —, and yet I thought him as wise a man as any I knew.² I hope my Lord Masham still continues honest;³ if so, I desire he will accept my humble service. Is his son good for anything? I always doubted him.⁴ Pray God bless you. I am,

Most sincerely yours,

I have not seen your steward this long time, so I hope he makes you easy.

Addressed—To Charles Ford, Esqr, to be left at the Cocon-tree in Pall Mall, London.

was still a member (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 365, n. 1). In mentioning, eight years later, that he had dined at Delville, Mrs. Delany speaks ("Correspondence," ii, 320) of Ludlow as "a very ingenious gentleman with a vast deal of humour," and says that he was very musical and understood painting. At that time he was so disabled by gout as to require to be carried on men's shoulders. Later on Mrs. Delany visited Ard-sallagh (*ibid.*, p. 498), which is situated on the Boyne, and was much impressed by the beauty of its situation. The house, she says, was a good one and contained some excellent paintings. To it were attached fine gardens, laid out "in the old taste with high cut hedges and straight walks," but what specially delighted her was a wild part of the grounds laid out by her dear D. D., with winding walks through rocks and flowering shrubs, shaded by overhanging trees, than which she thought nothing more romantic could be conceived.

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 6, n. 1.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 94.

³ *I.e.*, a Tory.

⁴ In Miss Eyre Matcham's MSS., p. 35, there is an amusing letter from the second Lord Masham (*supra*, p. 167), in which he tells of the inroads made by two fat parsons on "the best venison he ever tasted," and how he recalled Joe Miller's comment on the saying, "cut and come again," that "his friends might cut, but by G— they should never come again."

MCXIX. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering yours of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June;² but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley,³ and what is an addition to the grief for the best-natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat, though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only found the benefit of from my two nieces. She that you call the saucy one, has bestowed her very great fortune, much more than you mention, on Lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice; for I think him a very deserving gentleman, and all that knows him gives him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go in about a fortnight to Knole, and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the Duke of Dorset. My brother George and Lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to Lord Berkeley,⁴ which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very necessary for her, and that I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother George is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her. You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more than ever unfit to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times,

Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. GERMAIN.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Dublin, Ireland.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 348.

³ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 188, n. 3.

⁴ *I.e.*, her eldest brother (*supra*, p. 169).

MCXX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

June 23, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

IF you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan,¹ and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices*, but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio*, we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram*. I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint*. The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae*. Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets! *adeo hic splendentes congregantur ut ipsis paronibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye-witness, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt*. Our bakers are all so busy upon this occasion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas*. But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redelebant et spirabunt*. The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *coelum atque terras miscebunt*.

Grouse pouts are come in
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din—
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin,
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, etc.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultum ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius*.

You may be surprised at this motley epistle, but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omnia*

¹ *Supra*, p. 347.

lingua Gallica, Hispanica, necnon Italica. I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicitus eveheretur tonitruum superaret.*

I wish your Reverence were here to hear the trumpets;
Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the Provost, Archdeacon Walls, the Bishop of Clogher, and —, by way of enlivening the rest.¹ Do not let my Lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. Carte.²

MCXXI. [*Morrison's Catalogue of Letters.*]

SWIFT TO JOHN NICHOLS

At Mrs. Whiteway's House, June 25, 1736.

SIR,³

THERE is a lady, a cousin of mine, Mrs. Whiteway, who hath been scolding me several weeks for my ingratitude to

¹ It is evident from the conjunction of their names with that of Provost Baldwin that Bishop Stearne had failed to reinstate himself in Swift's good opinion by his last letter (*supra*, p. 72), and that Archdeacon Walls was no longer a favourite at the Deanery.

² The learned Thomas Carte, who has obtained through his Life of the first Duke of Ormond imperishable fame, visited Ireland twice, as he tells us, in order to obtain material for that great undertaking, and besides carrying away from Kilkenny Castle the vast collection of papers now enshrined under the designation of the Carte Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, made several warm friends who assisted him subsequently by endeavouring to obtain further material for his work. Chief amongst these, as will be seen from Appendix XV, was Sheridan.

³ Nichols, who is mentioned in Swift's will, was a surgeon, and

you, who having sent me two or more vessels of ale of your own brewing, without any claim or merit of mine, had never the civility either to get out of your debt, or to thank you, or invite you to eat with me, and drink some of your own ale. She says, that she invites you to-morrow to dine with her at the Deanery, and there take the opportunity of exposing me for my ill treatment of you. This is a misfortune I cannot help, but must endure it patiently; and therefore, if you be not otherwise engaged, I entreat the favour of you, which she commands, and that you will let me know to-morrow morning. I writ this at her house in fear and dread, therefore take pity of me. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

MCXXII. [*Original.*]

THE REV. CHRISTOPHER DONNELLAN TO SWIFT

Cork, July 2, 1736.

SIR,

I HAD in a letter from Mrs. Sican the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin, and, in pursuance of them, have writ to two of my friends among the Senior Fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able.¹ I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible, which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But, besides the right that you have to command me, I think Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mrs. Sican has represented it, really

married the daughter of Stella's friend, Proby. He succeeded his father-in-law as Surgeon-General of the Army in Ireland, and as surgeon of Steevens's Hospital.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² William Dunkin (*supra*, p. 157, n. 1) was the son of a clergyman in the Armagh diocese, and had been educated by the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, in pursuance of the will of his aunt, who bequeathed to the College certain lands in the county of Louth on condition that the Board undertook the education of her nephew. As appears from a subsequent letter from Swift, Dunkin was in receipt of an annuity from the Board which he was now asking should be increased.

very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure, he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter,¹ and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the College by his strange behaviour at the Board, on that occasion. But I hope all this will be got over, by your appearing in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the College that it ought. I reminded my friends, though I hope they had not forgot it, of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not show their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity, and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.²

My sister³ and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the Deanery House. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to you in a very particular manner. We are both exceeding busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, Sir, with a description of it, but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and, though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.⁴ Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say

¹ *Supra*, p. 194.

² Since his letter to Clarke (*supra*, p. 112), Swift had appeared at a visitation and expressed his views as to the discipline of Trinity College. "Last Thursday [March 20, 1734-5] and yesterday his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin and the Lord Bishop of Clogher met at our University of Dublin as visitors," says "Pue's Occurrences," "to examine into the conduct of the Fellows and abuses of the College. The Rev. Dean Swift was present and spoke against some of the corruptions and abuses. Their Lordships are to visit again this day and to determine what regulations are proper for tuition, proctors, fees, etc." From a paragraph in the next issue of the "Occurrences" it is evident, however, that the visitors thought there were more serious matters to be decided than those denoted, and possibly as a result of Swift's evidence they delivered "a most excellent and learned charge to the Fellows and Scholars to give a regular attendance at chapel, duties, and commons."

³ *I.e.*, Miss Anne Donnellan.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 256.

in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country has rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.¹

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of, and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,
CHR. DONNELLAN.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

MCXXIII. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

Deanery House, July 3, 1736.

MY LORD,

YOU are commanded to attend the Dean of St. Patrick's on Monday next at two o'clock to dine with him on said day on a haunch of venison; your company shall be Doctor Helsham³ and his lady, and your old friend Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. Nichols, your and my surgeon;⁴ of which you are not to fail, as you shall answer on your peril. Pray give my groom a guinea for attending you and for the charges of his horse.

¹ Swift had made acquaintance with the south of Ireland in most depressing circumstances, and if tradition is to be believed, was under a cloud of gloom the whole time he was there. See Appendix XVI.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.

³ Orrery was a great admirer of the Doctor, and writing about that time to Tom Southern (*supra*, p. 3, n. 1) says: "Helsham is *totus teres et rotundus*; the same jovial man you left him" ("Orrery Papers," i, 144).

⁴ *Supra*, p. 355, n. 3.

MCXXIV. [*Faulkner.*]SWIFT TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLINDeanery House, *July 5, 1736.*

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS,

As I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your University, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at Court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done.¹ His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right, in his turn, to the first Church preferment vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a Fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest, and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promise of the first Church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry, wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels, might be of great use and service to him. I hope you will please to

¹ *Supra*, p. 356.

remember, that since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances, and so I leave it to your wiser judgements. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

MCXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

July 6, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the Lord Chancellor to sign my commission,¹ and therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his Excellency,² for I had his consent by a recommendation from my Lord Chief Baron Marlay and Mr. Justice Ward.³ The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl, and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds?⁴ We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself, and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Druncor. I wish you could sail with them hither, to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds, which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay anybody but yourself, so that you must inevitably come *volens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty; our weather

¹ As a Justice of the peace (*supra*, p. 336).

² The Chancellor is thus styled on account of his being then one of the Lords Justices.

³ These Judges went sometimes the north-west circuit, on which Cavan lies. Marlay has been already mentioned while holding the office of Solicitor-General (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 189). Ward, who was an ancestor of the Viscounta Bangor, was a Justice of the King's Bench for nearly a quarter of a century, retaining his seat until his death.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 312.

too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past:

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry,
Just ready to die:
Oh! where shall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?
In bed when I lie,
I soak like a pie;

And I sweat, oh! I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to music; and pray let me have a base and second treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better design than I can direct.

To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,	Fat venison,
A clean house,	Small mutton,
A hearty welcome,	Green peas,
Good ale,	Good water,
Good beer,	Good wine,
Good bread,	Young ducks,
Good bed,	Young lambs,
Young turkeys,	Grouse pouts,
Young beans,	Fine trouts,
Right bacon,	Carrots,
Cauliflowers,	Parsnips,
Young chickens,	

Item, a long Gravel Walk.

I must trouble your reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

References¹:—

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. Artichoke. | 4. Raspberries. |
| 2. Carrot. | 5. Gooseberries. |
| 3. Parsnip. | 6. Currants, red. |

¹ It appears from Swift's answer that this letter was brought to him by Mrs. Donaldson, the Cavan innkeeper, and that the references are to samples of the produce of Sheridan's elysium which were sent by her.

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 7. Currants, black. | 15a. Cos lettuce. |
| 8. Purslane. | 16. Silesia lettuce. |
| 9. Kidney beans. | 17. Thyme. |
| 10. Common beans. | 18. Sweet marjoram. |
| 11. Red cabbage. | 16a. Nasturtium. |
| 12. Common cabbage. | 17a. Onion. |
| 13. Cucumber. | 18a. Pen. |
| 14. Orange. | 19. A Cavan fly, and a thousand things beside. |
| 15. Spinach. | 20. Some of my gravel walk. |
| 13a. Turnip. | |
| 14a. Cauliflowers. | |

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it. I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever must be,

Your most obedient and very humble servant to command, dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.¹

MCXXVI. [*Deane Swift*.]

CHARLES FORD TO SWIFT

London, *July 8, 1736.*

YOU cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand,² after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself, and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, everybody else would seek your company, upon your own terms, and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do

¹ *Dum spiritus hos regel artus.*

² *Supra*, p. 350.

yourself; even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern, though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here, nor need you sponge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My Lord Lichfield,¹ and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it, and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year, and yet I think Crosthwaite² a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland, and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since King Charles the First's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly; another is, the great number of enclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain all last year a man came off well, if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my sister. She writes to me with great affection, but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably, and, in my opinion, so ill-judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas,

¹ George Lee, second Earl of Lichfield. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford University, of which his son, the third Earl, became Chancellor.

² *I.e.*, his agent.

or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt Lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever,

Most sincerely, your, etc.

My Lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

MCXXVII. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

July 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters.¹ The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, etc., etc., etc. Mrs. Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticize upon every curiosity. She swears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell; that your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the credit of your town you would have it born

¹ *Supra*, pp. 354, 360.

there, although Mrs. Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds farther in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-ss-abad; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that for her sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all, were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

MCXXVIII. [*Original.*¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin's, to her this ought to be addressed, but that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter,² for I spoke to the Duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But as my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the Duke could not refuse; especially as my Lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy, though, at the same time he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you, and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also, all this you should have known before, had I been able to write, but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and so thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.² *Supra*, p. 353.

I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question that you will always recommend those that are worth being employed, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree, that you never did prevail on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.¹

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go, for my own, to the Bath in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while; and now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful servant.

Addressed—To the Revd. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Dublin, Ireland.

MCXXIX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

July 20, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yours² some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life, and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose-tree in my own garden, and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species, for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it.³ I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. . . .

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will

¹ The affair of Mr. Fox (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 189).

² *Supra*, p. 364. ³ *Supra*, p. 360.

lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife,
Two Ladies Lanesborough,¹
Mrs. Maxwell,
Mrs. Fitzmaurice,
Mrs. Hort,
Mrs. Hamilton,
Mrs. Saunderson,
Mrs. Newburgh,
Mrs. Cromer,
Mrs. White,
Mrs. Nesbitt,
Her five daughters,

Mrs. Stephens,
Mrs. and Miss Clements,
Mrs. Tighe,
Mrs. Coote,
Miss Pratt,
Mrs. Fitzherbert,
Mrs. Jones,
Beauty Copeland,
Miss Brooke, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.,
etc., etc.²
All your Cavan mistresses.

News:—

Dr. Thompson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.

Colonel Newburgh's fine arched market-house, quite finished with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*³

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison,
For my benison.
Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

¹ Swift's old friend Prince Butler (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 242, n. 3) had died early that year. The reference is evidently to his widow and her daughter-in-law.

² Of the families to which these ladies belonged, only six, namely, those of Maxwell, Hamilton, Saunderson, Clements, Pratt, and Brooke, seem to be prominent in the county Cavan of to-day.

³ Colonel Brockhill Newburgh, who had served in King William's army, resided a few miles from the town of Cavan at Ballyhaise, and was one of the great improvers of his time. "About a quarter of a mile distant from his house," says his eldest son, "he built a town in form of a circus, the houses all arched, with a large circular market-house in the centre; a building in the opinion of good judges, not unworthy the plan of a Vitruvius or a Palladio, and which, if we may be allowed to compare small things with great, bears no distant resemblance to the Pantheon at Rome, but with this difference, without the opening of the convex roof at the summit, contrived to give light to the latter." Swift had visited Colonel Newburgh while staying with Sheridan, and had seen his house at Ballyhaise, which was arched together with the offices throughout in the upper and lower stories, and thereby, the Colonel's son remarks, "free from the danger and power

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MCXXX. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

July 31, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I WENT to Belturbet immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. Jones ready for Mr. Henry's draft, and glad of it, and so am I. But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of sale a mortgage. Instead of cancelling there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in a formal manner as if you sold to me. Pray ask advice, and *do* not *do* things hand over head, as you were going to *do*—observe my style—like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in Dublin, except I were to pass through it for England, I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not. If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens. I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear. As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence, and that may be sooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cob, and two Manx pence towards it already.¹ You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

of fire." "The compliment that the late Dean Swift paid to Mr. Newburgh," adds his son, "on the planning such a singular but useful edifice was as uncommon as there is reason to believe it sincere, viz., that it was not only the best, but the *only* house he had seen in Ireland" ("Life and Character of the late Brockhill Newburgh, Esq.," 1761).

¹ The national coinage was then largely supplemented by that of other countries. The Spanish dollar or piece was much used in Ireland,

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor King is in Dublin.¹ I wish with all my soul he would take a frolic to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in Ireland. My collection of witty sayings, etc., is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor King promised me his friendship at Oxford. If you would speak a kind word to the public in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *l'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But that is neither here nor there.

My son [Richard] I can affirm, is thoroughly reformed, and, as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with everything he does. My son [Thomas] is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. . . .² May all happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MCXXXI. [*Deane Swift.*]

LADY HOWTH TO SWIFT

August 6, 1736.

SIR,

I DO not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last.³ I impute it to the neglect of the post, or anything rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties

where it was known as a cob, and the gold coin of Portugal called a moldore, which was worth about twenty-seven shillings, circulated extensively in England as well as in Ireland.

¹ Dr. King's law-suit had again obliged him to return to Dublin (*supra*, p. 238).

² Swift's future biographer was then a student in Trinity College, Dublin.

³ It is possible Lady Howth is referring to her letter of two years before (*supra*, p. 81).

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of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps.¹ I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my Lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome.

I must now be troublesome to you, but Lord Athenry² begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately; he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett; as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me.³

Since I began this there came in a trout: it was so large that we had it weighed: it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round, his jaw-bone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My Lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tried your patience, so beg leave to assure you I am,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My Lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

¹ The allusion is to a subterraneous channel that connects the great Loughs of Mask and Corrib. The principal approach to the channel, known as the Pigeon's Hole, is by a descent of sixty-eight steps, of which an illustration is given by Miss Margaret Stokes in her "Three Months in the Forests of France," p. 149.

² Francis Birmingham, eighteenth Lord Athenry.

³ Tipperary Grammar School is one of those founded under the trusts of Erasmus Smith, the great educational benefactor of Ireland. The will of John Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary, is dated 2 July in that year, and is witnessed by William Ireland.

MCXXXII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THOMAS CARTE TO SWIFT

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red Lion Court, in Fleet Street, London.

August 11, 1736.

SIR,¹

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the affairs of Ireland in his time, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials, and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom, the most instructive of any, untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and constitutions of this nation. Rapin de Thoyras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects, and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's *Foedera*,² but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of Acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery; he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign Princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history, which is preserved in the Cotton library, nor ever consulted any journal of our Privy Council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting Bishop Burnet for his author. He never read

¹ As appears from this letter, during his stay in Dublin (*supra*, p. 355, n. 2) Carte had made the acquaintance of Swift as well as of Sheridan, and had consulted him about his *Life of Ormond*.

² To his use of the "*Foedera*," Rapin modestly attributes whatever merit his History possesses.

the rolls of Parliament, nor any journal of either House, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted, and did not so much as know there was such a place as the Paper Office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our Secretaries of State at home, from the time of Edward the Fourth to the Revolution, since which the Secretaries have generally carried away their papers, are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs.¹

These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and [to] my objections regarding the vastness of the expense as well as labour, that to satisfy myself I must have all materials by me—not only copies out of our records, journals, etc., in England, but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this Court, *e.g.*, of the French, all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I know where to have copied—they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expense. The subscription is begun, and will, I believe, be completed this winter, and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light; and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make everybody open their stores.²

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgement of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir,

Your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

¹ Rapin is commended for his impartiality and lucidity as well as research by Professor Firth ("D. N. B.," xlvii, 299), who is of opinion that it remained for Hume not Carte to supersede his work.

² The first volume of Carte's history was published in 1754.

MCXXXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Cavan, *August 14, 1736.*

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears, and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him, and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it.¹ Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace, namely, to pay some debts, which I can knot.² My poor Lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me, and thither I will venture for a day and a night, and I will venture to the Deanery for another.³ I could wish the best friend I had in the world—you may guess who I mean—and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice. You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving, I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted. My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib, who dreamed with great pleasure that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come. God forgive him for not doing it. I will make all the haste I can out of this hell, and I hope my friends, I beg pardon, I mean my friend, will cast about a little for me; if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress, and if you do not behave yourself

¹ *I.e.*, his wife.

² Cannot.

³ Sheridan's stay was probably thus limited owing to his fear of being seized by his creditors. Lord Mountcashell (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 55) had died just a fortnight before, and the reference is to his mother, who had lost, since her husband's death, two sons.

better, I will choose another. In the mean time God bless you and my dearest friend the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MCXXXIV. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

August 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative, to that degree that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love, and I grow laconic even beyond laconism, for sometimes I return only yes, or no, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next. Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others.

I am afraid to censure anything I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull, and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord Bolingbroke because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —.¹ Whatever you might hint to me, was this

¹ A report had been current early in that year that Bolingbroke was playing the Celadon in France (*Elwin, op. cit.*, vii, 346). Although the report is not mentioned in the printed version of his last letter to Pope (*supra*, p. 320), Swift may perhaps have noticed it in an excised passage. During the period covered by this volume the rigorous editing of the Correspondence between them (*supra*, p. I, n. 1) has in some cases reduced the folios to a paragraph or two, but a subsequent sentence in the present letter suggests that at least on Swift's side few

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The thing, if true, should be concealed, you absolutely untrue, in every circum-
 fixed in a very agreeable retirement near
 and makes it his whole business *vacare*
 ne the truth, were you not angry at his
 to you so long? I may, for I hear from
 n from you, that is twice or thrice a year
 n possibly think he can neglect you, or
 If you catch yourself at thinking such
 arts are decayed; for believe me, great
 d do esteem one another, and I question
 esteem or comprehend uncommon merit.
 ss at that merit, or see glimmerings of
 enius has the intuitive faculty: therefore
 i will, you cannot be so sure of any man's

that neither he nor you despise me, it is a
 o me by far, and will be thought so by
 all the House of Lords writ commendatory
 the Commons ordered me to print my
 ersities gave me public thanks, and the
 l Prince crowned me with laurel. You are
 man: you do not know the figure his
 will make hereafter. I do, and will pre-
 riorials I can, that I was of your intimacy;
us, intervallo. I will not quarrel with the
 as done enough for me, in making and
 my friends. Do not you be too angry at
 n be too angry at it; it has done, and can
 u any manner of harm, as long as it has
 urn your works. While those subsist, you
 the greatest men of the time, in spite of
 isters; and the wisest, in spite of all the
 may please to commit.
 etter health attend you, than I fear you
 at as good health attend you always as
 it; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined

disappeared. The name that appears most likely
 plank is that of Ford. As Swift's letter to him is
 riginal (*supra*, p. 350), the allusion must, however,
 seen on a separate sheet.

MCXXXV. [*Original*.¹]

MRS. PENDARVES TO SWIFT

Brook Street, *September 2, 1736.*

SIR,

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes;² I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head; the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where.

I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir John Stanley's garden at Northend; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland.³ My life, for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined it. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it, and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had anything to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last, and if

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The allusion is no doubt to what Swift had said in reply to her letter in April (*supra*, p. 318).

³ Some specimens of the shell-work for which Mrs. Delany was celebrated are still to be seen at Delville. The shells for the grotto at Northend were probably sent to her from Killala. She decorated a similar grotto there for Bishop Clayton, and mentions that the Bishop had made a very fine collection of shells ("Correspondence," i, 361).

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it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident, which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot; she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you, instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again, being, with great sincerity, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival, and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference. I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany. Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

Addressed—To the Dean of St. Patrick's, at the Deanery, Dublin.

MCXXXVI. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO JOHN NICHOLS

Deanery House, Monday morning,
September 6, 1736.

SIR,

YOU attended a monstrous haunch of venison to the Deanery, and if you and Mrs. Nichols do not attend it

again to-morrow, it shall be thrown into the streets;¹ therefore all excuses must be laid aside. Mrs. Whiteway and I shall be all your company, and I will give you a pot of ale to relish it. I am, with true esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

Name your most convenient hour to dine, and do not say, when you please.

MCXXXVII. [Scott.]

WILLIAM KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Edinburgh, *September 14, 1736.*

MADAM,

I HOPE you received a letter which I wrote to you from Chester, immediately after I arrived at that place.² Instead of going directly to London, as I first proposed, I took the advantage of a fine season, and have since rambled about four hundred miles out of my way, as you perceive by the date of this letter. I have pretty well satisfied my curiosity, and shall set out for London in three or four days. Some time in the next month I intend to publish an advertisement for taking subscriptions, unless I receive a counter order from you, or the Dean.³ If he approves of it, I will prevail on Ramsay, the author of *Cyrus*,⁴ to translate the whole work into French; so that it may be published at the same time in both languages. The Dean need not be at a loss how to send me my manuscript,⁵ since my servant will go to Ireland the next term, with some papers relating to my lawsuit. He is a sober diligent fellow, and one I can trust. If you will be pleased to write to me as soon as you receive this,

¹ Nichols had a residence in the Phoenix Park, which had belonged to his father-in-law, Proby (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 205), and probably the venison came from the viceregal herd.

² King had evidently left Dublin soon after Sheridan's allusion to him (*supra*, p. 369).

³ As subsequently appears, King had proposed that the "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" should be published by subscription. He had, however, not yet received the manuscript.

⁴ *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 405.

⁵ *I.e.*, of "The Toast."

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your letter will probably meet me in London on my arrival there. I desire my humble service to the Dean and Miss Harrison, and that you will believe me to be, Madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

Addressed—To Mrs. Whiteway at her house in Abbey Street, in Dublin. By London.

MCXXXVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO SWIFT

September 15, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pounds were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six per cent that I may draw my note accordingly.¹ Indeed if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should, charge only five per cent because I might be sooner able to pay it.

Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know—to whom pray present my love and best respects—that I have made an experiment of the lake water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier, not Tully the orator, is to leave this to-morrow—if he does—by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress in Abbey Street, with a fine pair of Cavan nutcrackers to save her white teeth, and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would

¹ *Supra*, p. 368.

advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship, which is your best feather, otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas! my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. Oh! that some friend would lodge me in Dublin Marshalsea.¹

Somebody told me, but I forget who, that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate, but surely she would not carry the frolic so far.² They say the Primate's lady rid against her, and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the Bishop of Down and Connor behind her.³ Pray let me know the truth of this. Mr. Faulkner writ to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers, and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.⁴

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here, and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher, and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the Provost of the College, or Archdeacon Whittingham, or Archdeacon

¹ *I.e.*, the debtors' prison.

² "Wednesday last [September 8]," says "Pue's Occurrences," "six horses, etc., started for the plate at the Curragh, and it was won by a mare belonging to Mr. Hannell, surveyor at Ringsend." The Curragh, a well-known plain in the county of Kildare, is said to derive its name from the Irish *Chuir reach*, a race-course, and to have been used for that purpose from the most remote age.

³ Mrs. Boulter is said by Deane Swift to have been "very lusty"; it is to be presumed that the prelate, Francis Hutchinson, who then held the sees mentioned, was the reverse. In "An Excellent New Ballad" ("Irish Pamphlets" in Trinity College Library), which probably emanated from the Deanery circle, Hutchinson's learning is held up to ridicule:

"O Ireland! what cause have you to complain,
Cause so few of your friends to the mitre attain,
Since Britain such care of your welfare does take
To part with such wonderful men for your sake.
Learned Down, Derry Down."

⁴ Faulkner was preparing for publication the fifth and sixth volumes of his edition of "Swift's Works" (see Appendix V). The sixth volume contains some of the verses that Swift and Sheridan interchanged in the early days of their acquaintance.

Walls.¹ I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will outlive every enemy, and then we may hope our Church and kingdom will flourish, and so will

Your obedient and very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MCXXXIX. [*Draft.*²]

SWIFT TO [MRS. PILKINGTON]

Tuesday, October 12, 1736.

MADAM,³

YOU are very captious; for, in my last letter, I only said in the beginning, "Madam, you lie." I have a great deal

¹ There has been already reference to Whittingham (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 388), who is here added to the number of Swift's aversions (*supra*, p. 355).

² In the Forster Collection, No. 532. Sir W. Scott printed the letter from the original.

³ From the concluding sentences there can be no doubt that this letter was addressed to the diminutive wife of the diminutive Pilkington. Her "Memoirs" (i, 112 *et seq.*) tell us that after a long interval he had returned from London (*supra*, p. 67, n. 2) "like the ghost of his former self," and had felt deeply "the disregard shown him by everybody." As a result of her anxieties, her own health is said to have given way, and for its restoration she went on a visit to relations in the south of Ireland. The later portion of her stay there she spent at Mallow, then a popular spa, and had, on her own admission, a gay time. She had only just returned to Dublin before this letter was written, and found that her husband had quarrelled with her father, who received her, in consequence, "with a coldness which struck her to the heart." A week later the following paragraph appeared in the "Dublin Gazette": "On Sunday morning (17 October) as Dr. John Van Lewen, one of the censors of the College of Physicians, was using a case-knife, which was very sharp, the knife slipped and pierced his side, by which accident his life is in danger." Mrs. Pilkington suggests the possibility of the wound having been self-inflicted in a moment of mental aberration brought on by her husband's conduct, and gives a long account of her forcing herself, in spite of her husband and others, into the sick room where, according to her own account, her skilful nursing prolonged her father's life for some months, to the amazement of seven physicians and three surgeons by whom he was attended. It is evident from this letter that Swift's relations with the Pilkingtons were as cordial as ever, and it may be surmised that this fact was due to Swift's consciousness that Pilkington was not so guilty as Pope supposed (*supra*, p. 91).

worse than that to say, when I write to ladies, and my fault is, what my enemies give out, that I use you too well. I send you some fruit of my own plantings, and like a fool, I send you the best, though you never give the bearer a farthing; and, when you do, may you never be worth another. Let me know perfectly the condition of your eldest sister. I will wait on you soon, if health will permit me. I am now tolerably, which is more than you can pretend to. My humble service to the little woman's little man.
J. S.

MCXL. [*Mrs. Stopford-Sackville's Manuscripts.*']

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

Deanery House, Dublin, October 14, 1736.

IN a former letter to your Grace I taxed you with a debt of a hundred and ten pounds a year in Church livings, being by arithmetic an arrear of a hundred and fifty pounds a year which your Grace was pleased to promise me for a friend, and of which I only received forty pounds a year.¹ I often did myself the honour of being so bold, which is no great honour, of telling you that a very worthy clergyman had been long a weight upon my shoulders to get him some addition, and that his circumstances were such that the addition I desired must consist with the small preferment he hath already. There is now a prebendary vacant which will answer my wish. One Mr. Williamson died about thirty-six hours ago. He was Treasurer of Christ Church in Dublin. The place is worth between ninety and a hundred pounds a year and no more. The person whom I desire may have it is Mr. John Jackson, minister of Santry, three miles from Dublin, and a relation of the Grattans. He hath been often and earnestly recommended by me to your Grace, and your answers have been favourable. I have added several times that you would by such a favour oblige this whole city and the most honest gentlemen in the kingdom, and I hope such a consideration will have weight with you. I do therefore hope and expect that

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i, p. 165.

² *Supra*, p. 294.

your Grace will by the next post send an order to have a patent made out for Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, or Rector, whichever he be, to confer on him the treasurership of Christ Church, Dublin, and at the same time, which is now near the twentieth that my chief regard is to your Grace's honour, that you will reward a most deserving gentleman of this kingdom who had the misfortune to be born in it, with one mark of your favour. Otherwise I shall think it very hard, that as I am of some station and perhaps of some little distinction, besides the honour of being so long known to your Grace and family, I could never have the least power of prevailing on you to reward merit, for which no party will repine.

MCXLI. [*Blackwood's Magazine*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE REV. PATRICK DELANY

Deanery House, *October 22, 1736.*

DEAR SIR,

THE bearer, Mr. John Lyon, waits upon you with a humble request. He is a master of arts, of some years standing, hath been employed as an assistant to Mr. Worrall in visiting the sick of our Liberty, hath a general good character, and is not married.² Hearing that Mr. Roe is gone to London and designs to quit his cure, I am desired by some worthy clergymen, particularly Mr. King of St. Bride's,³ to recommend him to you to succeed Mr. Roe as your assistant lecturer for St. Nicholas Within,⁴ which I do very heartily, for I have an esteem for the young gentleman, whom I have heard preach for me very discreetly.

¹ "Dean Swift in Dublin," by the Bishop of Ossory, vol. clxxxv, p. 685.

² In addition to his celebrity as a friend of Swift, Lyon is remembered in Ireland as a zealous guardian of some of her more important manuscript collections, and a catalogue made by him for Trinity College Library was, until recently, in daily use. He had been a scholar of Dublin University, and graduated in 1729 bachelor, and in 1732 master of arts.

³ With that parish Lyon had a life-long connection. He was born, baptized, and educated within its limits, and became successively the reader, curate, and incumbent of its church.

⁴ Stephen Roe was the reader of St. Werburgh's under Delany, whose interest in the parish of St. Nicholas Within is not apparent.

Need I tell you that I would not recommend my brother to you, if it were not out of more regard to your reputation than his interest.¹ . . . I am entirely

Your most obedient, etc.,

J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Delany.

MCXLII. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON

Dublin, *October 23, 1736.*

SIR,

I HAD the favour of a letter from you about two months ago;² but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health, and lowness of spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it, and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character, which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased.

I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children: for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the Queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late Primate,³ who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time.

Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him

¹ This recommendation did not, however, secure for Lyon the vacant place.

² In return for Swift's recommendation of him to Barber (*supra*, p. 140), Richardson appears to have written to ask him to pay him a visit at his home in the county of Londonderry, and to have also shown kindness to Swift's old curate, Warburton, who was living not far from Coleraine (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 366, n. 2), and who died about that time.

³ *I.e.*, Lindsay.

two or three employments when I had credit with the Queen's Ministers; but upon her Majesty's death he was stripped of them all.¹ However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich, but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. However, he bought a house with some acres near Richmond, and another in London, and kept fifty thousand pounds, which enabled him to make a figure in the city.² This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his Tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot tell whether his office of governor of your Society be for his life, or only annual; I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, Sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day, without being sore and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland?

¹ The employments mentioned in the Journal to Stella, namely those of Printer of the Gazette and Stationer to the Ordnance Department, which Barber shared with Tooke, appear to have only lasted for the life of the Tory government, but in addition the reversion of the office of King's printer was given to Barber, which he retained for some years after the Hanoverian accession, and ultimately sold for a large sum. According to the writer of the "Life and Character of John Barber, Esq.," Bolingbroke was the author of his fortunes, and the estimate in which Barber himself held Bolingbroke and Swift respectively, may be gathered from his bequest to the former of £300 as a mark of gratitude for favours received, and of £200 to the latter as a token of friendship. In the "Impartial History of the Life of Mr. John Barber" an allegation of ingratitude on his part to Swift is made, but no instance of it is cited, and these letters go far to prove that it is ungrounded.

² There has been allusion already in one of Swift's letters to Vanessa to Barber's speculation in South Sea stock (*supra*, vol. iii, p. 67). His profit is estimated in his "Life" as £30,000. It has been stated that his house at Richmond was the one formerly occupied by Sir William Temple, but, as may be suspected from the manner of Swift's reference to it, this was not the case.

I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house, but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have always a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well, and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have books in large print, or an honest parson with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the mean time God knows what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I am, Sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I hear your brother the clergyman is still alive:¹ I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

MCXLIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO SIR JOHN STANLEY

Dublin, October 30, 1736.

SIR,²

I HAVE had for several months a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny. I know you will think it hard for me, or anyone, to interfere in a business of property, but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he

¹ *I.e.*, the Rev. John Richardson (*supra*, p. 140, n. 2).

² The future Mrs. Delany's uncle, as has been already mentioned (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 67, n. 2), was connected with Ireland, and owned considerable property in Dublin, to which this letter relates.

B4

has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durst not deceive me; so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary, in which case I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors, whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good-will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind; and if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service. I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half-sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

MCXLIV. [*Original*.¹]

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN TO SWIFT

November 2, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his Grace and you, and he also is troubled at it, as the

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

person you recommend is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person;¹ but Mr. Molloy, who was Lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment,² so he cannot put him by this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings, but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented obliging their friends, and many worthy people go unrewarded, and whether you call this a Court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before, and am now literally this moment setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear Dean.

Addressed.—To the Revd. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Ireland.

MCXLV. [Original³]

MRS. BARBER TO SWIFT

Bath, November 3, 1736.

SIR,⁴

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of fixing the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me, nor think me ungrateful, or in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, Heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

¹ *I.e.*, John Jackson (*supra*, p. 382).

² Edward Molloy, who had been for six years a Fellow of Trinity College, was then appointed Treasurer of Christ Church Cathedral, but only enjoyed the preferment for a year, when his death took place.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ As appears from this letter, Swift's anxiety about Mrs. Barber's condition had led him to write suggesting her return to Ireland.

As to the friend who you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.¹

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings; your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think for me. It is impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here. In that way, my daughter, who is willing to do everything in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever, since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; beside this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son, who is learning to paint, goes on well,² and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be ever so indifferent; and I have hopes that Con may settle here.³ Dr. Mead,⁴ whose goodness to me is very great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do

¹ The allusion is no doubt to Delany.

² Her second son, Rupert Barber, by whom the crayon portrait of Swift, from which the frontispiece to Orrery's "Remarks" is taken, was executed ("Prose Works," xii, 55).

³ As has been mentioned (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 22, n. 4), her eldest son, who had graduated in arts two years before in Dublin University, of which he had been a scholar, returned to Dublin and became one of the leaders of the medical profession:

"Wise Barber can prolong the days of youth,
By maxims founded on undoubted truth;
With pharmaceutic art he plainly shows
How to prepare, preserve, compound and choose
Drugs and materials medical, that will
All indications curative fulfil."

⁴ The celebrated physician who attended Queen Anne in her last illness (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 208).

not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then; and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are, not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable, and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con, if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you. When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worsley, who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland,¹ and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account, but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness, but, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you, and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now. I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings, and, that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason

¹ *Supra*, p. 6, n. 1.

in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that everybody would gladly subscribe for anything Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, Sir, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, Lady Carteret, and Mrs. Spencer,¹ who command me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not anything in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters, which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind. I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you would not try for your own sake, why will you not, in pity to your country? Oh! may that Being that inspired you to be its defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people.

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. Temple² was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says he flatters himself you will visit Moor Park once again. Heaven grant you may, and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, Sir,

Your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

¹ *Supra*, p. 68, n. 2.

² Swift's old friend, John Temple, Lord Palmerston's younger brother (*supra*, vol. i, p. 54).

MCXLVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

WILLIAM KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY

Paris, November 9, O. S., 1736.

MADAM,

As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler, and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh¹ to this place requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander,² and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country; for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the *honour* to live next door to Mr. Knight's³ hatter.

But to our business: I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the 20th of this month. I will then put the little manuscript to the press, and oblige the whole English nation.⁴ As to the History, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the History, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well.

This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter which is serious; for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my

¹ *Supra*, p. 378.

² The author of the "Toast" was supposed to be a Laplander or Swede.

³ The treasurer of the South Sea Company (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 115).

⁴ Subsequent correspondence shows, however, that Swift had still not parted with the manuscript of the "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen." It will also be seen that it was intended to print with it the "Memoirs relating to that Change in the Queen's Ministry in 1710," and the "Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry."

friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found everything as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh, and yet the stinks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris*.

As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it, and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my Lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his History.¹ In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the *honour* he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word. I desire my humble service to Miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift² I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, Madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

MCXLVII. [*Deane Swift*.]

THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY

November 21, 1736.

DEAR MADAM,

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection

¹ King alludes to the historical writings on which Bolingbroke was then engaged.

² *I.e.*, Deane Swift. In a note appended by himself, it is stated that he was at that time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford in the spring following.

when they left me,¹ and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killeshandra, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropped into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies. I have been for a week past composing an Anglo-Latin letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon his birthday, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent; I have by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from September past, and is to pay me their arrears the next May; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean, but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire — should keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar — of —, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. Oh! what compassion I have for them.

I have written a little pretty birthday poem against St. Andrew's Day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do assure you, Madam, it is a very pretty thing, although I say it

¹ *Supra*, p. 379.

that should not say it, and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life, and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you.¹ But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say, that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world. I wish Mrs. Sheridan were dead out of the way.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

MCXLVIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE REV. WILLIAM DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY

November 30, 1736.

MADAM,²

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birthday with you, but as I have been afflicted with a violent headache all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate, but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain.³ One comfort, however, I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

¹ Sheridan's poem is probably the one printed in the "Poetical Works," ii, 391:

"To you my true and faithful friend,
These tributary lines I send,
Which every year, thou best of Deans,
I'll pay as long as life remains."

² Dunkin appears to have had an acquaintance with Mrs. White-way independent of Swift, whose knowledge of him was still only slight (*supra*, p. 157, n. 1).

³ "Tuesday last being the anniversary of the birth of the Revd. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D.," says "Pue's Occurrences" of 4 December, 1736, "when he entered into the seventieth year of his age, the same was observed with the utmost rejoicings in many parts of this city. In the

MCXLIX. [*Elwin*.¹]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, December 2, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride. The first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power, and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left, and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *singula de nobis anni praedantur*, I feel every month at farthest, and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, etc., and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a contemporary, not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborough. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past;² neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the

morning several persons of distinction paid their compliments to the Dean upon the happy occasion. In the evening there were bonfires, illuminations, firing of guns, etc. Many loyal healths were drank: Long Life to the Drapier, Prosperity to poor Ireland, and to the Liberty of the Press. Several congratulatory poems were sent to the Dean upon the occasion."

¹ By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, vol. iii, p. 148, n. 1.

² See Appendix XVII.

present times are drawn to the dregs, as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.

My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has three thousand pounds a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid. This is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour¹ about a month ago, and subscribed my name. I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling, for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. Can you put me out of pain concerning Lord Bolingbroke, I mean partly as to his health, for he has been so long a squanderer of both that I lament him more than I do myself, who never enjoy a healthy hour?² I hope you sometimes see my Lord and Lady Oxford. I love them dearly, but we seldom correspond of late, because we have nothing to say to each other, and it is enough when I desire you to present my humble service and all good wishes to them and the Duchess their daughter. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side. Yet my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance, I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone, and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times, and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.

My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do, and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality;

¹ *I.e.*, Pulteney.

² Swift had apparently forgotten Pope's reply in August (*supra*, p. 374).

and I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such Epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion. Pray God long preserve my dearest friend in life and health and happiness, or rather you may say with Horace, *det vitam, det opes, animam mihi ipse parabo*. I am, etc.

MCL. [*Original*.¹]

LORD CASTLE-DURROW TO SWIFT

Castle Durrow,² December 4, 1736.

SIR,³

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter. I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgement of it, but I am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect, and who knows but

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Writing in 1732 John Loveday says ("Tour," p. 46): "Colonel Flower's seat at Durrow was built in 1716 on arches; it is a large and elegant building of a white stone, the offices answering regularly to the right and left. It stands on a high ground; the walks in the woods are very much admired. The rooms are not large nor is there a grand staircase; indeed it is not all finished. There are pictures of the present Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Dorset, and his Duchess, who were entertained here by Flower. He, according to the general affected custom of the country, is called colonel, because he has the title in the militia." A year later Loveday adds a note mentioning three other pictures, portraits of Cromwell and the first Duke of Ormond, and a very fine Spanish painting of the Virgin.

³ As appears from this letter Swift had reopened correspondence with Lord Castle-Durrow (*supra*, p. 62) on learning that he had called on him and been refused admission by his servant.

even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your economy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom, though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of Dean Aldrich, the greatest man that ever presided in that high post,¹ that over Virgil and Horace, Rag and Philips² smoked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beside the expense of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled, but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and some other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once, indeed, in two years I appear in the *amus* of the world, our metropolis. His Grace, my old acquaintance,³ told me, I began to contract a strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which so enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield, though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.⁴

¹ Lord Castle-Durrow had entered Christ Church, Oxford, under the beneficent rule of Aldrich (*supra*, p. 165, n. 2) in 1701. He was then only fifteen years of age.

² Edmund Smith, the author of "Phaedra," and John Philips, the author of the "Splendid Shilling."

³ *I.e.*, the Duke of Dorset.

⁴ See "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," chap. iii.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a Christmas-box; small as the present is, pray believe I am, with sincere respect, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLE-DURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *A propos*, can you agree with me, that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his Grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

Enclosure—

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

OLD women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire.
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

Lover's Answer.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen. (Hor. i, Od. xxv.)

No more shall frolic youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling strokes no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

MCLI. [*Deane Swift.*]

WILLIAM KING TO SWIFT

London, *December 7, 1736.*

SIR,

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolu-

tion concerning the History.¹ You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces which you determined should be inserted at length, I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's Representation;² this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts as an appendix to the History, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the Earl of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the History.³ Perhaps on a review you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have, I think, barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard,⁴ and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager.⁵ But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes, which may be done from the Gazettes, or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration, and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this History should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living,⁶ and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

¹ *Supra*, p. 392.

² "The Representation of the State of the Nation" which Hanmer drafted in the spring of 1712 with Swift's assistance (*supra*, vol. i, p. 322, n. 2).

³ The earlier character, that in the "History of the Four Last Years of the Queen," is less critical than the later one in the "Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry," or the pamphlet of 1715 as King calls it ("Prose Works," x, 93; v, 431).

⁴ It is dismissed as not pertinent to the History (*ibid.*, x, 97).

⁵ This "idle quarrel" has been mentioned as causing a delay in the negotiations for Peace (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 3). It originated in a charge that Mesnager's footmen made "grimaces or indecent gesticulations" at Rechteren's servants.

⁶ Presumably alterations and additions had created a difficulty in deciphering the manuscript.

MCLII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO JOHN BARBER

Dublin, *December 8, 1736.*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I AM glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse.¹ I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your Society's estate lies.² The substance of her request is a public affair, wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your Society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of Dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed Sir Thomas Webster,³ the landlord—I suppose under you—of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand, those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your Society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of Dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the Church, and have entered into public associations subscribed and handed about publicly for that purpose.

I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health, but my ill-health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both. Pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than

¹ More than a year had elapsed since Swift had written to him (*supra*, p. 225).

² *Supra*, p. 384.

³ The owner of Waltham in Essex.

either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune, for some time ago a friend of us both writ to me, that he wished his Lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them.¹ I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. Alderman,

Your most hearty friend and obedient humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

This letter, I suppose, will reach you, although I have forgot your street and part of the town.

MCLIII. [*Original.*²]

WILLIAM PULTENEY TO SWIFT

London, *December 21, 1736.*

SIR,

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, which letter, I fancy, you never received,³ and I resolved not to hazard another by the cross-post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again.

I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the Duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it.⁴ My first desire to serve him was

¹ *I.e.*, Pulteney (*supra*, p. 282).

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ Pulteney alludes no doubt to his letter of 22 November, 1735 (*supra*, p. 279), of which Swift had apparently not acknowledged receipt.

⁴ Stopford had been appointed Archdeacon of Killaloe in the previous summer.

solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterward, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the Duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to show some regard to my recommendations.¹ I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, that the person you inquire after,² and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman³ would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination toward it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope showed me a letter he had lately from you.⁴ We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His Majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if he does not come by

¹ William, third Earl of Essex, the Duchess of Queensberry's brother-in-law, with whom Pulteney and Gay had stayed together (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 15, n. 4). He had been ambassador at Turin.

² *I.e.*, Bolingbroke.

³ *I.e.*, Bolingbroke's father, Viscount St. John. ⁴ *Supra*, p. 396.

Twelfth Day, the people will choose King and Queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it. One Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town in a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, "No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore!" The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, she was no Hanover whore; she was an English one. Upon which they cried out, "God bless your Ladyship," quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the House next session, but not with such assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished, and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

MCLIV. [*Notes and Queries*.¹]

SWIFT TO LORD CASTLE-DURROW

Dublin, *December 24, 1736.*

MY LORD,

YOUR last letter² hath lain by me about a fortnight unacknowledged, partly by the want of health and lowness of

¹ Second Series, vi, 367. It was contributed by the sixth Baron Monson, father of Viscount Oxenbridge.

² *Supra*, p. 398.

spirits, and chiefly by want of time not taken up in business, but lost in the teasings of insignificant people who worry me with trifles. I often reflect on my present life as the exact burlesque of my middle age, which passed among Ministers that you and your party since call the worst of times. I am now acting the same things in miniature, but in a higher station as first Minister, nay sometimes as a Prince, in which last quality my housekeeper, a grave elderly woman, is called at home and in the neighbourhood Sir Robert.¹ My butler is secretary, and has no other defect for that office but that he cannot write; yet that is not singular, for I have known three Secretaries of State upon the same level, and who were too old to mend, which mine is not. My realm extends a hundred and twenty houses, whose inhabitants constitute the bulk of my subjects; my grand jury is my House of Commons, and my Chapter the House of Lords. I must proceed no further, because my arts of governing are secrets of state.

Your Lordship owes all this to the beginning of your letter, which abounded with so many unmerited compliments that I was puffed up like a bladder, but at the first touching with a pin's point, it shrivelled like myself almost to nothing. The long absence from my friends in England, whom I shall never see again, hath made most of them as well as myself drop our correspondence. Besides, what is worse, many of them are dead, others in exile, and the rest have prudently changed their sentiments both of the times and of me.

My secretary above-mentioned is a true Irish blockhead, and, what is worse, a blockhead with a bad memory; for I suppose it was with him you left your message, which he never delivered. However, I wanted no proofs of your Lordship's great civilities. As to my economy, I cannot call myself a housekeeper. My servants are at board-wages. However I dine almost constantly at home, because, literally speaking, I know not above one family in this whole town where I can go for a dinner. The old hospitality is quite extinguished by poverty and the oppressions of England. When I would have a friend eat with me, I direct him in general to send in the morning and en-

¹ Mrs. Ridgeway had evidently inherited Mrs. Brent's title as well as place.

quire whether I dine at home, and alone; I add a fowl to my commons, and something else if the company be more, but I never mingle strangers, nor multiply dishes. I give a reasonable price for my wine; higher my ill-paid, sunk rents will not reach. I am seldom without eight or nine hogsheads. And as to the rest, if your Lordship will do me that honour when you come to town, you must submit to the same method. Only perhaps I will order the butler to see whether, by chance, he can find out an odd bottle of a particular choice wine which is all spent, although there may be a dozen or two remaining; but they are like Court secrets, kept in the dark. As to puddings, my Lord, I am not only the best, but the sole perfect maker of them in this kingdom; they are universally known and esteemed under the name of the Deanery puddings; suet and plumbs are three-fourths of the ingredients. I had them from my "aunt Giffard,"¹ who preserved the succession from the time of Sir W. Temple.

You are perfectly right that for a young man you are my oldest acquaintance here; for when, upon the Queen's death, I came to my banishment I hardly knew two faces in the nation; but I lost you long before, for you grew a fine gentleman of the town (London), went through all the forms, married, sometimes came to Ireland, settled, broke up house, went back, and are now as unfixed as ever. However, I find you have not neglected your book like most of your sort I suppose in your neighbourhood, of whom you are grown weary, as I should be in your case; but I am not certain whether you are a member of the biennial College Green Club,² which is all the title I give them to your old friend the Duke,³ and yet I know one of the members who, confessing himself partial, declares there are thirty-five among them who can read and write. As to the Duke himself, although I knew him from his boyhood, and several of his near relations, I never could obtain any the most reasonable requests from him, nor any more than common civilities, although I desired nothing [for a] friend or two, but what would have redounded to his honour [and the] satisfaction of his best friends, as well as without

¹ The relationship which Lady Giffard bore to Lord Castle-Durrow as a sister of his grandfather, Sir John Temple (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 66, n. 1).

² *I.e.*, the Irish Parliament.

³ Of Dorset.

any party end. He hath this to say that he was steady from his youth to the same side, and I own him to be as easy and agreeable in conversation as ever I knew, but a governor of this kingdom never is a freeman; however, I deserve better from him, because in the Queen's time I spent a great part of my credit in preserving your people from losing their employments. But I shall trouble his Grace no more, and it is time to give you a release. I know not whether it is franking season, and therefore I will avoid the ceremony of an envelope to save expense. I cannot blame you for carrying your son to England, which hath been chiefly your home as it was many years mine, and might still be so had the late Queen lived two months longer. I am, with very great esteem,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I heartily give you all the compliments and wishes of the season.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Lord Castle-Durrow at Castle Durrow in the county of Kilkenny.

MCLV. [*Elwin*.]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

December 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter¹ has made me more melancholy than almost anything in this world now can do; for I can bear everything in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me, and indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are, for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what, it is a thousand to one, he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is

¹ *Supra*, p. 396.



old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity; but if ever you live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday.¹ I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality, must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which, so much against my inclination, has been drawn from me.² It is from Catullus,

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!³

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of anything to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality, and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters—one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723—and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time.⁴ Your

¹ *Supra*, p. 395, n. 3.

² By the publication of Curll's volumes (*supra*, p. 186, n. 1), the inaccuracies of which Pope represented himself as obliged to correct.

³ 96, 4.

⁴ It has been suggested, however, that copies of these letters (*supra*, vol. iii, pp. 167, 170) may have been conveyed to Curll by Pope himself as part of the plot to regain possession of his letters to Swift. In

answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, wit as well as money, to these needy poetical readers. The world will certainly be the better for his¹ change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour.

You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone. I think that impossible; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room, so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption.² One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors; but I will own to you my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former.

But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yester-

the note upon their correspondence (*supra*, p. 1, n. 1) which will be inserted in the last volume, I propose to discuss the question more fully than is here possible. The mention of Dawley occurs in a footnote to Bolingbroke's ironical allusion to London as a quiet place. Not unnaturally Curll treated the remark seriously, and thought it must refer to Dawley, the only country residence Bolingbroke owned in England after the Hanoverian accession.

¹ *I.e.*, Bolingbroke's.

² *I.e.*, the Boy Patriots (*supra*, p. 316, n. 1).

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day; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me, in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu.

I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things. Lord Masham has just married his son.¹ Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife.² Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. Blount sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

MCLVI. [*Original*.³]

LORD CASTLE-DURROW TO SWIFT

Castle Durrow, *January 11, 1736-7.*

SIR,

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter⁴ with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to repay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence, which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet-thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greatest treat, and that elegance in sorting company puts

¹ The second Lord Masham had married on 16 October Harriet, daughter of Salway Winnington of Stanford Court, Worcestershire.

² On 25 November in Westminster Abbey.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 405.

me in mind of Corelli's orchestra, in forming which he excelled mankind.¹ In this respect no man ever judged worse than Lord Chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which, to be sure, was entirely owing to his lady.² You really surprise me, in saying you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way, and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies.

Not any Lord Lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our present viceroy.³ He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any alloy in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in

¹ It is probable from this reference that Lord Castle-Durrow had made as a young man the *grande tour*. Corelli, who died in 1713, had never left Italy.

² Lord Middleton was married three times. Lord Castle-Durrow is alluding to his third wife, who was a daughter of Sir John Trevor, the Speaker of King William's first Parliament, and who had been previously married to an ancestor of the Marquess of Downshire.

³ Throughout his viceroyalty the Duke of Dorset's entertainments continued to be as splendid as the one with which he had inaugurated his reign (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 269). On the last celebration of the King's birthday Dorset had added a performance at the theatre to the customary ball, the castle blazed with wax tapers at every window, and wine flowed in the supper room for the guests and in the courtyard for the populace ("St. James's Evening Post," 6-8 November, 1736).

your private capacity, not in your princely authority, for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your Highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,
CASTLE-DURROW.

MCLVII. [*Draft*.¹]

SWIFT TO LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN

January 29, 1736-7.

MADAM,²

I OWE your Ladyship the acknowledgement of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made my Lord Duke. I now dismiss you, Madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his Grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from Court, and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the Whig party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or Church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but entirely consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his Grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of Church and

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² This letter, which is a reply to the last one from Lady Betty Germain (*supra*, p. 387), closed the correspondence between her and Swift. In its composition Swift took the most extraordinary pains, and made two drafts, which have both been preserved, and are dated respectively 26 and 29 January.

State. I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the points of promises and employment; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard. Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed to the discontent of his Grace's best friends in this kingdom, and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a great variety of knowledge, than the Duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your Ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the Bath; the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter.¹ But I am at a time of life to expect hourly a great deal worse, for I have neither flesh nor spirit left; while you, Madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise or virtuous. I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Suffolk, and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, Madam, your, etc.

MCLVIII. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

February 9, 1736-7.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havoc have

¹ Judging by letters from Lord Orrery imagination had some part in Swift's inability to carry on correspondence. Writing on 23 December his Lordship says: "The noon was passed with the Dean of St. Patrick's, who grows younger as his years increase. . . . He enjoys more health and vivacity this winter than he has felt for some years past. Thus you see the prayers of poor Ireland in one instance are heard." Again on 18 January he says: "The Dean feasted his clergy last week with ladies, music, meat, and wine; as a musician I gained admittance to join chorus with 'Away with Cuzzoni; away with Faustina'" ("Orrery Papers," i, 183, 192).

time, death, exile, and oblivion made.¹ Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill-health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, "Oh, I am very sick, if anybody cared for it!" I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, "Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well." My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any Lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom, nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is, reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *singula de nobis anni*, etc.² You have put them into a strong and admirable light; but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies.³ I never saw

¹ This letter has been misdated by Elwin 1735-6. It is evidently a reply to Pope's last letter (*supra*, p. 408), and contains a reference to the appointment of the Duke of Dorset's successor, which was made early in 1736-7.

² These lines were probably quoted by Pope in a passage omitted from the printed version of his last letter. They occur in the "Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace" addressed to Colonel Cotterell, which was registered at Stationers' Hall on 28 April following:

"Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away."

³ In addition to the foregoing Pope had no doubt quoted the lines

them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.

I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving, for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings. As to the new Lord Lieutenant,¹ I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

MCLIX. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO JOHN TEMPLE

Dublin, *February*, 1736-7.

SIR,²

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my

on Swift in the "Imitation of the First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace," which was registered on 6 March:

"Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift his grateful verse engraved,
The rights a Court attacked, a poet saved."

¹ William, third Duke of Devonshire. Writing on the 17th of that month Orrery says, "The Duke of Dorset is Lord Steward, the Duke of Devonshire is our Viceroy. Walter Carey (*supra*, p. 302) only is removed, and the politicians tell us Mr. Edward Walpole (*supra*, p. 44, n. 2) is appointed his successor. Thus will this young gentleman become a minister at once. These are the trammels that his wise father puts him into, in order to form him to go hereafter through rougher roads and deeper ways" ("Orrery Papers," i, 198).

² It appears from this letter that Swift presented Temple about that time with a portrait of his aunt, Lady Giffard (*supra*, vol. i, p. 170, n. 2), which had been in his possession. The gift had been made through the Temples' man of business Hatch (*supra*, p. 254), and was possibly due to the kindness which Temple had shown Mrs. Barber (*supra*, p. 391). In her "Life and Correspondence of Martha Lady Giffard"

neighbourhood.¹ She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare, but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness, as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least. Jervas told me that your aunt's picture is in Sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt; and if I live any time, I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady, or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at Moor Park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house; but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time. I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Irish title—I should be sorry to see you with such a feather—and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough.² But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my Lord Castle-Durrow, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more.³ I

Miss Longe has reproduced the portrait, which was painted by Sir Peter Lely and is now at Broadlands, and suggests that it had belonged to Stella.

¹ Possibly Mrs. Ridgeway, on succeeding her mother as Swift's housekeeper, had moved from Grafton Street (*supra*, p. 29, n. 3) to a house nearer the Deanery. Miss Longe believes that Swift gave the portrait on condition that Temple assisted Rebecca Dingley, but this letter tends to negative such a theory. The relationship of Stella's friend to the Temples has been already noticed (*supra*, vol. i, p. 42, n. 1).

² *Supra*, vol. iii, pp. 297-302.

³ It was announced in "Pue's Occurrences" that Lord Castle-Durrow and his son intended to sail for England on the 10th. Swift's

desire to present my most humble service to your lady,
with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, Sir,
Your most humble faithful servant,
J. SWIFT.

MCLX. [*Draft*.¹]

SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY

Dublin, *March 7, 1736-7.*

SIR,

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I now am, and still more so, by the daily increase of ill-health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues, urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for the short time I may expect to live. That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter² is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit, which hath reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far, as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole set of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath, and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in London have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them.³ I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men, but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions, and poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Caesar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living

commendation of Lord Castle-Durrow to his uncle is amusing (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 66, n. 1).

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 493.

³ The conclusion of the sentence shows that Swift thought Pulteney had referred to a letter of a later date than the one which was in Pulteney's mind.

may be published, which you design to follow, for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts, neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature, taking a vast majority, that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another Duke to govern here.¹ Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgements to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion. Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the Duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in London, his Grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between, as she called herself, betwixt the Duke and me, because I never design to attend him again,² and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost anywhere met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the Duke, and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard, which was but twice, and for trifles, but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *nego consequentiam*; and besides comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the

¹ *I.e.*, the Duke of Devonshire (*supra*, p. 416, n. 1).

² *Supra*, p. 413.

perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased everybody here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret to [oppose] any step toward arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports I hear of him have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he has, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts He has bestowed you, to be chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, Amen. I am, with the truest respect, and highest esteem, Sir, your, etc.

MCLXI. [*Original.*']

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO SWIFT

Cork, *March 15, 1736-7.*DEAR SIR,²

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is ever the same: dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred Majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. The butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy and full of the Lord, as usual; all things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my Lord Grinston, have done the same before me.³

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Orrery had only just left Dublin, where he had spent the winter and seen much of Swift. Writing two days before to Baron Wainwright (*supra*, p. 102, n. 1), he says: "As it is Sunday night I cannot help fancying you are in the blue room at the Dranery, and if I could transport my body as easily as I can my thoughts, I should be of the party, but alas! my doom is to be but seldom where my wishes are" ("Orrery Papers," i, 203).

³ The writings of Pope and Swift had made the names of John

I have not yet been upon the Change, but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's Dictionary, of Pandora's gold box,¹ it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that Pandora was a woman, which, perhaps, Mr. Littleton forgets to mention, they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the greybeards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David; the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited.² The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Cork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good stars protect you, for let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kuli Khan, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the Sufi; at least the Vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented.³

ORRERY.

Addressed—To the Revd. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Dublin.

Ogilby, Sir Richard Blackmore, and the first Viscount Grimston proverbial for the use of words and the want of brains.

¹ "She was by Jupiter sent with a box to Epimetheus, which he receiving and opening, all kind of evils and mischiefs flew out, and filled the earth with diseases and all other calamities."

² The conflict between George II and his eldest son did not, however, reach its climax until the birth of the Prince's eldest child some months later.

³ It is possible that Orrery alludes here to the incumbent of a popular seaside resort near Dublin, and not to the historic subject of the Tudor sovereigns.

MCLXII. [*Original*.¹]

THE EARL OF ORKERY TO SWIFT

Cork, *March* 18, 1736-7.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received from Mr. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you a part of a fifth volume of Curll's thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke, just published, with an impudent preface by Curll.² You see, Curll, like his friend the Devil, glides through all keyholes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dublin, which he has not yet received, has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me he should have his letters, and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution. God forbid that any more papers belonging to either of you, especially such papers as your familiar letters, should fall into the hands of knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you both in particular, and of all honest and worthy men in general.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the Deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure. It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life, which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 409.

do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise.
I am, dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged humble servant,
ORRERY.

Addressed—To the Revd. Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at the Deanery House, Dublin.

Enclosure—

ALEXANDER POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

[*March 4, 1736-7.*]

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart;¹ and, among other things, pressed him, which, I must acquaint your Lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past, to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which, if he valued so much, I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy, which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to show you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, that he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water, with several others yet lying by, which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either, is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean, answering every other point of my letter with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent.

I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands, and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my Lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and

¹ It appears from a subsequent letter that Pope refers to his letter of 30 December, from which no doubt some paragraphs were deleted before it was published.

operate in these cases alike to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think in this I made the Dean so just a request, that I beg your Lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow,¹ that I wished to make use of some of these; nor did I think any part of my correspondences would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as about a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession. I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine, and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgement at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his Works will live, which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, this last I mean, I would have gladly been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgements. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and everybody else, may say and lie of me as they will. The Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

¹ *Supra*, p. 409, n. 2.



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MCLXIII. [*Copy.*¹]

WILLIAM RICHARDSON TO SWIFT

Summerseat, near Coleraine,
March 18, 1736-7.REVEREND SIR,²

A SALMON that weighs twenty-seven pounds, the finest I took this year, will wait on you next Wednesday morning by a carrier paid for leaving it at your house; this is the first opportunity of sending any to Dublin this season; I mention the weight, these carriers being sometimes capable of changing fish sent by them. Mr. Faulkner has sent me the Irish editions of some of Mr. Pope's Works, and of the translation of Rollin's History; if it will be an amusement to you, and if you choose to read it in the French, I will get him to send the original.

Sir, if your fame as an author, if your Works, which the more I study the more admiration and rapture I read them with, if your character as a friend made me before I was known to you, ambitious of the honour of your company, I am, if possible, more so since. At the same time, I have not been without my doubts as to the propriety of a man of business, whose conversation has been for the most part among such, and who pretends but to plain sense, and an honest meaning, inviting the greatest genius that perhaps a thousand years have produced, cultivated with all the helps of art, and that has lived among the great in all respects, [to a] place without other ornament than nature has bestowed upon it. However the consideration of your having condescended to spend some time with persons that love you from whose conversation you could receive no great entertainment, and my earnest desire to embrace the Dean of St. Patrick's here, but above all the strong persuasion I am under that it will conduce to your health determined me to beg that favour of you, and now to remind you of your promise. If I did not know that you may command what fare is most likely to conduce to your

¹ In the Forster Collection.

² In a note appended to the transcript of this letter it is mentioned that the writer (*supra*, p. 140) was known to his friends on account of the name of his residence as the Duke of Somerset.

health, and what else you can expect in the country to make you easy, excepting the article of conversation wherein it will be my business only to hear, no gratification of my own could occasion my entreating your company. I am, Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

WM. RICHARDSON.

I beg you will make my compliments acceptable to Mrs. Whiteway, and acquaint her that I say it will be dangerous for you to make too free with salmon if you admit it to your table.

Endorsed by Swift—March 21, 1736-7; Mr. Richardson from the North with a great salmon; to answer.

MCLXIV. [*Nichols.*]

SWIFT TO — GIBSON

March 23, 1736-7.

MR. GIBSON,

I DESIRE you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me, and I thank you for your care in sending it me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me tomorrow, when we will drink his health. He has done everything in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am,

Your friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

MCLXV. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would

be a very easy task;¹ for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart, and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants, and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse, though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us.

As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, etc., is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a country, which cannot be quite sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves in it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you, but my real reason, and a strong one it is, for doing

¹ Pope is referring here to Swift's letter of 2 December; possibly the one in February, which had no doubt been entrusted to Lord Castle-Durrow, had not yet reached him.

it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies, who publish them with all their imperfections on their heads, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men. Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on, and bring with you your old housekeeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and, thank what you will, a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

MS. LXVI. [*Original.*]

LORD CARTERET TO SWIFT

Arlington Street, March 24, 1736-7.

SIR,

I THIS day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and a hundred pounds costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other Lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek, καὶ ὁδὸν ὁδὴν καὶ τὴν ἐπιστήμην αὐτῆς ἐκτελέσεις, τὰς." He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late Lord Lieutenant¹ told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² This letter is a reply to one from Swift asking Carteret to attend the hearing of an Irish appeal to which persons called Delane were the parties.

³ 72, the Duke of Dorset.

that opinion, and showed him the article of your letter relating to himself. I believe I did wrong; not that you care a farthing for Princes or Ministers, but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgements to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you; and I have not heard that since they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been Jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Mr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which Lady Granville,¹ my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My Lady Granville, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may be no longer postponed by you to the third place. My wife and Lady Worsley desire their respects should be mentioned by me to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

CARTERET.

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift. *Quaesitam meritis sume superbiam.*

MCLXVII. [*Nichols.*]

SWIFT TO JOHN BARBER

Dublin, *March* 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine.² It seems your Society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about

¹ His mother (*supra*, p. 46).

² In Swift's time this town, now celebrated for its linen factories, distillery, and salmon fishery, was only emerging into notice under the fostering care of the Irish Society, to which it owes its chief institutions.

three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid, which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom, and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the Plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same Plantations, I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value, and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low, it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my Chapter. Although my own lands, as Dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part in twenty-three years, and took very moderate fines.

On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle, and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of anything human, that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg, upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts; if that be so, you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Coleraine; others are not able to repair their habitations,

which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Coleraine have lain under, since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for, although he lives at Coleraine, his preferment is some miles farther. He is now going to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the desire of your tenants in and near Coleraine, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular, I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you, that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire, for I have lost so many old friends, without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the street you live in.

Addressed—To John Barber, Esq., Alderman of London.

MCLXVIII. [*Craik*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY

March 31, 1737.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM so busy a person in state affairs, that I cannot endure to read country letters. I have, indeed, some faint remembrance that I received a letter from you about four days ago, and another about as many days sooner.² Confound that jade Fortune who did not make me a Lord, although it were of Ireland; I should have been above the little embranglements into which I put myself; the thing was this. A great flood of halfpence from England hath rolled in upon us by the politics of the Primate;³ I railed at them to Faulkner, who printed an advertisement naming me, and my ill-will towards them;⁴ for which he was called before the Council, was terribly abused, but not sent to prison, only left to the mercy of the common law for publishing a libel, for so they called his paragraph. I expected to have the same honour of attending their Lordships; I sent off all my papers, as I have often done; but their Honours have not meddled further, and the halfpence must pass. I quarrel not at the coin, but at the indignity of not

¹ *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 382, n. 1.² *Supra*, pp. 420, 422.³ The following paragraph had appeared shortly before in the London newspapers: "Dublin, February 26. We are now assured that £10,000 in halfpence will be coined at his Majesty's Mint for the use of this kingdom and are expected here in a short time"; and was succeeded by another saying that two tons of halfpence had arrived in Dublin on board a ship called the "Providence," from London.⁴ "Yesterday [March 18] the Rev. Dr. Swift, D.S.P.D., sent for a great number of the inhabitants of his Liberty upon a report that a large quantity of halfpence were imported from England to be passed in this city and kingdom, and he told them he had a parcel of English halfpence, and as he saw the difficulties we lie under for want of change by our own fault, in not having a mint, he gave among them above four pounds of those English halfpence for silver, which silver he afterward gave to them for gold, and he treated the persons who came to him with great generosity by giving them wine, etc. He then told them that the halfpence brought over from England would be attended with as many inconveniences as those of Wood's, inasmuch as they might be as easily counterfeited and imported, and as readily managed to draw away the small quantities of gold and silver among us."

being coined here, and the loss of twelve thousand pounds in gold and silver to us, which for aught I know may be half our store.

I am told by others as well as your Lordship, that the city of Cork hath sent me my silver-box and freedom, but I know nothing of it. I am sorry there are not fools enough in Cork to keep you out of the spleen. Have you got any money from your tenants? Can you lend me a thousand pounds? Are you forced to diet and lodge, or, if I visit you about two, can you give me a chicken and a pint of wine? It was your pride to refuse a hundred pounds that I offered to lend you when I thought you were in want; can you now do me the same civility? But I scorn to accept it. Mrs. Whiteway found sixty pounds in my cabinet, besides some few, but very small, bankers' bills. When I get my Cork box I will certainly sell it for not being gold. . . . I desire your aldermen would begin with gold, and if any mischief should happen, let them send another eighteen times and fifty grains heavier in silver. . . .

I am daily losing ground, both in health and spirits. I am plagued this month with a noise in my head which deafens me, and some touches of giddiness—my old disorders. I am fretting at universal public mismanagement. . . . My neighbour Prelate,¹ who politicly makes his court to Sir Robert Walpole by imitating that great Minister in every minute pulling up his breeches—this Prelate I say—as parsons say “I say”—harangued my neighbours against me under the name of some wicked man about the new halfpence, but received no other answers than “God bless the [Drapier].” It is now the last day of March, and I have not one scheme to make a hundred fools to-morrow. Mrs. Whiteway is just gone down stairs, but I expect her every moment up, and that she is gathering materials at the street-door gate. I had yesterday a letter from my old friend Lord Carteret,² who says not a syllable to confirm what we hear from England, that Walpole and Mr. Pulteney are become friends, and both to be made Lords, which I scarce believe, because the first might have been a Duke many years ago, if it had been possible to govern the Parliament without him.

¹ *I.e.*, Archbishop Hoadly.

² *Supra*, p. 428.

SUPPLEMENTAL LETTERS

MCLXVIII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Terse I ow I ane you are wry.

AM I SAY VAIN A RABBLE IS,¹

GAUDY o tea rue ry dy you sale you tye in service he:
Said lynk way more Ass, eat red Eye, add nose sight O.
Quipp ye knife all or tame Puss East. Tea Mary Tuck Sir:
Tea may rent Family are ease. Anne lewd is cart is? Veal
some no in dull jest I? Anne Jo Cuz ty by place eat? Meer
Rum spare O Freak went her Bib is: Lack Tea compleat:
Ay'd is, ride ease, Lock were is, do neck fat I gat us ease.
A wry Debt nay, Rage in a eat may right us tye by? Do
my Tea here I eggs peck't have I; said may day say pist I.
Usquebach come am? Ass; Force an I buy ass he o buss
East; Codd mark a Toryes nice Eye ass I dumb mine I
may hay bent. Said post hose Dairy lick toes add noes
vain I. You buy inn do mow Day can at us bone um Salt
'em by beam us, sign on Mealy o'r'em fall or no. Satyr
nigh, dye ease nose ty feast us east. May come air is; Sigh
mull seek ray to Carmen a Pan game us. Ride end 'um,
buy, bend 'um e'r it come so dayly buss; nigh least carry
us invite a.

Sick Dice it Whore ah see us:

Spare take um Sick way pot you it wag and Team
Fall e'er he tast a.

¹ The following interpretation of this letter is given by Sir Walter Scott.

Tertio Januarii.

AMICE VENERABILIS,

GAUDEO te ruri diu saluti inservisse sed linque moras, et redi ad
nos cito. Quippe ni fallor tempus est. Timeret uxor, timerent fami-
liares. An ludis cartis? Vel somno indulges te? Anne jocus tibi placet?
Merum spero frequenter bibis. Lac te complet. Edis, rides, loqueris,



SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE 435

Et a lye by:

Back 'um in Ray mote is Carrmen are you Pye-buss.
Said;

For tune a lay to save an egg o show.

Sate I sope I nor sight ha' shown um; add fine 'em
proper and 'um East. Valiant a Mice I Vestry, eat you in
Shoe pair vally Ass.

Ah my Cuz vest are.

DAY CAN US.

MCLXVIII.B. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

SIR,

AS you are a famous instructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all useful inventions, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary loss of time we suffer in transcribing our thoughts by dividing our words into syllables, and writing the vowels at length, which so frequently occur, that although they be but five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our labour. Besides the great loss of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess, that in this polite and learned age of ours,

donec fatigatus es. Arridet ne regina et maritus tibi? Domi te heri expectavi, sed me decepisti. Usque Bacchum amas. Forsan ibi asse opus est. Quod mercatores ni scias idem minime habent. Sed post hos derelictos ad nos veni; ubi in domo Decanatus bonum saltem bibemus, si non meliorem Falerno. Saturni dies nosti festus est. Mecum eris; simul secreto carmina pangemus. Ridendum, bibendum erit cum sodalibus; nil est carius in vitâ!

Sic dicit Horatius:

Spartacum si quae potuit vagantem
Falleret hasta.

Et alibi:

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

Sed:

Fortuna laeto saeva negotio.

Satis opinor citationum, ad finem properandum est. Valeant amici vestri et tu insuper valeas.

Amicus vester

DECANUS.

many laudable attempts have been made for some remedy against this evil, partly by abbreviating words with apostrophes; and partly by lopping the polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most; as thus, tis'n't, 't'n't, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep', phiz, cit, and many more. But alas! these are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the disease.

My scheme is much more useful and extensive, although I confess myself not to be altogether the original inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious gentlemen, who play at White's Chocolate House, have some imperfect idea of it, and I have seen some instances of it, many years older, but very imperfect. By these examples I have these nine years past been considering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as school-mistresses teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-book, which is in this manner, A, Be or Bee, Cee, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are or Err, Ess, Tee or Tea, U or You, Double U or Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now, this I say, the very gaming Lords at the Chocolate Houses have already some imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The same thing also men of business are not ignorant of, for thus three vowels shall stand, with the sum affixed, for a promissory note, I O U £20.

In short you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee, and six letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for dispatch in writing; of which take the following specimens. But I have materials for a treatise to contract words in speaking, which, as this findeth encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

A LETTER TO YOUR MISTRESS

D R L n U r a B u t. I s t m u a D t. U r m p r n d u r r.
O b u r B u t n d l s. A t r f a c s u r B u t. U r a j m; a j u l;
a R u b. I c a b p q r i: I b c h u t k r o' u r i. I c q a R
m e d. U r e t n: U r x l n c s r c n. U r y y. U r a P r s: I
c a P r b f o r u. I o b u. I d s i r u r p t. O a p u r. U r x p
r i n s, u r g n r o s t; u r p r s p q t; u r l o q u n s, u r d c n c, c n
c r i t, f a b l i t a p r. U r a q r i o s t. R i t o r n o b l u r L o g.

Ur Bu t d fis Apls a P n tr. U c I n tr tn u wl. U c Kt 's
g Loc.¹

ANOTHER LETTER IN THE LITERALIA STYLE

B T, u r m t; U d sil ur K r ks d li. I c ur a gr r. I m
ph u. I a qq u. Ur nmii a qq u. Q pd d fii u. Ur rr r d f.
U r a rer mpr s. U th K t. O g m n i. U a th r. U th
B rs. U r r i. I d f i u. I s kp u. I s qq u. I kt qis u. U
a bu t. U r rc. U r e t. I c ur q. U ap r od os n r d. I c
dn gr n su. Rm m br ur ldr cs tr Kt o n. I c ur gl o c, etc.²

MCLXVIIIc. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LADY SANTRY

MADAM,³

MY reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was
grounded on the esteem I always had for you, which con-

¹ Darling you are a beauty. I esteem you a deity. Your empire endure. Oh, be your beauty endless! A tear effaces your beauty. You are a gem, a jewel, a ruby. I see a bee peck your eye. I beseech you take care of your eye. I seek you a remedy. You are eighteen. Your excellencies are seen. You are wise. You are a peeress. I see a peer before you. I obey you. I desire your pity. Oh, happy you are! Your experience, your generosity, your perspicuity, your eloquence, your decency, sincerity, affability appear. You are a curiosity. Write or ennoble your elogy. Your beauty defies, appals, a painter. You see I entertain you well. You see Katie's jealousy.

² Beast, you are empty; you'd sell your carcass daily. I see you are a jeerer. I impeach you. I accuse you. Your enemies accuse you. Cupid defies you. Your ears are deaf. You are a rare empress. You teach Katie. O Gemini! You a teacher. You teach bears. You are eerie. I defy you. I escape you. I excuse you. I can't quiz you. You a beauty. You are arch. You are eighty. I see your cue. You appear odious in red. I see danger ensue. Remember your elder sister Katherine. I see your jealousy.

³ The husband of the recipient of this letter was the third holder of the title, which had been conferred at the time of the Restoration on Sir James Barry, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Ireland in the seventeenth century, who was appointed by Charles II Chief Justice of that country. Owing to his Whiggism, to which there has been already reference (*supra*, vol. i, p. 294, n. 2), and habits of self-indulgence, Lord Santry did not enjoy Swift's friendship, but his wife had claims on Swift as a first cousin of his old friend William Domville

tinued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your Lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I saw you at Sir Compton Donville's house all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the visit I had made you, and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your son. I will not believe your Ladyship was so weak as to spread this complaint yourself, but I lay it wholly to those two young women who were then in the same room, I suppose as visitors. But, if you were really discontented, and thought to publish your discontent in aggravating words, I must cut off at least nine-tenths of the friendship I had for you, and list you in the herd of Irish ladies, whose titles, or those of their husbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had so much sense as to understand, that all I said was intended for the service both of you and your son. I have often spoken much more severely to persons of much higher quality than your son,

(*supra*, vol. i, p. 145) and as a member of his congregation ("Poetical Works," ii, 373), besides possessing charms to which no man could be insensible ("Survey of the Court," *supra*, p. 43, n. 1).

"In Santry's air unnumbered loves we trace,
And bright distraction threatens from her face,
Her beauteous eyes' imitable ray
Outlives the morn, and emulates the day;
Had charms like hers adorned the Egyptian Queen,
The young Octavius had not safely seen,
Their force had o'er the conqueror's heart prevailed,
And her eyes triumphed where her arms had failed."

It is not certain when this letter, which has been hitherto dated "at a conjecture" 1730, was written, but as Lady Santry's son is referred to in it as in possession of the title, it must have been written after her husband's death, which occurred on 27 January, 1714-5. It appears from the contents that Swift had endeavoured to stem a wild course of life on the part of the young man which terminated a few years later in a conviction for murder by his peers, and subsequent banishment from his native land. After his death the title became extinct, and the Barrys' property passed to Lady Santry's brother, Sir Compton Donville, who is mentioned by Swift in this letter. It has been said that the pardon which was granted to his nephew was due to a threat from him to deprive Dublin of its water supply, which then came from the neighbourhood of his seat at Templenugue, but the statement rests on tradition, and the pardon was more probably a result of a recommendation to mercy by the peers, and a universal commiseration for the young man's fate which was excited by his becoming conduct during the trial.

and in a kingdom where to be a Lord is of importance, and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I shall observe, upon your account, which is, never to throw away any more advice upon any Irish Lord, or his mother; because I thought you would be one of the last to deceive me.

I called four times at the house where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I suppose, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the person who ought to complain, because all I had said to you proceeded from friendship, and a desire of reforming your son. But that desire is now utterly at an end.

MCLXVIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO CHARLES WOGAN

[1736.]

HONOURED SIR,¹

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me,² which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning; I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother, and some near relations in this country, and have oftener em-

¹ This letter would appear to be a belated acknowledgement of the one Wogan had sent Swift three years before (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 390). From the reference in the second paragraph it is probable that it was written in the spring of 1736, about the time that the "Legion Club" was published.

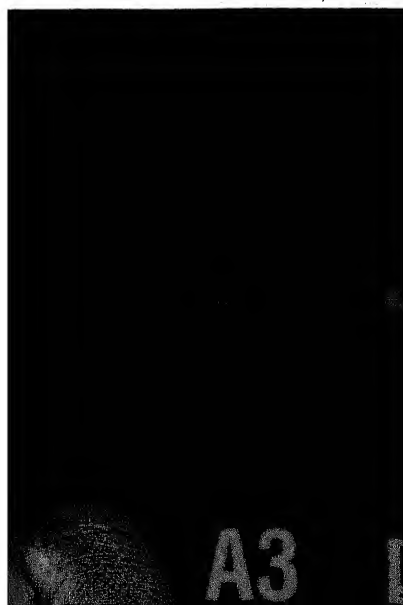
² The poetry and history which Wogan sent to Swift, and which have never been printed, are in the possession of the Most Rev. Thomas O'Dea, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh.

ployed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy; although the Court has thought it better in point of politics—and, to keep the goodwill of Cardinal Fleury,¹ has thought it proper—to make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts; and I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a Parliament, abhor the clergy of our Church, more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire; to which you answered in a disinterested manner, that you only desired my Works. It is true, indeed, that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, that printers here had no property in their copies; that mine would fall into worse hands; that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself, and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you.

I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty per cent already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the South of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those

¹ Then Prime Minister of France.



warmer climates; because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank, and now become half a Spaniard, I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret-drinkers here will be content with; for, when I give them a pale wine, called by Mr. Hall cassalia, they say, it will do for one glass, and then, to speak in their language, call for honest claret.

A3



APPENDIX I

MRS. BARBER'S CANVASS FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE following letter, which is in the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2), was addressed by Mrs. Barber to the Earl of Oxford, and is given as an example of the means by which at that time a "bashful" authoress obtained circulation for her works. With the exception of the Duchess of St. Albans, who was no doubt the widow of the first Duke and the last of the de Veres, the persons mentioned by Mrs. Barber have been already more than once noticed.

Mrs. Newdegate's in Thrift Street,
Soho, *June 9, 1731.*

SIR CLEMENT COTTRELL told me your Lordship did me the honour to enquire for me, and as I am soon to leave London I am told I ought before I go to pay my duty to Lord Oxford's family, which I should be proud to do, but that I dread being thought troublesome, yet I cannot avoid acquainting your Lordship that the Duchess of St. Albans, to whom I had the honour to be recommended by Miss Kelly, asked me if I had any other letters. I said I had to Lady Oxford. Her Grace then desired to know if that family interested themselves for me. I was in some confusion what to say, and only answered that I had been received there with great goodness. The Duchess took some of my receipts, and assured me I might depend upon their using their interest for me, and as I am to send a list of those who have subscribed I presume to acquaint your Lordship that the Dean has desired Lord and Lady Oxford, Lady Margaret, and Mr. Harley and his son may be told of his request, I should be honoured with their names.

The goodness with which your Lordship condescended to say I might expect the favour of your family gave me hopes that I should have been honoured with their protection, which would have greatly supported my spirits that are often ready to sink under the affair I am engaged in. I flattered myself from your known humanity and love of arts that a woman, a stranger, far from her friends, and her country, who was recommended by one

of the greatest geniuses in the world, who has so just an esteem for your Lordship, could not have failed of your patronage, which as I should think it the highest honour should be ever gratefully acknowledged by, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

MARY HANCOCK

APPENDIX II

THE DRAPIER'S RECOMMENDATION OF SIR WILLIAM TOWNES

The recommendation, which was printed as a broadside and is preserved amongst the "Irish Pamphlets" in Trinity College Library, Dublin, was first issued during the by-election for the City of Dublin in the autumn of 1729, while Swift was with the Achensons at Market Hill (*1729*, vol. ix, p. 103, n. 4).

THE DRAPIER'S ADDRESS TO THE FREEMEN AND FREEBORNS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN

FRIENDS AND CITIZENS,

I HAVE been silent as to your electing a member of Parliament in hopes that many competitors might have occasioned that kind of expense, which would have afforded some comfort to a multitude of honest poor men, who from the difficulties of the times have not been able to support themselves in any degree of plenty. But since nothing of that kind hath been in the manner I wished for, and that I hear the time for choosing a citizen to serve in Parliament draws near, what have you to do but immediately to lay aside the thoughts of — I know not whom — and with one voice to call aloud for Sir William Townes, whom I myself dissuaded from offering his service to you, because I thought his years could not safely bear the fatigue and care of such an undertaking.

But since he now stands upon an equal footing with others as to that, and far surpasseth in other respects those whom I have heard of as candidates, I do most earnestly recommend him to you as a lover of your city, as a worthy, ancient inhabitant of it, as a person of understanding and fortune, and as one whose, to my knowledge, labours more for the public good, and for yours in particular, than any other man in the nation, though some are contently paid for that purpose.

Consider the matter well and you will find that you cannot upon this occasion perform a more generous, more honourable, or a wiser action; the present age will thank you, and posterity will admire your virtue.

I am at some distance from you and find that my name hath been basely fixed to some wretched papers, but this is the sincere and plain advice of your old friend,

THE DRAPIER.

I have writ to Sir William Fownes not to refuse the honour, which I hope his fellow citizens may do him on this occasion.

APPENDIX III

A FICTITIOUS LETTER FROM SHERIDAN

Deane Swift, by whom this letter was first printed, says that it was fictitious and written for Swift's amusement. At the time Sheridan's mind was occupied with his design of sending his second son, Swift's future biographer, to Westminster School, and as will be seen, contemplated going with him to England, but he afterwards sent him there under the care of his friend Carte (*infra*, p. 462).

June 24, 1732.

MADAM,

I WILL not trouble you with any grave tophicks, lest I should discourmode you; but rather write in a familiar and jocosious way. You must know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink some jocklit with us, upon which they fell into a nargiment about the best musicioners in town. At last, Rattle told Tattle, that she did not know the difrence between a song and a tympany. They were going to defer the matter to me, but I said that, when people disputed, it was my way always to stand muter. You full would have thought they were both intosticated with liquor, if you had seen them so of outrageousness. However, Mrs. Tattle, as being a very timbersome woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the dispute. I wonder you do not honour me sometimes with your company. If I myself be no introduction, my garden, which has a fine ruval look, ought to be one. My Tommy would be glad to see you before he goes for England, and so would I; for I am resolved to take the Tower of London before I return. We intend

to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an admiral good man, and very hospital in his own house. I am determ'd, when this vege is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again; for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a firmament, that I have been in an ego ever since, and have lost my nappetite to such a degree that I have not eaten a mansion of bread put all together these six weeks past. They allow me to eat nothing at night but blanchius manshius, which has made a perfect notomy of me; and my spirits are so extorted, that I am in a perfect liturgy; for which I am resolved to take some rubrick, although the doctors advise me to drink burgomy. And what do you think, when I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had imbellished it all; for which I am resolved to give them some hippocockeny to bring it up again. I fear that I have been too turbulent in this long and tedious crawl; which I hope you will excuse from,

Your very humble servant,
MARY HOWE.

To Mrs. Susanna Neville.

APPENDIX IV

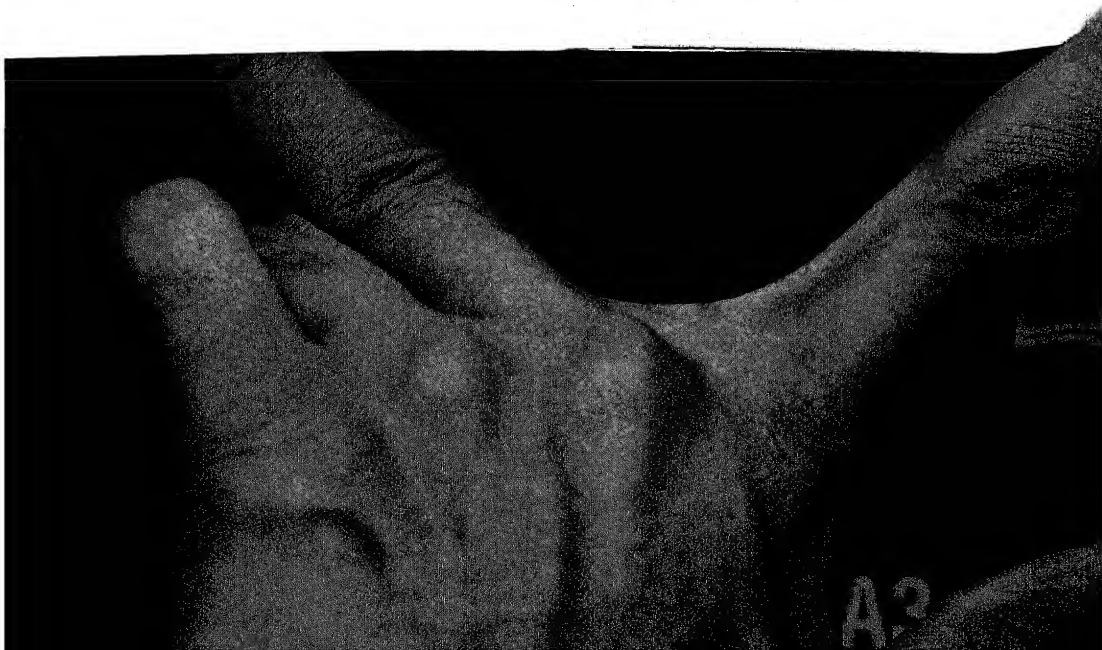
PICKLE HERRING'S DEFENCE OF BETTESWORTH

This letter is said by Deane Swift to have been addressed to George Faulkner, but to have been designed for the entertainment of Swift, by whom it was endorsed "an excellent droll paper." The sobriquet used by the writer perhaps finds to-day its best equivalent in the term merry-andrew. It was first applied early in the seventeenth century as the name of a humorous character in a German play, and was afterwards adopted by the Dutch, whose use of it has been made famous by Addison in the "Spectator."

Cork, *September 24, 1734.*

SIRRAH,

ARE not you the rascal, that makes so free with my family? Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same Serjeant Kite was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself; had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse anyone's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths? Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour and cutting is the sauce you



are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother, and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles? Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad? More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself, but alas! my brother.

But however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? One should think, that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had. Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddy cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a Court sharper, and, what is worst of all for him, no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull—God help it!—incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornice? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his —, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness, an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger? O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys! I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner,¹ looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune, fortune, cruel are thy sports!

Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him; in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him; oh! the comfort of an easy conscience. Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellan,² and everywhere he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to show his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet

¹ Idler's Corner is said by Faulkner to have been near the law courts in Dublin, which were then in the precincts of Christ Church Cathedral.

² *Supra*, p. 202.

with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that, as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? Wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustic and corrosives must be applied, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on, and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can, and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action, which now are the subject of satire, that shall not soon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you! I will set him over all your heads. I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which, however he thought of it all the while, he was not ill bred to, and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it insufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been anything above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave,¹ what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but sirrah, if our brother Doctor Anthony,² were alive—rot you—in spite of your rascally Kevin Bail,³ and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

¹ A reference to Faulkner's loss of one leg.

² He is said by Faulkner to have been a whimsical kind of man who used to make humorous harangues to the populace in the streets. Amongst the "Irish Pamphlets" in Trinity College Library, Dublin, there are two broadsides entitled respectively, "Dr. Anthony's New Year's Gift in praise of Breen O'Neal," and "Physic rectified for the Beaus by Dr. Anthony."

³ *Supra*, p. 120, n. 1.



APPENDIX V

ADVERTISEMENTS OF SWIFT'S WORKS

The following announcement appears in Dalton's "Dublin Impartial News Letter" of Saturday, November 23, 1734:

On Wednesday next will be delivered to the Subscribers at the House of George Faulkner, Printer and Bookseller, in Essex Street, and no where else in Dublin, Three Volumes of the Writings of the Reverend D. S. D. S. P. D. Beautifully Printed, in Octavo, on a fine Genoa Paper, and neatly Bound. The other Volume shall be given out the 6th Day of January next: This Delay is owing to several new Pieces which came late to our Hands, and being willing to give our worthy Subscribers all the Satisfaction in our Power, we have inserted them in this Collection without any additional charge to the Subscribers. It is to be hoped that no Person whatever will take it ill, that they cannot have these Works for less than a Guinea Bound, having had timely notice to Subscribe thereto. A few Copies are Printed on Royal Paper, at Forty Shillings in Sheets, or Two Guineas Bound.

This announcement was subsequently amplified in the following advertisement, which was appended to "A Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables":

Dublin, January 19, 1734-5.

The Writings of the Reverend Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. were published six Years ago in *London*, in three Volumes, mingled with those of some other Gentlemen his Friends. Neither is it easy to distinguish the Authors of several Pieces contained in them.

But, besides those three Volumes, there are several Treatises relating to *Ireland*, that were first published in this Kingdom, many of which are not contained in the *Drapier's Letters*.

It hath been long wished, by several Persons of Quality and Distinction, that a new compleat Edition of this Author's Works, should be printed by itself.

But this can no where be done so conveniently as in *Ireland*, where Booksellers cannot pretend to any Property in what they publish, either by Law or Custom.

This is therefore to give Notice, that the Undertaker, *George Faulkner*, Printer, in *Essex Street*, is now printing, by Subscription, all the Works that are generally allowed to have been

written by the said Dr. S. in four Volumes, which are now in the Press, at 17s. and 4d. in Sheets, beautifully printed on a fine Paper in *Octavo*, and shall be delivered to the Subscribers by the 25th of *March* next; Eight *English* Shillings to be paid at the Time of subscribing, and the Remainder at the Delivery of a compleat Set. Whoever subscribes for six Copies, shall have a Seventh *gratis*.

The first volume shall contain the Prose Part of the Author's Miscellanies, printed many Years ago in *London* and *Dublin*; together with several other Treatises since published in small Papers, or in the three Volumes set out and signed *Jonathan Swift* and *Alexander Pope*.

The second Volume shall contain the Author's poetical Works, all joined together; with many original Poems, that have hitherto only gone about in Manuscript.

The third Volume shall contain the Travels of Capt. *Lemuel Gulliver*, in four Parts, wherein many Alterations made by the *London* Printers will be set right, and several Omissions inserted. Which Alterations and Omissions were without the Author's Knowledge, and much to his Displeasure, as we have learned from an intimate Friend of the Author's, who in his own Copy, transcribed in blank Paper, the several Paragraphs omitted, and settled the Alterations and Changes according to the original copy.

The last Volume shall contain the Author's Letters, written under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, with two additional Ones never printed before; and likewise several Papers relating to *Ireland*, acknowledged to be of the same Author.

In this Edition, the gross Errors committed by the Printers, both here and in *London*, shall be faithfully corrected; the true Original, in the Author's own Hand having been communicated to us by a Friend in whom the Author much confided, and who had Leave to correct his own printed Copies from the Author's most finished Manuscript, where several changes were made, not only in the Style, but in other material Circumstances.

N.B. A compleat Edition of the Author's Works can never be printed in *England*, because some of them were published without his Knowledge or Liking, and consequently belong to different Proprietors; and likewise, because as they now stand, they are mingled with those of other Gentlemen his Friends.

The Author's Effigies, curiously engraven by Mr. *Vertue*, shall be prefixed to each Volume. There will also be several other Cuts, proper to the Work.

Subscriptions will be taken till the Middle of *February*, and no longer.

N.B. After the Subscribers are served, no other Person shall have the Works for less than a Guinea.

Three months later the edition was found to be circulating more freely than was wished, and an appeal for help in detecting the circulators was inserted in the "Dublin Gazette" of April 15-19, 1735:

Several Setts of the Writings of J. S., DD, D.S.P.D. both in 8vo and 12mo having been Stolen out of the Warehouse and Shop of George Faulkner, Printer and Bookseller, in Essex Street, and disposed of to some Sellers of Old Books in St. Patrick's Street, and to one John Sheal, a Hawker, and others of his Profession, who carry Books in green Aprons, and who have sold those Books to Gentlemen at an under Rate; it is therefore most humbly desired that all worthy Persons will detect such Villains as may by any fraudulent Means have these Books to dispose of, there never having been one Sett of them sold to any Hawker whatever.

Many Setts of the said Books being stolen out of my Warehouse and Shop, I do hereby promise a Reward of three Guineas to any Person, who shall discover and convict any one who stole the same, and if any Person concerned will discover his or her Accomplice, I will endeavour to procure them Pardon and pay them the above Reward.

George Faulkner.

Dublin, April 11, 1735.

It is most humbly desired that such Gentlemen as have bought the above Books of Hawkers not knowing them to be stole, will be so kind as to let me know, and I shall acknowledge the Favour in any manner.

A year later the appearance of volumes five and six was thus announced in the "Dublin Gazette" of February 14-17, 1735-6.

Dublin, February 5, 1735-6.

GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer and Bookseller, in *Essex Street, Dublin*, having met with very great Encouragement from the Nobility and Gentry of *Great Britain and Ireland* for four Volumes which he hath lately published of the Writings of the Rev. J. S., DD, D.S.P.D., proposeth to publish two Volumes more of the said Author's Works consisting of *Political Tracts*, and many Pieces both in Verse and Prose never before published.

I. The Books shall be printed on a beautiful Letter and fine *Genoa Paper* in large *Octavo* with same Size and Manner as the four first Volumes, which contained:

1. The Author's Miscellanies in Prose.
2. His *Poetical Works*.
3. The Travels of *Captain Lemuel Gulliver*.
4. The *Drapier's Letters*, and other Papers relating to Ireland.

II. The Price is eight Shillings and eight Pence to Subscribers; Four Shillings and four Pence to be paid at the Time of subscribing, and the Remainder on the Delivery of the Books.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Undertaker, *George Faulkner*, and by Alderman *Bennet* in Cork.

Note. The Books shall not be sold to any but a Subscriber for less than half a Guinea.

N.B. The Work is ready for the Press, therefore such Persons as are willing to subscribe, are desired to send their Names and pay their Subscription Money immediately, or they cannot have the Benefit of Subscribers. The Books will infallibly be delivered before next Trinity-Term or perhaps sooner.

APPENDIX VI

SWIFT AND THE DRYDEN FAMILY

SWIFT's relationship to John Dryden is stated by Deane Swift to have been that of a first cousin once removed, but the place of his grandmother, Elizabeth Dryden, the wife of the Rev. Thomas Swift of Goodrich, through whom he claimed kinship, in the tree of the Dryden family, has not yet been ascertained. In a letter written some years ago to the Bishop of Ossory, the late Rev. William Ball Wright, the author of the "Ussher Memoirs" suggested that she might have been a daughter of Nicholas Dryden, a younger brother of the poet's grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden, who was created a baronet by James I, and that Swift's relationship to the poet was that of a second cousin once removed. This conjecture bears at least an appearance of probability, inasmuch as Nicholas Dryden is known to have had not only a son called Jonathan, but also one called Godwin, the name of Swift's eldest paternal uncle. Nicholas Dryden's wife, whom he married in 1598, was Mary Emyley, and besides the sons mentioned he had one called John and a daughter called Susanna. Jonathan is presumed to have entered holy orders, and to have been the holder of the living of Goodrich during the Commonwealth. His familiar name was carried on by his son and grandson, who both



me clergymen. The former, who was born in 1639, was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He held sometime the livings of Desborough, Keighley, and Scrayingham, and was a Canon of Ely at the time of his death in 1702. He was buried in the choir. His son was also beneficed in the York diocese.

APPENDIX VII

SHERIDAN'S OPTIMISM

In addition to the numerous indications of Sheridan's optimistic disposition in the Correspondence, a formal admission of it under his own hand is preserved in the Forster Collection. The entire document, except the signature, is in Swift's handwriting.

Monday, October 22, 1731.

Mr. Sheridan forced to premise and allow that he hath been many times deceived in affirming servants and agents to be honest, now the one and thirtieth time positively assert that his present agent at Quilca, Woolly by name, is the most honest, prudent and skilful fellow in Ireland;

Signed, at Dr. Grattan's house,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Corrected by Swift—Dr. Sheridan's certificate of his being often deceived.

APPENDIX VIII

SWIFT'S MIDNIGHT MEMORANDUM

At the end of his copy of Hawkesworth's "Life of Swift" (Forster Collection, No. 579) Lyon has preserved the following memorandum which Swift wrote under two illegible lines in the next page of a book:

Dec. 27, 1733.

Waked at two this morning with the two above lines in my mind, which I had made in my sleep, and I wrote them down in the dark, lest I should forget them. But as the original words



being writ in the dark, may possibly be mistaken by a careless or unskilful transcriber, I shall give a fairer copy, that two such precious lines may not be lost to posterity:

I walk before no man, a hawk in his fist,
Nor am I a brilliant, whenever I list.

APPENDIX IX

SWIFT AND THE ACHESONS

THE following anecdotes, which are said to have been related by Sir Arthur Acheson's son, the first Viscount Gosford, shortly before his death in the year 1790, are preserved in the Egerton Manuscripts (201, 91, 92) in the British Museum:

Lord Gosford when a student at Trinity College in Dublin, used sometimes to call on the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would ask him questions about the conduct of his studies and expressed great friendship to him. One day that the Dean called at his father's house in Dublin, the young gentleman came in, not in his student's habit, but in boots, and some kind of undress which the Dean thought a little out of character; on which he affected not to know him, and afterwards when some of the family entering addressed him by name the Dean expressed great surprise, and told him he took him for the steward's son or clerk out of the country, a rebuke which made the young gentleman afterwards a little more attentive to propriety in his external appearance.

Lady Acheson's mother had a house in the country beyond Clontarf¹ whither Dean Swift often rode to visit her, and as he was a great humourist, if he meant to dine there he always insisted on bringing some part of the provisions with him for his dinner. One day that he had brought a lobster he inquired at table if any servant present knew how to break the claws, on which a young servant that waited on Mr. Acheson in College pertly offered his service, and the Dean gave him the lobster's claws to break. When he returned with them, the Dean asked how he had broke them, and he answered by putting them between the hinges of the door; on which the Dean flew into a violent passion, and snatched

¹ *I.e.*, the Grange (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 433, n. 2), which is situated to the north of the district in Dublin known as Clontarf.

up a whip with which he gave the young man some stripes, and he was so much displeased that he did not recover his temper the whole evening.

When Dean Swift was at Sir Arthur Acheson's house in the country he was indulged in the liberty of following his own humour in everything, so that he sometimes would not come down to dinner till it was half over. It happened one day that Sir Arthur had invited the late Lord Charlemont¹ and a great deal of company to dine with him when he requested the Dean would be so obliging as to come down early, and not make the company wait. The Dean promised, but dinner was ready before the Dean appeared; so that after waiting a little they all sat down, leaving a vacant place at table. After some time the Dean entered, and walking round the table, took his seat. Then addressing himself to Lord Charlemont he said, "My Lord, I have not seen you for some years, the last time I saw your Lordship you were in the Round House in London." This strange salutation before so much company very much surprised and disconcerted Lord Charlemont, who was a remarkably modest man, which the Dean observing immediately added, "But my Lord, the occasion of your going there did you great honour; you had resented an insult offered to your father, and though you caned the person that offered it within the verge of the Court, Queen Anne was much pleased with your conduct, and openly justified and excused the breach of privilege."² It seems his Lordship was an officer in the Guards when the incident alluded to had happened; and though at first he had been confined, he had been soon released, and the Queen had taken his part, as is above related. This explanation of the Dean's did away with all embarrassment, and Lord Charlemont and he renewed their acquaintance, and during the remainder of the time they were together they passed it in the most cordial friendship, and became exceedingly fond of each other.

APPENDIX X

AN IRISH COW-STEALER'S LAST SPEECH

ONE Makkin, from the county of Armagh, being convicted and condemned for cow-stealing at Cavan, gave public notice the day

¹ The father of the first Earl of Charlemont.

² In a note it is added that his father, who was not of a strong intellect, "had been played upon by some person whose behaviour the son had very commendably resented."

before his execution, that it would be worth people's while to come ten miles to see him at the gallows, and to hear what he had to say, which occasioned a vast resort of people. Upon his mounting the ladder, he turned to each hand, and viewing the gallows, said, "Ha! am I come to you at last?" And then turning to the people said, "Pray, gentlemen, do not crowd one another, the farthest off shall hear as plain as the nearest." Then he began, "Gentlemen, I have been guilty of every crime except that of murder." Here he was interrupted by a person from the crowd: "Pray, Mr. Makkin, do you know anything of my gray mare?" "Suppose I did," says he, "will you pay for one mass for my soul?" "I will by G—d," says the fellow, "for seven." "Promise me again," said Makkin, which the other did by repeating the same words. "Why then," says he, laughing, "I know nothing at all of your mare." Another advances, "Pray, Mr. Makkin, do you know anything of my heifer?" "Yes," said he. "Pray what is become of her?" "I took her to Middleton," said Makkin. "I knocked her on the head, I flayed her, I sold the skin, the beef was very good, I sold it at a good rate, and I put the money in my pocket." After this he proceeded, "Gentlemen, as little as you think, I stole half a dozen wethers near the town, and drove them through the midst of it." One from the crowd asked him whether any of the Bishop of Kilmore's sheep was among them. "Yes," said he, "and they were the best mutton I ever handled." Then he turned to the people, "Pray, gentlemen, are any of you acquainted with the pretty gentleman that oversees the building of our new gaol?" One among them answered, "You mean Mr. Leffington, I suppose." "No, no, a prettier fellow than he." "Mr. Boyle." "Ay, ay, Mr. Boyle. Pray present my humble service to him, and tell him I beg he will give me this night's lodging, it is the last I shall trouble him for." Then turning to the Sheriff he said, "Mr. Sheriff, will you give me leave to slip down and * * * *?" "No, sir," said he, "I cannot grant you that favour." "Well," said Makkin, "I am sure of going to heaven, for the priest gave me absolution yesterday," upon which he was turned off bidding the Sheriff farewell. The criminal's mother, about seventy years old, was present when her son was cut down; she went to Dr. Sheridan's house, to beg towards a winding sheet for her son. Some persons there contributed as much as was proper for the occasion. It was delivered to the old woman by a young gentleman. She was so elated at her success that after giving her thanks and blessing, she said, "My poor Johnny always had good luck."

APPENDIX XI

A SATIRICAL AND GALLANT LETTER CONTRIBUTED
BY CURLL

THE reference made by Lady Betty Germain in her letter of September 4, 1735, to the following verses give at least some ground for a conjecture that Swift was the author. As will be seen, they were sent to Lady Betty's sister. It would appear that there was an idea of Lady Betty's father acting as ambassador to the Porte, and Sir William Trumbull, who had previously held that position, is represented as resenting the fair lady being taken to live among the Turks. The letter must have been written before 1706 when Lady Betty married Sir John Germain, and was probably written after July 1704, when Sir William Trumbull lost his first wife.

MADAM,

THAT imaginary creature, which your Ladyship is pleased to call my Muse, no less than the real charm of my heart, which I must not name, is alike unkind to me upon all occasions.

All Apollo's sisters hate me, from Diana to the Nine that inspire us, so that your Ladyship may readily conclude, I am in a very fair way either to be a poet or happy. Sir William, that Christian hero who cannot endure a Turk, and wishes heartily for another Holy War to be at them, humbly presumes to advise my Lady Betty not to trust herself among infidels, and to have nothing to do out of Christendom.

In the midst of his concern for his being a gallant knight, he flew out into rapture; my bad memory has recovered a few of them which I here send your Ladyship:

Why shou'd the charming Galatea shun
The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won?
Oh! stay and give us yet a gentler fate,
For absence is more cruel than your hate.
Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains;
Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
We would not from the glorious ruin run.
Her charms the limits of an isle disdain,
And spread a powerful empire o'er the main
Shall she to barb'rous coasts from hence remove,
And melt their tyrant hearts with flame of love?
To punish haughty slaves that proudly dare
Triumph o'er beauty, and insult the fair,
Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
And wishing, silently expect their fate,

Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
 And lie a slave despairing at her feet.
 But, O bright Nymph! let not a late return
 Make wretched me your tedious absence mourn.
 Let then the bar'rous Nations soon restore
 Fair Gialatea to the British shore:
 Else they expect in vain the war should cease,
 And England's mediator signs in vain the Peace.

Addressed—To the Honourable Lady Mary Chambers.

APPENDIX XII

SWIFT AND THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOAST"

"THE TOAST" has been designated an unreadable book,¹ and treats of subjects that even two centuries ago it was thought fitting to clothe to some extent in "the shroud of a dead language," yet its author, Dr. William King, the learned head of an Oxford hall, printed no less than three editions of it, and must have devoted during some twenty years of his life considerable time to its composition and elaboration. In the title page of the last edition it is described as "an heroic poem, in four books, written originally in Latin by Frederick Schæffer," and "now done into English and illustrated with notes and observations by Peregrine O'Donald Esq." The chief characters are Mars and Mira. In the character of Mars Sir Thomas Smyth of Redcliffe in Buckinghamshire, the last holder of a baronetcy conferred by Charles I, was depicted. He had served in the army under the second Duke of Ormond, and had been appointed by him during his first viceroyalty chief ranger in Ireland with a residence in the Phoenix Park. The female character was the Mira of Lord Lansdown's sonnets, who, after the death of her first husband, the Earl of Newburgh, had married Lord Bellew, an Irish peer. Her second husband, with whom she had come to Ireland, died in 1714, and, according to King, after a long illicit intercourse, she had compelled Smyth to marry her secretly. There is at least ample evidence that she had made him her obedient slave, and had drained him of everything:

All my jewels and plate, all my goods and my chattels,
 All the pay and the presents I got in my battles.

¹ See "The History of an Unreadable Book," Bentley's "Miscellany," xli, p. 666. As appears from a letter in the Forster Collection, this article was written by the Venerable A. B. Kowan, Archdeacon of Ardfert, and author of several controversial and historical works.

At this crisis in Smyth's fortunes, which occurred in 1724, King, who is depicted as Frederick Scheffer, came on the scene, and rescued Smyth, who was his uncle, from his rapacious creditors by a timely loan of money. As security Smyth mortgaged him his office and lodge in the Phoenix Park, but instigated by Mira, as King alleges, took steps two years later to free himself from his obligations, and involved King in a series of lawsuits which did not terminate for twenty years. During the progress of the first suit Smyth died, and the conflict was carried on with his executors and subsequently with their representatives. In the pages of "The Toast" King attributes the basest motives not only to his chief opponents, but also to all their friends, and displays an unparalleled ardour in raking up and retailing every scurrilous story about them. In order to obviate the necessity of omitting any detail the idea was formed of issuing the poems as though translated from a Latin original, and of using the supposed first version in the notes to amplify the allusions in the text. Amongst those held up to reprobation are Swift's quondam friends, Captain John Pratt, who, after his financial failure, occupied himself in exploiting coal and manufacturing glass in Ireland,¹ Bishop Hort, and Lady Allen, who is called Mira's imp, and is represented as more clever than virtuous. As one of Smyth's executors, the architect of the Irish Houses of Parliament, Sir Edward Lovet Pearce, is also introduced, and is charged with every wickedness that malignity could invent. He is said to have stolen the design of his masterpiece from another architect called Cassel, who designed many of the great Irish mansions of that day, and to have betrayed the confidence of his friend Lord Allen, who had given him a house in his demesne at Stillorgan, where a lofty obelisk still bears witness to his skill.

By the author of the article already cited the suggestion is made that the poem is "a joint-stock brochure," and that it owes to Swift "satiric touches." In my opinion Swift's contributions towards it, if any, were very slight. In the earliest edition, which contained only the first two books, and was published in 1732, there is no mention of him, much less any indication that King enjoyed his acquaintance, and it seems probable that their personal knowledge of each other began in the winter of 1734, when legal necessities appear to have obliged King to make a long stay in Dublin, extending into the following summer. It was no doubt

¹ King says that when in his glory Pratt was "a senator without speech, a captain without courage, a doctor without learning, an accountant without figures, a treasurer without money, a constable without a staff, and a husband without a wife," and that after his bankruptcy "he had a colliery without coals and a glass-house without fires," and was "moreover a solicitor without law, a farmer without land, and an evidence without truth."

then that Swift encouraged King to finish "The Toast." In his "Anecdotes of his own Times" King says: "I began 'The Toast' in anger, but I finished it in good humour. When I had concluded the second book, I laid aside this work, and I did not take it up again till some years after, at the pressing instances of Dr. Swift." As the first letter from King in the Correspondence shows, Swift wrote to King soon after he left Dublin, reminding him of his desire to see the completion of the poem, and the passage in which he did so is evidently one given by King: "In malice I hope your lawsuit will force you to come over to Dublin this winter term, which I think is a long one and will allow time to finish it, in the mean time I wish I could hear of the progress and finishing of another affair relating to the same lawsuit, but tried in the courts above, upon a bill with two heads where the defendants will as infallibly and more effectually be cast."¹

Apart from the "Epistola ad Cadenium," with which the last two editions commence, there are several allusions to Swift in the text and notes of the last two books, particularly in regard to services which Swift rendered King by attending in court "to restrain the licentiousness" of his opponents' "rude pleaders":

Learned Sirs, ye know, who
Left the Muses and Phebus to wait upon you.

In a note to these lines King says that the effect of Swift's presence was to awe all but one of the counsel "into such decency of behaviour as the authority of Lord Chancellor Wyndham could never before oblige them to observe." The exception was Bowen, whose gifts as an orator excited Bishop Rundle's admiration, and according to King, notwithstanding Swift's attendance, he continued "to utter a great deal of nonsense very fluently and to load Mr. Scheffer with personal invectives." His opponents' other counsel were Jocelyn, who was destined as Wyndham's successor to give the final decree, which was in King's favour, and Peter Daly, whose Irishman's were more pleasing to Swift than to King:

Tho' the Dean laughs aside, and Apollon detests
Trague's unmusical voice and his wretched low jests.

There is also a reference to Ormond's exercise of patronage, which from the remarks made by Swift on the subject² was not improbably due to his promptings. It occurs in connection with

¹ Writing after a lapse of thirty years King says that this passage occurred in the last letter which he received from Swift, but a comparison of the passage with the terms of King's first letter leaves no doubt that the latter was a reply to the letter of which the passage formed a part.

² *Supra*, vol. i, p. 214.

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the appointment of Captain Pratt, who owed as well as Smyth his place to Ormond, and is contained in the lines:

As the heroes and gods, he was honest and brave,
Yet alas! he preferred both the coward and knave.

to which a note adds that "the Duke of Ormond had many great and good qualities, yet by a strange fatality the most worthless fellows of the age in which he flourished were enriched by his favour."

APPENDIX XIII

SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning against a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my last. Whisky, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlic, bitter orange, gentian-root, snake-root, wormwood, etc., hath preserved me from the asthma for three weeks past to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaspings are no quicker than those of a very quick walker. So much for myself. Now for your jewel of a son. I never met with any boy of his age of such thorough good sense, and so great a thirst for improving himself. I thank God, he is as you and I could wish. The Dean will have pleasure to examine him. Adieu.

Addressed—To Mrs. Alba Via.

APPENDIX XIV

DICK BETTESWORTH'S LOVE SONG¹

MI de armis molli,
Ure mel an colli;
It is a folli,
Fori alo ver
Aram lingat Do ver,
Ure Dic mecum o ver.

¹ In the Forster Collection, No. 531.

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My dear Miss Molly,
 You are melancholy;
 It is a folly,
 For I a lover
 A rambling at Dover,
 Your Dick may come over.

APPENDIX XV

SHERIDAN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH CARTE

AMONGST Carte's papers in the Bodleian there are five letters from Swift's friend to him.¹ The earliest, which shows that Carte had left Dublin only just before it was written, is dated 28 November, 1732, and the latest 21 August, 1733. The origin of the correspondence was a promise on Sheridan's part to endeavour to procure further material for the "Life of Ormond," and the hopes and disappointments incidental to such a quest are his chief topics. One of those from whom Sheridan expected assistance was John Browne, the unhappy witness in favour of Wood's coinage,² but owing to the "unlucky character which" half-penny Browne, as he was called, had received from the Drapier, Sheridan had hitherto repulsed all advances, and now found him "a lazy Irish brute" that would not take the trouble to make a search. In the letters there are also many references to Sheridan's son Thomas, who entered Westminster School in the spring of 1733 under Carte's care,³ and to a project then cherished by Sheridan of removing to England and opening there a preparatory school for Westminster scholars. But the letters are especially interesting on account of the light they throw on the life led by Swift when in Sheridan's company. Although a contrary opinion might be gathered from the austerity and solemnity of his "Life of Ormond," Carte was a man of cheerful and sociable disposition, and during his residence in Ireland he appears to have joined with great zest in Sheridan's pleasures.

In his first letter Sheridan gives vent to much lamentation for the loss of one who had proved a kindred spirit. "I write to you on mourning paper," he says, "to let you see the great concern I

¹ Carte MSS., vol. 227, ff. 32, 47, 48, 99, 287.

² *Supra*, vol. iv, p. 24.

³ Swift wrote also to commend his future biographer to Dr. Friend who retired, however, at that time from the mastership, and to Sheridan's sorrow never gave his son a lesson.

am in for your absence; for as you are in another world I look upon our separation to be a kind of death while it lasts. But this, I hope, will be of a short duration, otherwise I shall die of going to bed at eleven for a want of a little-hour companion. I wish with all my soul, as well as I love my country, that I were settled somewhere near you and London. To speak the truth I would rather be a flea-catcher to a dog in England, than a Privy-Councillor here. . . . Pray let Thuanus give way to his betters and finish your own history first. I know the plague of index making¹ too well not to pity the immense drudgery you must undergo, except you can find three or four cheerful friends in an evening, and as many flasks of burgundy. Mrs. McGwyre has locked up your favourite part of the cellar, and declares solemnly that neither my master nor I shall taste a drop before you come for Ireland. The lady is obstinate, and the liquor is in danger of being killed by the frost, so that to save twelve dozen of lives I should think it highly convenient that you should come and keep your Christmas with us. But there is yet a more necessary motive for your coming. The Dean of St. Patrick's has taken such a liking to her that I fear he will out-rival you. He makes her frequent visits, and has engaged her and company to dine with him on Thursday, his birthday. I shall out of my great regard to you watch their proceedings, and you shall know particularly the progress of their friendship that you may be over time enough to defeat your rival."

But during the day Carte displayed indefatigable industry, working from early morn until evening, and such a practice Sheridan detested. "Laziness has ever been an epidemic distemper among us," he writes in his third letter; "I wish you had a few grains of it in your constitution for the sake of your friends. I fear you will hurt your health by your too intense application. It was unreasonable to put that dry laborious task of an index upon you. I hope the trouble which you had of cutting and pasting it, will cure you of the like undertaking hereafter. Poor Mrs. McGwyre is in a very ill state of health. We meet and condole together sometimes, and remember you kindly without a bottle; for alas! your London cold which came over with the packets has reduced us all to gruels, caudles, and slops only fit to punish heretics. . . . The Dean gives you his very humble service and longs to see you again, but he says he would not give a farthing for you except you come *degagé*. The burgundy is still safe, and I will do my best to recover, that we may have the pleasure of a little-hour once again."

¹ Carte made the index as well as wrote the introduction to Buckley's edition of "Thuanus" (*supra*, vol. iv, p. 112).